BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Vol. 3: No. 5

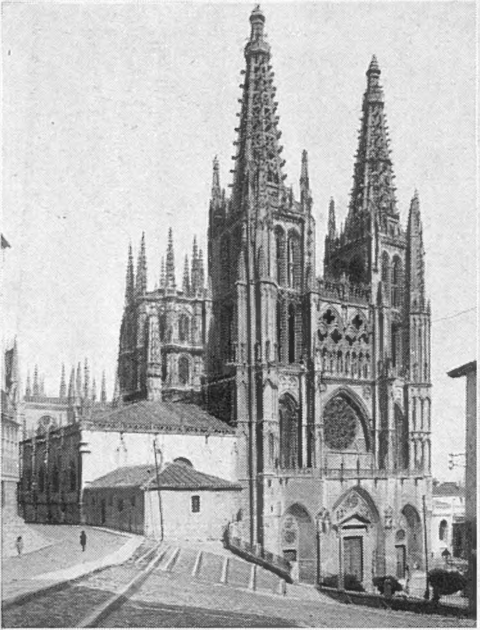
MAY, 1931

In this issue—

CLARE SHERIDAN
HANNEN SWAFFER
MILDRED CRAM
GUY GILPATRIC
FERDINAND TUOHY
F. MATANIA, R.I., etc., etc.

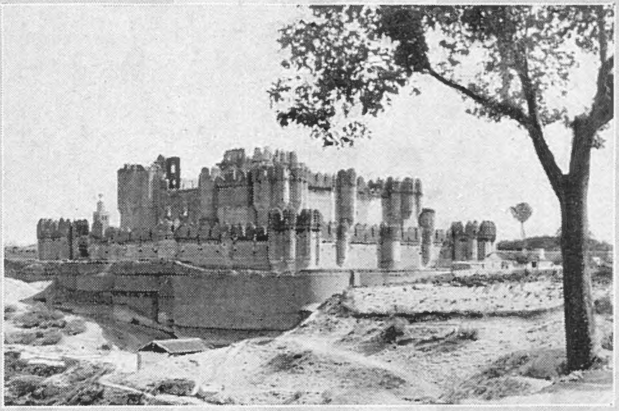
1/-

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

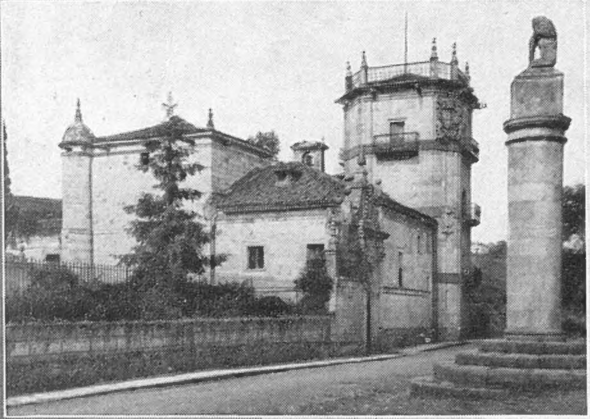


Burgos. The Cathedral.

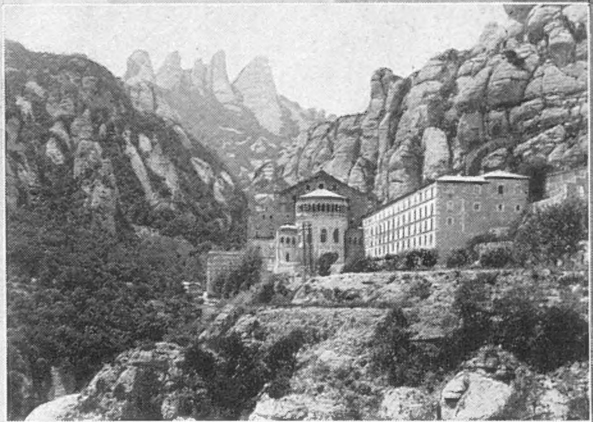
Salamanca. Façade of University.



Coca Castle.



Pámanes (Santander). The Elsedo Palace.



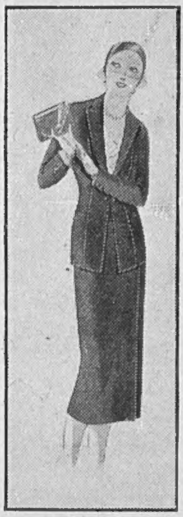
Barcelona. Monastery of Montserrat.

VISIT SPAIN, WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING.

The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the Spanish National Travel Board at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; GIBRALTAR, 63-67 Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

corot models by instalments



"auteuil"

a perfectly tailored costume in black wool hopsack has the new square cut coat with the fashionable link fastening. correctly fitting, it has the new defined higher waistline. wrap over skirt. coat lined crepe de chine. **21/-** monthly
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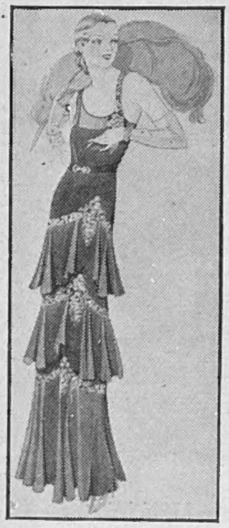

"casino"

showing the loveliness of beaded work above the shaped flounces comes an evening gown in black silk georgette with its trimming in crystal and diamante. perfectly cut, with the higher waistline defined by a buckled belt. slip of crepe-de-chine. **24/-** monthly
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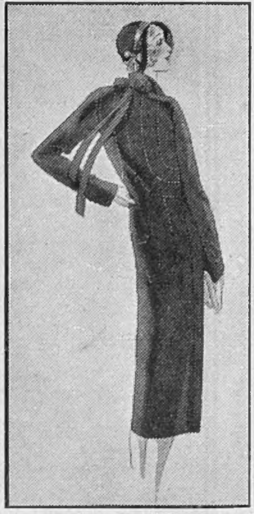

"apres-midi"

a smart afternoon coat in wool georgette uses tiny tucking to give smartness to its straight line. the self bow with its fluttering ends is also a smart note in a coat that is both practical and inexpensive. lined throughout. in black, beige, etc. **13/6** monthly
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"alberta"
(at right)

three-piece suit in wool crepe, has skirt and cardigan coat, worn with a sleeveless tuck-in blouse of suede georgette, the collar of which is trimmed with faggoting. red, green, blue, brown or navy, with white blouse or beige. **10/6** monthly
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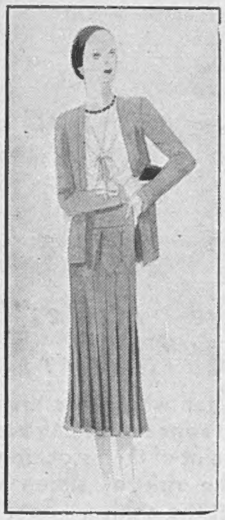

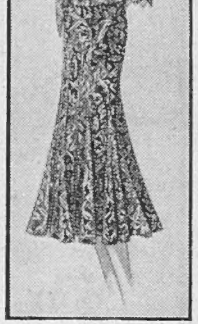

"capucine"

the jacket influence is shown in this afternoon frock of printed crepe-de-chine with its little attached bolero. the cleverly flared skirt and inset yoke collar of georgette to tone add to its smartness. in many prints and colours **16/6** monthly
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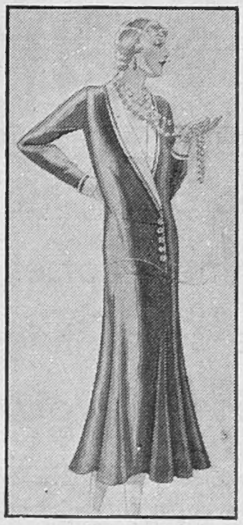

"donna lucia"

an afternoon gown that is admirably suited for the older woman is in black satin relieved with a long roll collar, vestee and cuffs of pink georgette piped with the black satin. the cross over line is very slimming, and the low placed flared skirt is a good note **15/-** monthly
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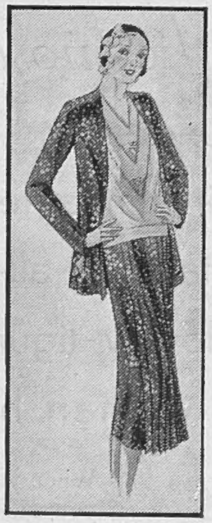

"longchamps"

smart spring three-piece suit has the cardigan coat and pleated skirt in printed crepe-de chine, with the jumper in suede georgette to tone trimmed embroidered french knots. in many prints and colours. **13/6** monthly
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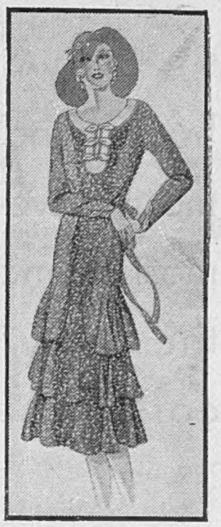

"cerise"

a smart afternoon frock in printed crepe-de-chine has inset vestee of white georgette trimmed with self bows. flounced skirt and tie belt are new. in many prints and colours, with trimming to tone **10/6** monthly
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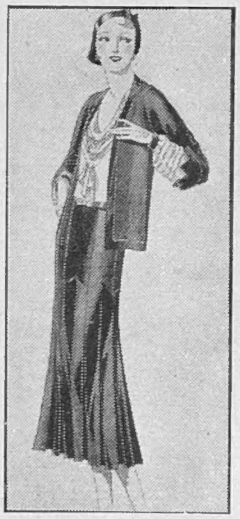

"la visite"

a smart afternoon ensemble consists of a frock that is made in heavy black silk crepe with its uncommon bodice in the new shade of coral pink suede crepe. the draped cowl neck line is trimmed with faggoting, which also appears on the balloon cuffs of the coat. in black. pleated skirt is very chic. **18/-** monthly
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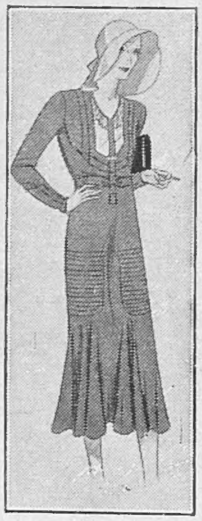

"denise"

a charming afternoon frock in soft yet heavyquality suede georgette uses tucks cleverly on the skirt and bodice. flared skirt and belt at the natural waistline in many shades. **10/6** monthly
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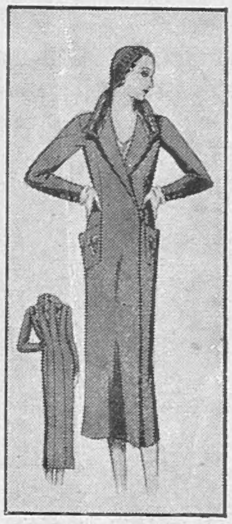

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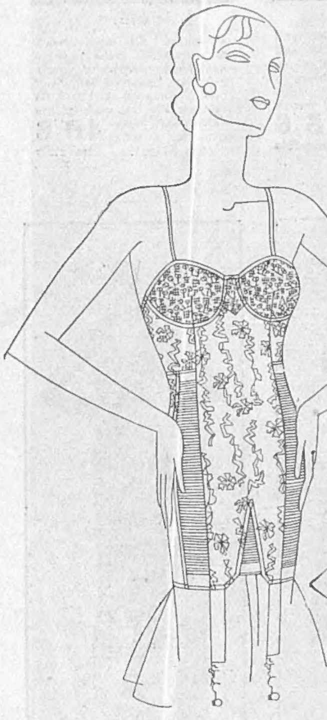
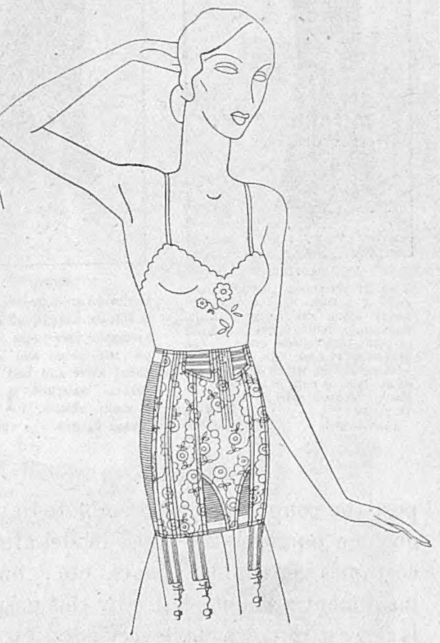


(Above) Style 6695. This lightly boned garment is for slim figures. In peach broche with fine lace. Price **27/6**

(Below) Style 381. A side-fastening girdle for the more mature figure, with cleverly placed insets of elastic to ensure comfort. Pink broche and knitted elastic with ample boning. Price **27/6**



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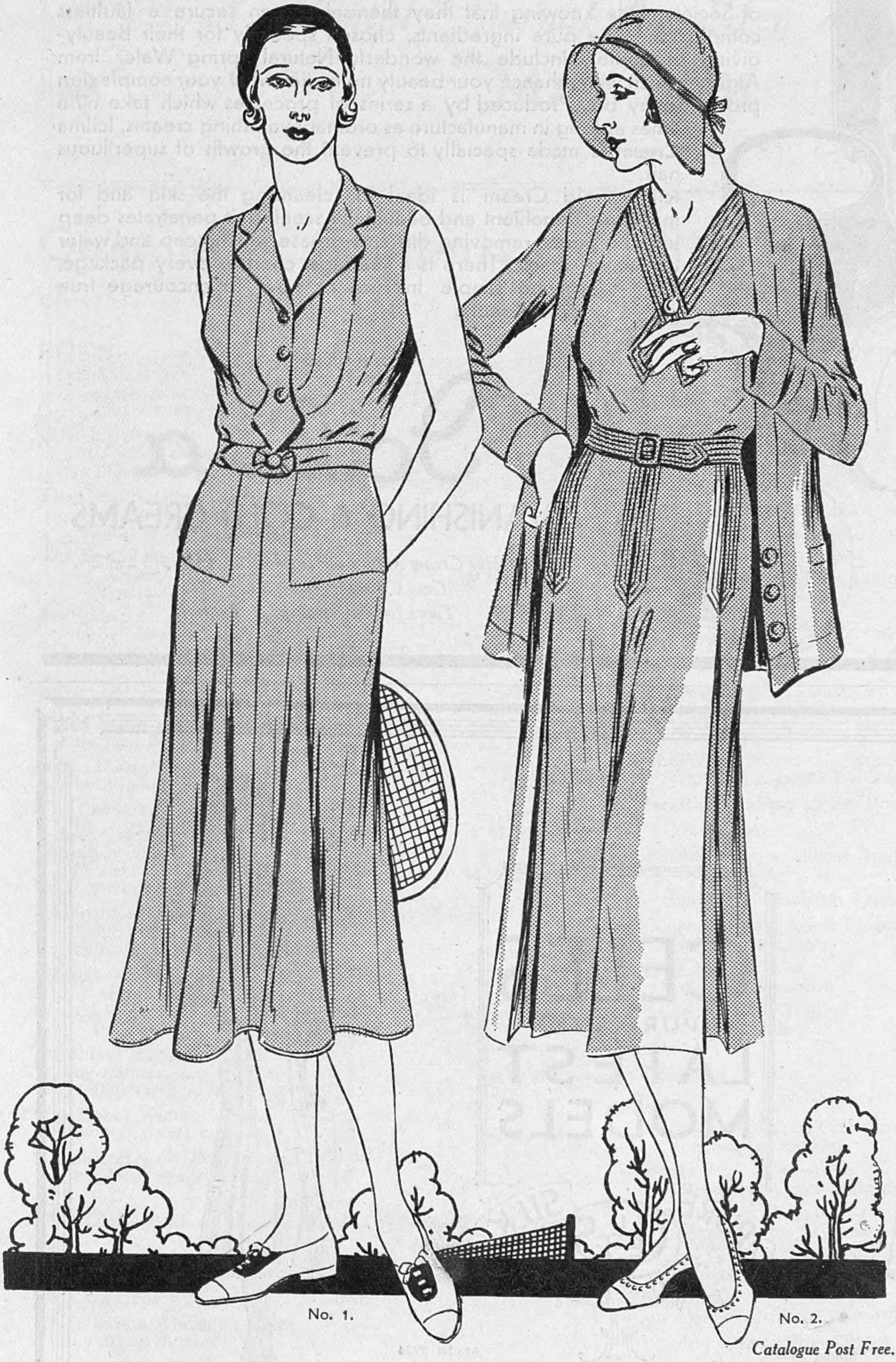

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS

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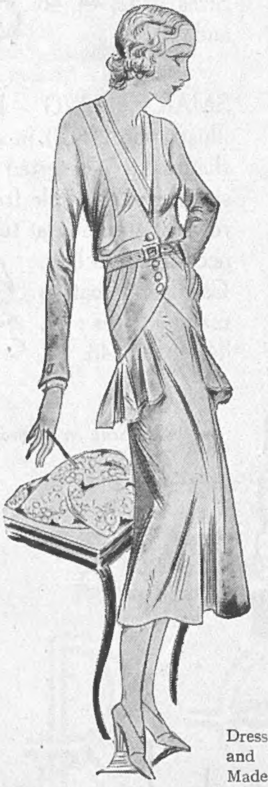

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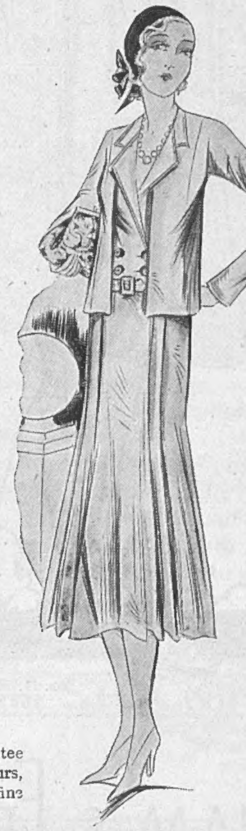

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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

MAY, 1931

Vol. III—No. 5

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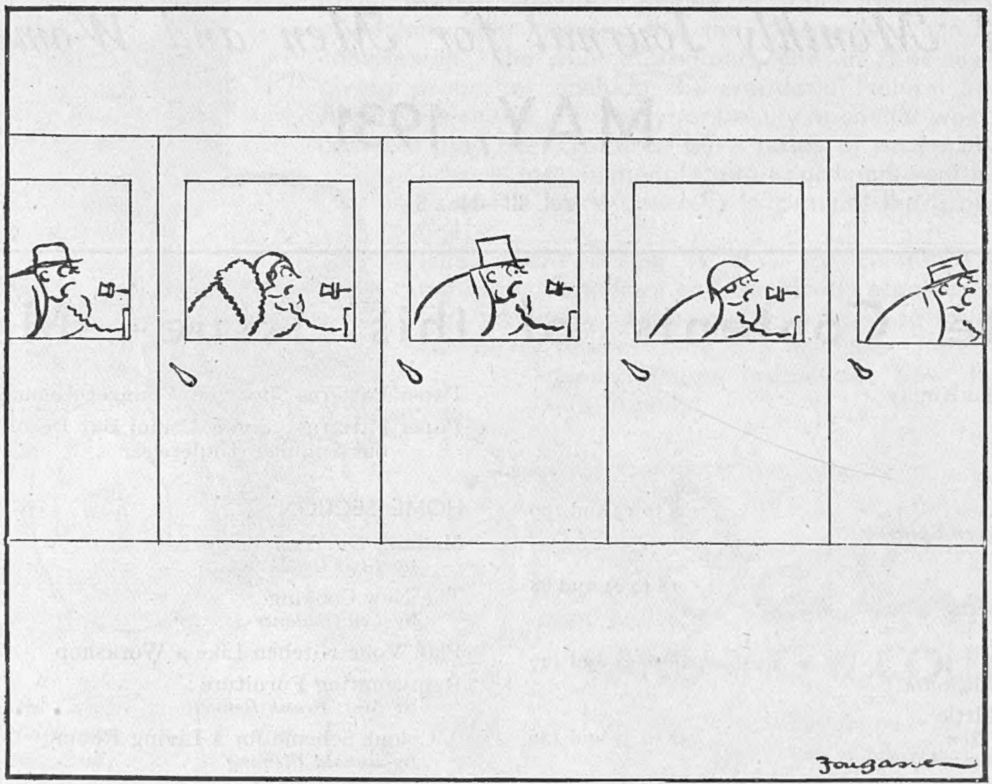
LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

London's Communications: these, now that the streets are so impossibly congested, are mainly carried on by telephone, or through the post.

If all the letters posted in London during one day were placed end to end, they'd stretch from the G.P.O. to Norwich (though, fortunately, this is not often done, as many letters are not intended for Norwich anyway); while, if all the time spent by the average Londoner every day with a telephone receiver biting into his ear was placed end to end, it would stretch to more than 24 hours, or, at all events, it would seem like it.

And what a world of romance there is in the telephone, when the bell rings, it is, as it were, a summons from the unknown to answer we know not what: when it rings, it may be, in short, a message from anyone (though usually it isn't).

No visitor should leave without, at all events, having a shot at the telephone—it plays such an important part in the life of this great city, this London, where—wait till I find the number . . . yes, Regent 0783 . . . where ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA **TURKISH** **EGYPTIAN**

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III, No. 5 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* MAY, 1931

Editorial

AN Englishman's home is his castle, and it is for week-ends that he has always used it. What matters it if faith and learning die so long as we still have our old nobility, who will entertain if they can afford it, and our new nobility, who can rarely afford not to entertain, and persistent hosts and still more persistent guests, new and old, noble and ignoble? Yet at last the week-end is threatened. The motor-car left it unaffected, for a country house, loaded to the last spare bedroom with guests, needs some generalship and the strain could be relieved by taking non-golfers and non-lawn tennis players, willy-nilly, to places of interest in the neighbourhood. But the aeroplane is doing what the motor-car could never have done. The adventurous young people who start a prolonged week-end by breakfasting in England, lunching in France, and dining in Spain are risking more than their own necks; they are bringing nearer the possibility of the break-up of that most English of institutions, the week-end house-party. It would never have done for Mr. John Galsworthy and his Forsytes. Even Mr. Michael Arlen will find it difficult to make Mayfair philosophise epigrammatically eight hundred feet above the Channel, with cotton-wool in its ears.

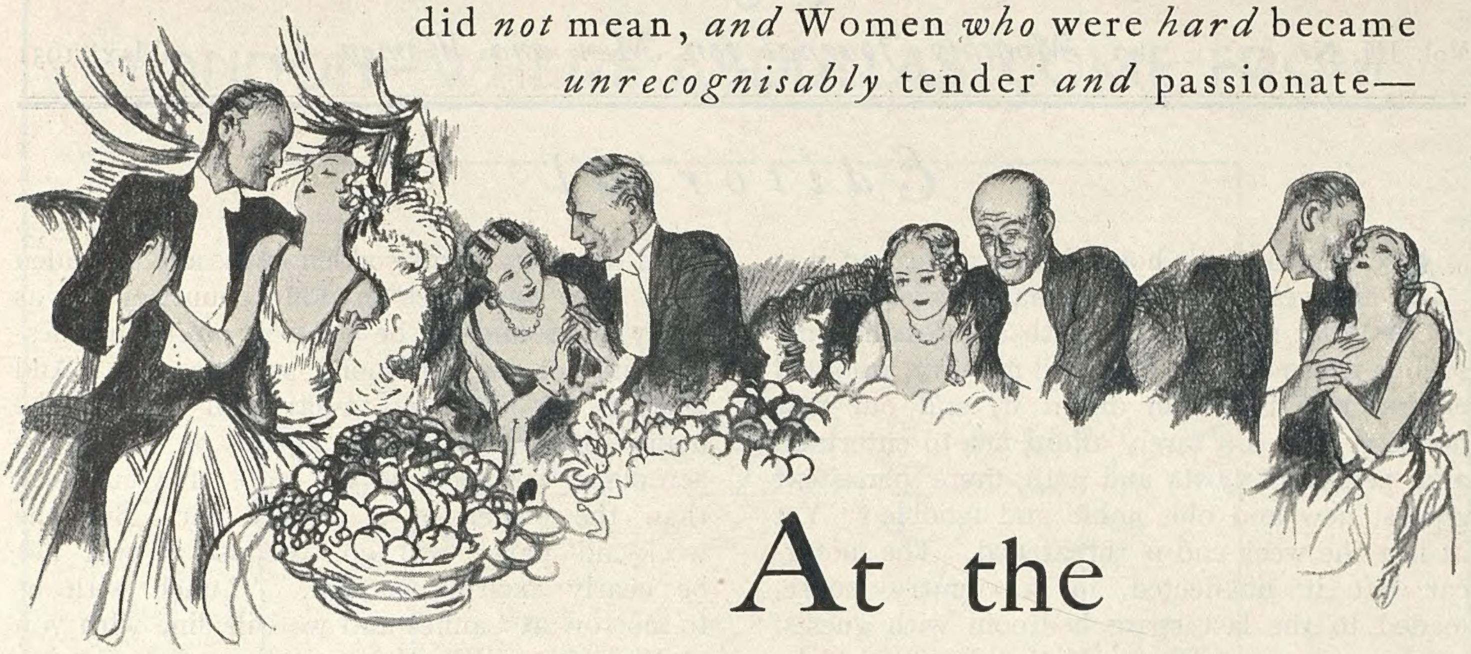
The temptation is surely irresistible. To go on wings of magic speed where sunshine is certain is more amusing than to gaze from country drawing-room windows across sodden lawns and at leaden skies. To see three or four countries in as many days and to be back at work on Tuesday is not so strenuous as it seems. And what is for the few to-day will be for the many to-morrow. The owner of a private aeroplane will soon be no more of a curiosity than the owner of a private car. But the week-end party will go, because it will not be nearly exciting enough. "Lunch with us to-morrow at Cannes and we will dine with you at Madrid" will be the invitation of the future. Country-house hospitality will vanish, literally, into the air. And much insularity with it.

'Plane Facts . . .

(For further 'Plane Facts see "This Female Flying Business" on pages 14 & 15)

THIS aeroplane, one of seven, which recently took Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Junr., and a party of friends, for a holiday trip to Spain, is a pictorial pointer to the fate of the week-end house-party.

Towards *the* small hours *of the* Morning, Men *said* things *they* did *not* mean, *and* Women *who* were *hard* became *unrecognisably* tender *and* passionate—



At the Coq d'Or

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

THE limited company who ran the Coq d'Or waited expectantly. They were dressed in white Caucasian tunics, buttoned high at the throat, tight white breeches and high boots of soft white doeskin. Thus nightly were disguised Prince Feodor Seranof, the Counts Oboukoff and Malovine, young Baron Rosanoff, Captain Belsky and some others.

The success of the Coq d'Or justified the somewhat menial service it imposed upon its organisers. It was not easy for men technically untrained or purely military to maintain themselves in a post-war, competitive world of specialists. They called themselves laughingly the little band of " unadaptables " and made the best of it. Tired of starving or of driving taxicabs, they had, in desperation, pooled their resources and inaugurated the Coq d'Or. Paris, expecially the Americans in Paris, thronged it after one o'clock. The " unadaptables " began to thrive.

But no city in the world is as capricious as Paris and when the people of Paris had tired of the Coq d'Or and found something newer, what then . . . ? " Sufficient unto the night," said Feodor Seranof, when Belsky, in his usual melancholic Slav way, put the question.

The Coq d'Or was, to all appearances, a Tartar tent, but so rich in colour that it might have been the tent of Tamerlane, pitched in the plain of Samarkand. The hidden lights were cunningly devised to light up the gilt tankards and bowls filled with fruit and flowers that formed the centrepieces of each table. These tables were set like a medieval feast, in a long row all round the room, and the divans that lined the walls were covered with silks and velvets that looked as if they had come from Bokhara. Here was no longer Paris, but the romantic, seductive East. Women forgot . . . when they were at the Coq d'Or, that a lover was really a gigolo, or that a husband was merely a purse bearer. They forgot material cares, disillusions, tiredness—for an hour or two they lived in a tense world of make-believe.

WHEN the Caucasians sang, something that was not quite definable was loosed. One might cry, one might laugh, or join in the singing with heart beating rhythmically in tune, but one did not remain unmoved. At the Coq d'Or, towards the small hours of the morning, men said things they did not mean, and women who were hard became unrecognisably tender and passionate. Later they would remember the night as in a dream. The Coq d'Or had the quality of a drug: it induced one to forget.

No one sought forgetfulness more than the Caucasians themselves. To them memory was an agony. At all costs they tried never to remember, never to look back.

Feodor Seranof was their leading spirit, he had more to forget, therefore he drank better and sang better than the rest. Sitting on the corner of a table, awaiting the first arrivals, he waved his vodka glass and sang to the effect that:

" When we've no money left to buy
vodka,
We'll comfort ourselves on
Limonadskaya ! "

His eyes sparkled. He seemed as light-hearted as he appeared light-headed. The rule of the band was never to start the evening in melancholy spirits; that phase was reserved for the last.

When the night was over and the last clients had departed in the face of a new day, then the " unadaptables " could finish all that remained of champagne on the tables, and sing or weep as they felt inclined. But the night must be started in the proper spirit, shouting noisily, whistling, clapping hands in time like soldiers round a camp fire. . . . A stir in the outer lobby, the sound of a door, voices; and all singing ceased suddenly. The Caucasians stood imperceptibly to attention. The Prince suddenly became a waiter, took two steps forward, bowed as never a waiter could who had not been trained in the court of Tsarskoye Selo, and the new arrivals took their seats, addressing their orders to the Prince according to their species.

From one o'clock onward the room began to fill. Champagne flowed, the violin vibrated, and cook, who was a sergeant, brought in from time to time " shish-khebab " on flaming skewers. It was the only food, besides fruit, that the Coq d'Or provided.

At two o'clock the room was nearly full. Prince Seranof contemplated with some perplexity the one table left, and wondered what could be done if more than one party turned up. Americans especially had a way of coming on from Montmartre, their idea being to " make a night of it " . . . and their early morning arrival rather complicated the Coq d'Or's already overcrowded problem. Americans, however—and English—were not to be turned away. They paid Frs. 300 for a bottle of champagne without so much as a raising of the eyebrow, and their tips were an endowment. Feodor Feodorovitch Seranof accepted tips.

SOFTLY the Caucasians sang. The violin wailed like a human voice, the room full of couples listened with emotion. Seranof, tall, slim and elegant stood and surveyed the crowd, summing them up in his own fashion as might a psychological writer or a collector of entomology.

The outer door opened and Count Oboukoff came forward silently in his soft-soled boots, to pull back the fruit-laden table and admit the last couple to the last table. Seranof bowed. The woman started, hesitated, and then swayed as though she were about to faint. Her companion, immaculately dressed, with a large pearl in his shirt front, took her arm and led her to the divan. He helped her to divest herself of her sable cloak, arranged it behind her becomingly as one well trained by spoiled women.

Seranof, with a face like a sphinx, stood before the table and awaited the clients' order.

They would have the famous " shish-khebab " . . . " and vodka " interposed the woman. She was young, dark-eyed and pale-complexioned. " Vodka " she repeated, as one dying might call for brandy.

" Vodka then," repeated her companion in the sort of tone that implies : " If she wants it I suppose she must have it." But for himself he preferred champagne.

" So this is the place you've been wanting to come to," he said, as soon as the " head waiter " had departed with the order. " Not bad," he added condescendingly.

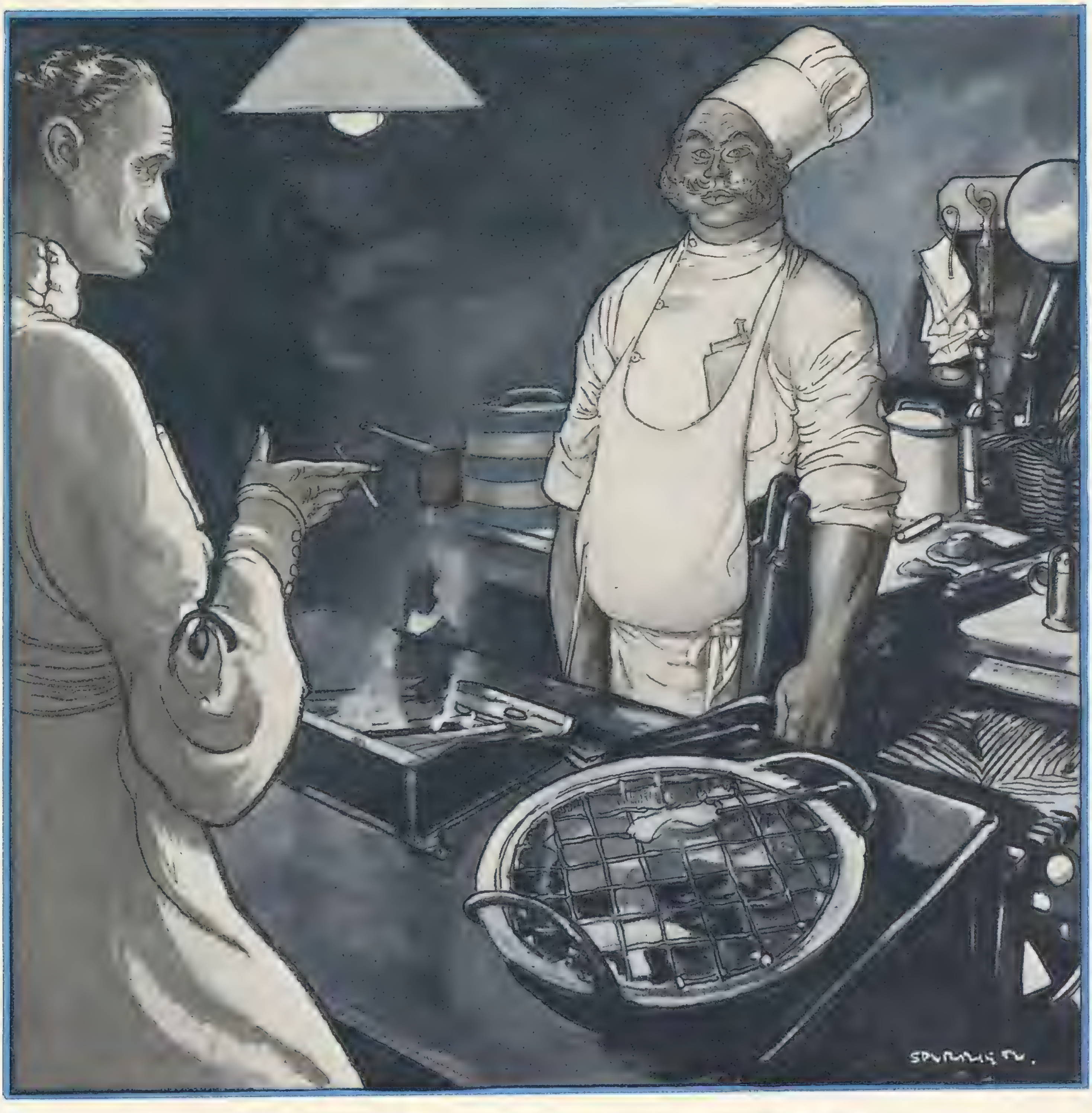
" Hsh ! " came from the dimply lit corners. The Caucasians were singing and everyone listened.

" Hang it all ! It isn't a concert hall," he protested.

IN the kitchen Seranof transmitted the order for another " shish-khebab " to the sergeant, Ivanoff, who was streaming sweat in front of a big fire. Something in the Prince's voice made Ivanoff look up. Though they had campaigned together never before had he heard his chief's voice tremble. Seranof's mouth twitched nervously, he lit a cigarette with an unsteady hand and there was a strange gleam in his eyes. The sergeant wondered if the Prince had been drinking harder than usual.

" Sergeant," he said in a tone that was so reminiscent of old army days that Ivanoff, skewer in hand, sprang to attention, " go and serve my wife." And because the man did not move, but stood stupidly gaping like a carved wood figure : " The Princess Nathalie ! " repeated the Prince. " is there . . . and she waits for your shish-khebab ! "

By
Clare Sheridan



" *SERGEANT," he said in a tone that was so reminiscent of old army days that Ivanoff, skewer in hand, sprang to attention, " go and serve my wife "*

The sergeant found his tongue: " But Sir, . . . I . . . I . . . I cannot."

Seranof gave a little bitter laugh which twisted his handsome face into a grimace.

"What's this, sergeant, you refuse to obey orders ? "

" Your Highness, the last time I saw the Princess . . . just before we fled from the Crimea, I presented her . . . "

" I know, you fool ; you told me . . . you gave her some fellow's leg in a boot ! "

" I thought it was yours, Sir . . . I thought the mangled remains in a guard's uniform was your honoured cadavre . . . I picked up the leg, in a boot which I could have sworn was your own, and I carried it to her with great difficulty. For five days I searched for the Princess . . . and when at last I found her and explained . . ."

" She fainted . . ."

" She fainted ! Poor dear ! " assented the sergeant reminiscently, and then as if guilty of a gross familiarity, he drew himself up once more to attention and stood apologetically facing his chief.

COUNT MALOVINE stuck his pointed nose through a crack in the door: " They're getting impatient."

" You've got to serve it, sergeant," insisted the Prince.

Malovine sensed a drama. He went back to Oboukoff, who was the Prince's intimate friend and advised him : " Better go and see . . . Feodor Feodorovitch looks odd . . . something's happening."

Oboukoff's suspicion was confirmed : " I was sure it was his wife ! " he muttered and made for the kitchen followed by Rosanoff, the fair-haired giant, too young to remember the revolution, but whom Seranof had adopted because he sang well, and their mothers had been friends.

" His wife ! " repeated Rosanoff, casting a quick glance at the woman, who sat with glazed eyes and a face like death.

Seranof in the kitchen explained : " I haven't seen her since . . ."

" But you knew she had escaped," said Oboukoff.

" Yes, I knew that. I heard that she had embarked, therefore she reached Constantinople."

Rosanoff with youthful impetuousness suggested : " Why didn't you seize her in your arms the moment she came in ? "

" My dear boy . . . does a head waiter seize a distinguished bejewelled lady client in his arms ? "

" Your wife ! Your wife ! "

" My wife ! In a Lanvin dress and diamonds . . . my wife ! "

Rosanoff looked into his friend's face with eyes dilated with excitement : " But Feodor Feodorovitch . . . Aren't you terribly happy ? "

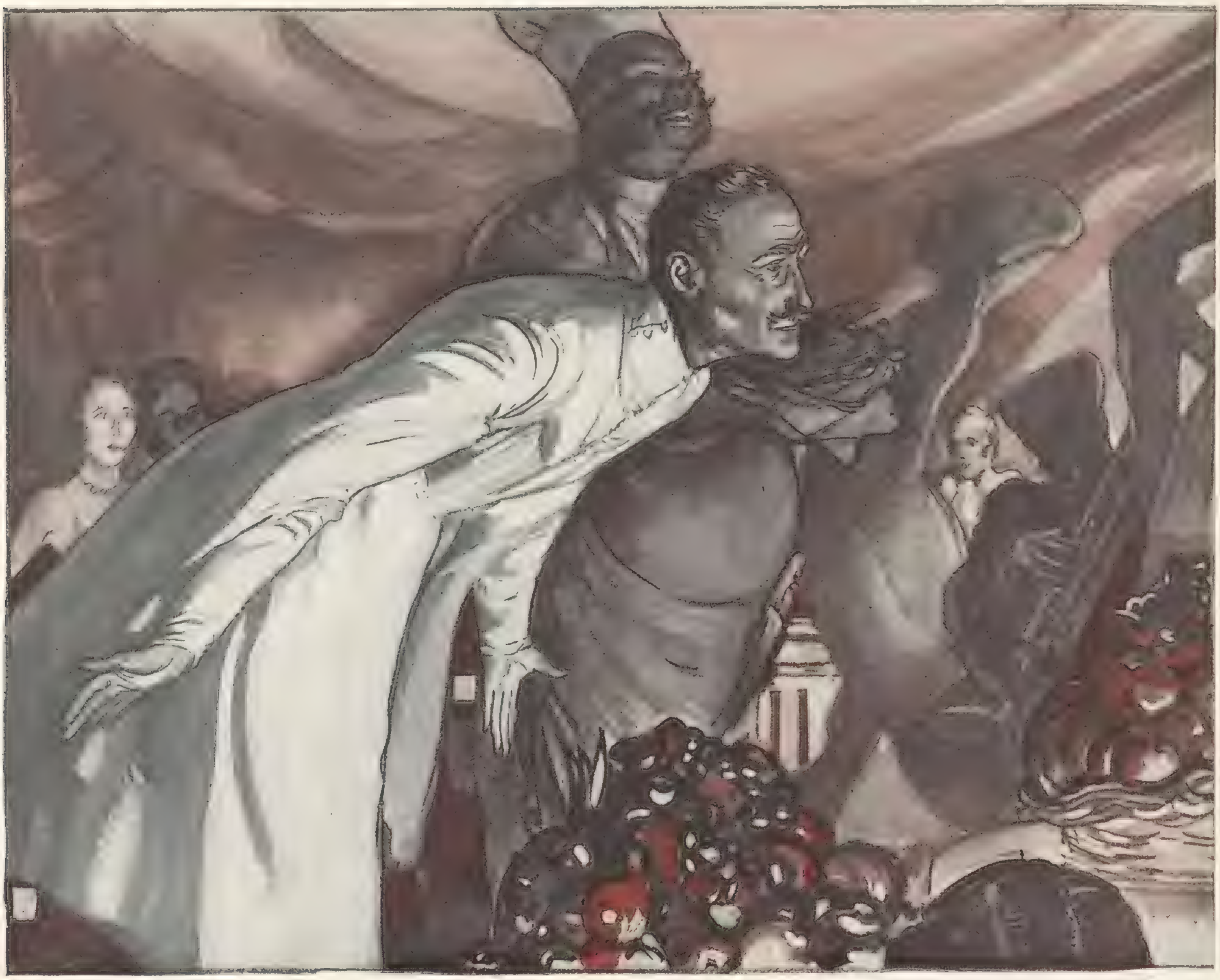
Seranof's mouth hardened : " 'Happiness' is a word that no longer exists in the Russian vocabulary."

Rosanoff looked pained like a child who is going to burst into tears. The giant youth was bewildered by emotions that were outside of his experience

" I will go and sing to her," he said and went back to the dimly lit Tartar tent. In another moment he was standing before the Princess Nathalie, singing a solo about black eyes.

Oboukoff served the champagne.

Nathalie smiled wanly at one and then the other. She was dimly conscious that she occupied the attention of all the personnel of the Coq d'Or. André Moriz, who accompanied her, was far too shrewd not to be aware of it also. The fact irritated rather than flattered him. He was used to attention being centred upon himself as the well-known head of a great international bank. In his habitual haunts he was treated with due appreciation. His self-consciousness was the result of his financial status. In a world that was steadily crashing, undergoing an evolutional change, where traditions were fading, new values asserting themselves, André Moriz represented the new power. He had what the



SERANOF came forward with supreme self-control, overcome the first shock, conformed philosophically aristocracies of Europe lacked: the prestige of riches. Ministers consulted him. Ambassadors even courted him. Aristocracy flattered him. It was THE DAY that André Moriz had dreamed of in his youth, when such dreams had seemed irrealisable. To-day in the capitals of Europe, André Moriz was SOMEONE. He blessed the great war that had brought about this state of affairs. In the Coq d'Or, however, he felt himself to be of less account than his wife.

SERGEANT IVANOFF, with the flaming skewers approached the table. The flame attracted general attention. But eyes that were dulled by intoxication and emotion saw only the light as a moth sees the lamp. Ivanoff's convulsed face was not generally noticed. Nathalie, however, saw him; and the Prince, looking on from the shadow while Rosanoff sang, saw how she started and stared as one in a cemetery who sees a ghost.

As Ivanoff served the Tartar national dish, not a word passed between them. The sergeant avoided her eyes. His own were swimming. Seranof came forward with supreme self-control, conscious that his comrades were watching, and, having overcome the first shock, conformed philosophically to the role of action assigned him by fate. He addressed his wife in a tone of dignified servility: "Madame does not eat? Is the 'shish-khebab' not to Madame's taste?"

Nathalie squirmed. Her eyes had the look of one who being martyrised begs for mercy. She shook her head: "I do not want anything."

"Champagne?"

She shook her head: "I have had vodka."

"Beer?"

It was not in the schedule of the Coq d'Or to provide beer, but for Nathalie . . . beer with vodka was guaranteed to affect the brain, even if champagne did not! Seranof remembered the effect of champagne upon his wife. It induced somnolence, whereas beer . . .! Captain Belsky dispatched one of the cloakroom attendants to fetch a bottle.

"Madame might like some fruit," he urged.

Nathalie surveyed the piled up golden bowl. Again she shook her head.

"I will peel it for Madame."

She watched the dexterous way in which her husband pared a pear without ever touching the naked fruit with his well-bred fingers. He laid the juicy fruit, skinned upon the plate before her. Captain Belsky poured out the beer. Seranof filled up her vodka glass, and lit the match for her cigarette. Nathalie smiled her grateful thanks as he bowed and retired.

André was irritated by the performance: "I don't like you to smile at lackeys."

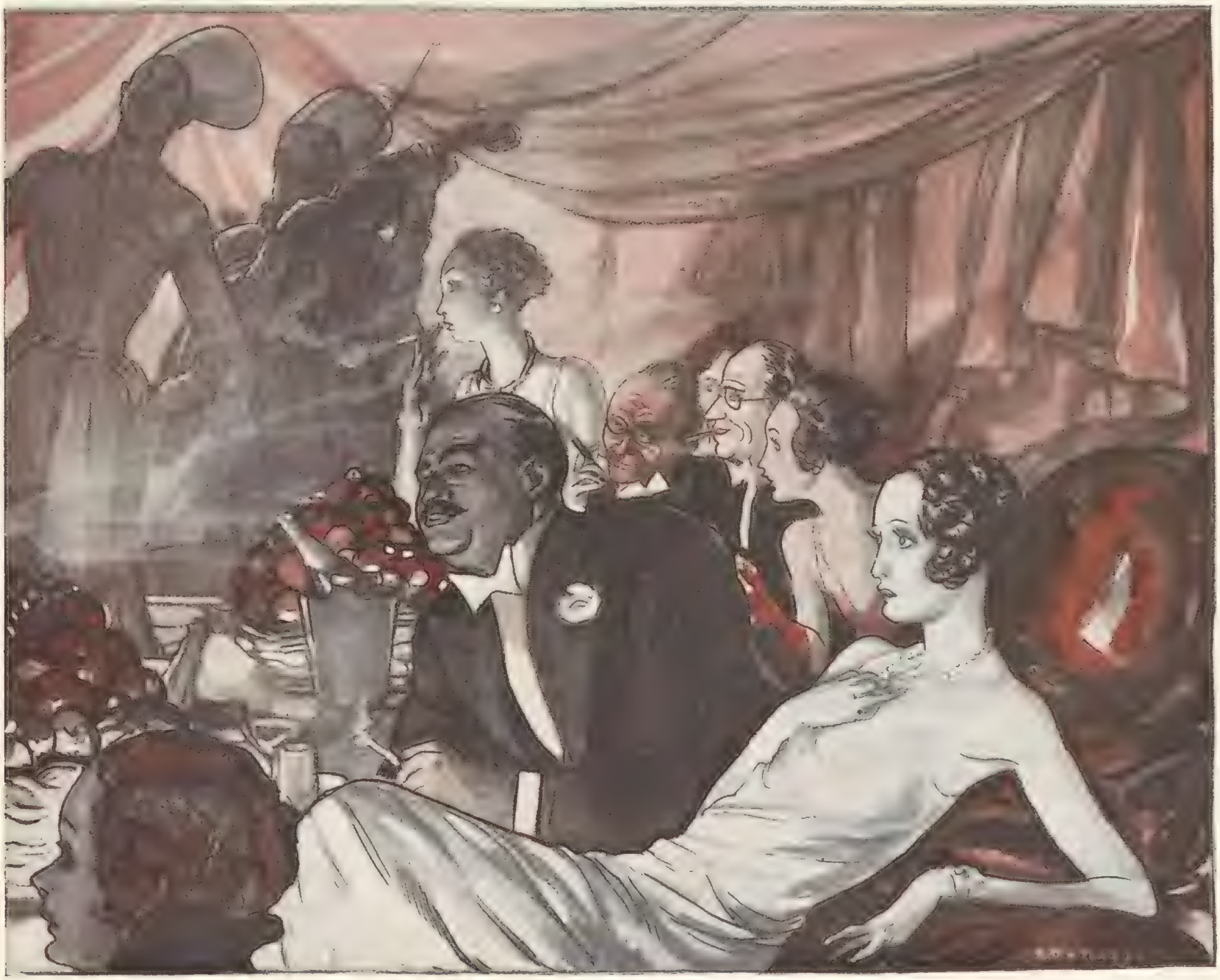
"Perhaps," retorted Nathalie, "the lackey is a prince."

"I have no doubt," André Moriz was sardonic, "they are all princes—and cousins of the Czar! I know of at least three spurious ones."

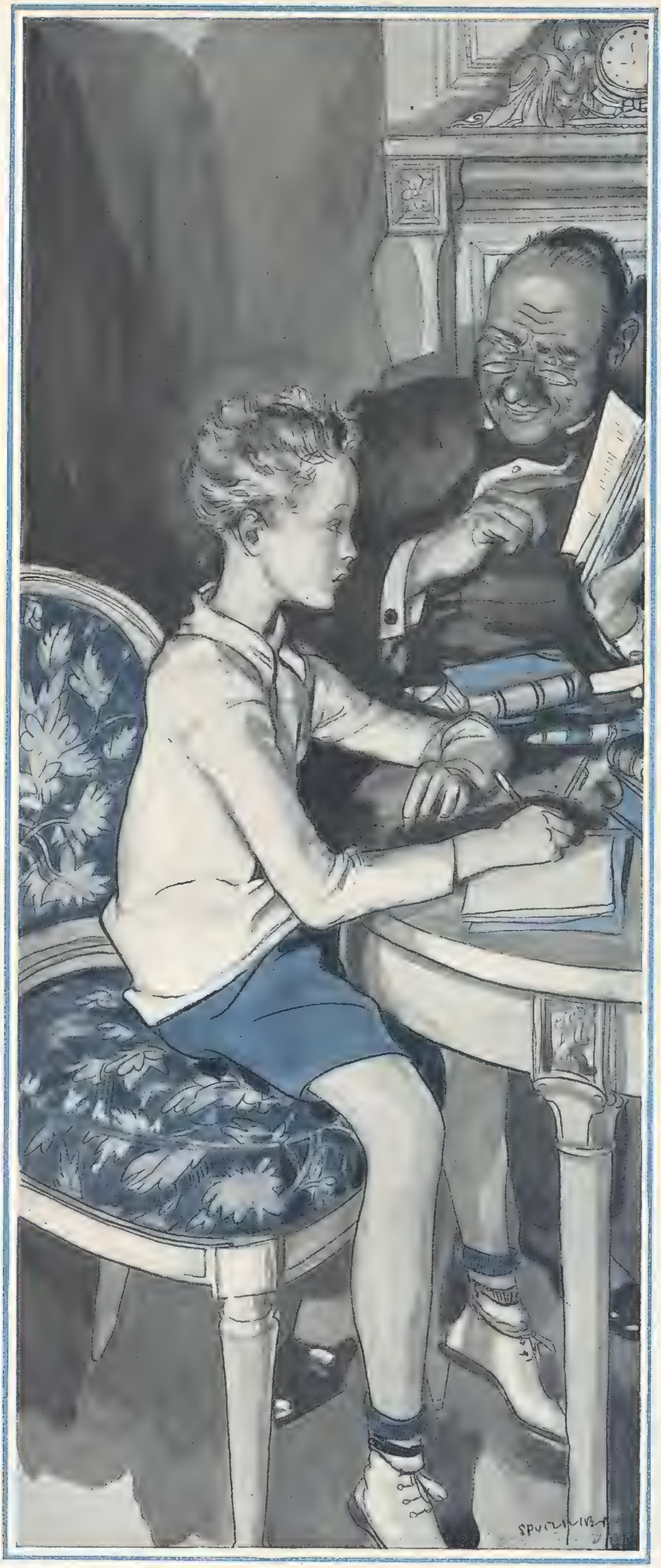
THE violin touched chords that were pure human soul in elation. Rosanoff's young voice was vibrant with sensation. Oboukoff and Malovine and Captain Belsky joined in the chorus. Sergeant Ivanoff dared to open the kitchen door on a crack and his deep bass voice was intermixed with the others.

The Tartar tent was hushed. Nathalie sipped vodka. The tension was intense. The song was a gipsy song. She had listened to it in St. Petersburg with Feodor Feodorovitch at Yarr's, the famous gipsy haunt. She relived the past. Oboukoff too came back to her memory. He had been an officer in the same division and later an A.D.C. to the Czar. The happiness of those days surged back like wreckage on a sea shore.

Still Rosanoff sang. Her husband, like a statue, stood and watched her.



conscious that his comrades were watching, and, having to the rôle of action assigned him by fate



FEODOR is watched over by the greatest child specialist in Paris, and as he is too delicate to go to school, professors come to the house and teach him . . .

Nathalie could bear it no longer. Something in her brain seemed to snap. She collapsed forward on to the table and hid her face in her arms. Her body rocked.

André Moriz was angry : " A nice way to celebrate our marriage."

Seranof overheard the words. Oboukoff too was near enough to catch them. He looked at his friend whose eyes were half closed, and his lips tightly pressed.

" Come now," besought Moriz, beside himself with embarrassment, " pull yourself together, Nathalie. The people will think you have been drinking."

Seranof gestured to Rosanoff to stop singing. In the stillness that ensued Nathalie's sobs were audible, but the couples who encircled the wall were far too preoccupied with their own feelings to bother much about one who, seemingly having drunk too much, was moved to tears.

" Enough of this ! " said Moriz. He called for the bill and paid far in excess of the sum total.

Seranoff let the money fall on to the floor, and did not attempt to pick it up. He followed the two out into the hall.

While Moriz was being helped on with his overcoat and his back was turned Nathalie with tearful eyes, whispered to her husband, " Your address."

He handed her a card. It was done in a second. Nathalie proffered her hand, which he raised reverently to his lips.

Moriz pushed Nathalie through the door into the Hispano Suiza that waited. A footman in livery adjusted a fur rug, extinguished the light and softly closed the door. The well-trained automaton beside the liveried chauffeur gave the limousine a regal air.

" How dare you . . ." fulminated Moriz, " give your hand to a servant ? "

" They are not servants by birth," she protested.

" I won't have it . . . it's the last time. . . . It's not for nothing that I've kept you apart from these *emigrés*. I see I was right. Out of sheer sentimentality you'd fall into the arms of waiters . . . of waiters ! " he hissed in horror.

NATHALIE was too tired to stand his bullying. She removed the long strand of pearls that was twisted twice round her neck, and a square sapphire ring the size of a postage stamp, and flung them to the bottom of the car. " Take them," she sobbed. " I don't want any of your things."

He turned on the light and picked them up : " It's the last time," he declared, " the last time that I take you among your Russians. A pretty anniversary of our wedding day ! "

And periodically as they drove through the night he grumbled :

" A pretty way of celebrating our anniversary."

On the aristocratic left bank of the Seine, facing the Palace of the Louvre, Moriz, who represented the Paris branch of the Bank, owned a five-storeyed house with a garden. A gilt lift carried him and his wife to the top storey with its wonderful view over Paris. In a bedroom hung with Genoese velvet Nathalie subsided on to a Florentine bed. Moriz was beside himself. To think that his wife should have been thus affected by a stupid Russian night-haunt. It seemed almost as if she had regrets. . . . And yet he had lavished her with riches. What then were her regrets ?

He tried to reproach her instead of trying to comfort. He felt misunderstood instead of trying to understand. He was prepared to make a scene in no way inferior to hers.

" How dare you talk to servants . . . give your hand . . . smile."

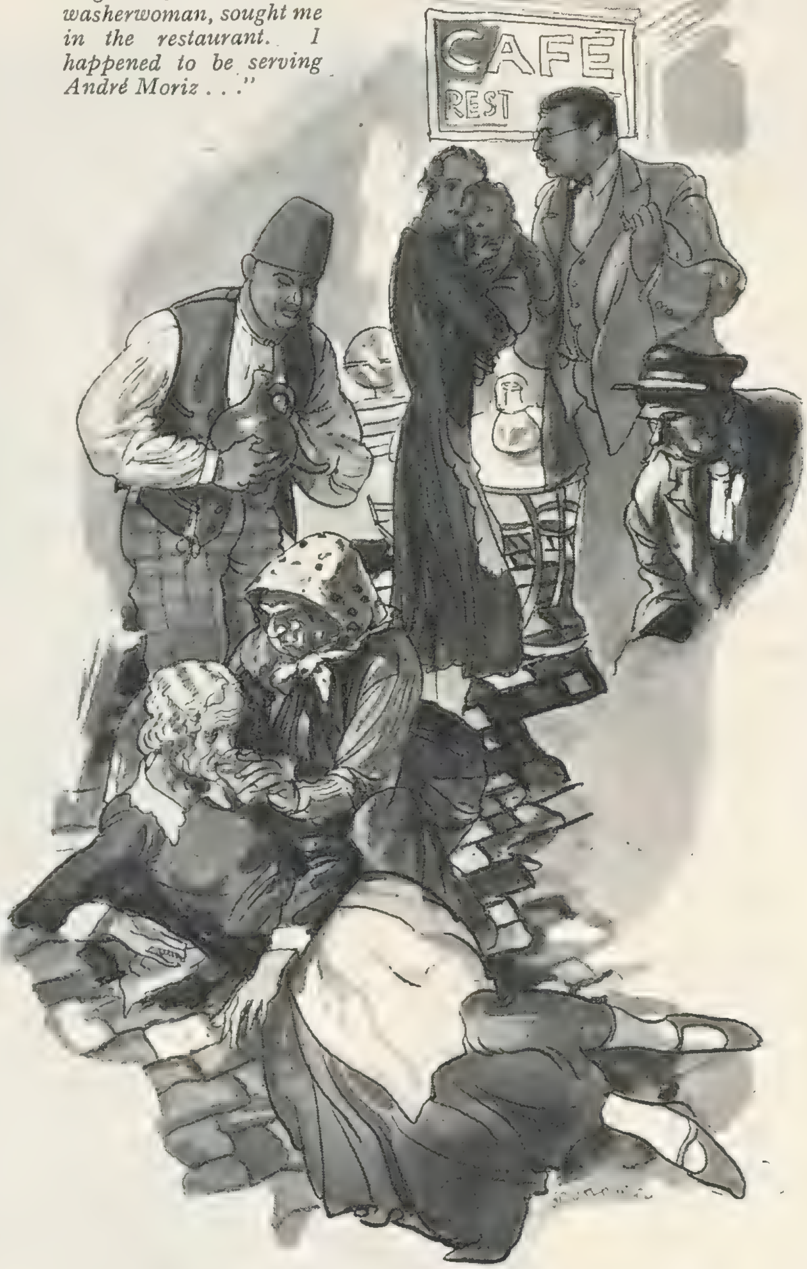
" Hsh ! " She put a finger to her lips and tiptoed into the adjoining room where a small boy with matted curls breathed heavily. Feodor had never quite recovered from the hardships of his early infancy. The slightest cold affected his lungs. He had been suffering from a feverish cold for some days. Nathalie knelt down by his side as reverently as before an ikon, and her lips touched the small feverish hand : " My little Feodor, your father lives ! Your father will be proud of you . . . you shall know him and love him. God bless you, my little Feodor!" And she made the sign of the cross.

PRINCE SERANOF occupied a room on the top storey of a tenement house in a workmen's quarter. This he shared with Count Oboukoff, his old friend and brother officer, and the "boy" Rosanoff. On a grey November afternoon following the drama at the Coq d'Or, he requested his comrades to grant him the freedom of the room. He was expecting a visit from his wife. Rosanoff was so thrilled that he waited down at the street door for half an hour before Nathalie was due and another half hour because she was late. He awarded himself the pleasure of kissing her hand when she alighted from her Hispano and of escorting her up the interminable flights of stairs to the top room. They paused several times on the way, to take breath and laughed like children. Rosanoff thought her younger than the night before. She had the slim figure of a modern woman, half-boy; her tailor-made fitted her like a glove. Her hat enframed her. Her eyes glistened, her teeth gleamed evenly. The colour mounted to her cheeks as they mounted the stairs. He took stock of her small feet and slim, silk-clad ankles. Her pearls accentuated her long white throat. He thought her enchanting, the appropriate wife indeed of the chief he adored.

Feodor Seranof awaited her impatiently. He drew her into the room and hastily closed the door.

Rosanoff joined Oboukoff among the chauffeurs and the workmen at the café "Bon Coin" in the same street while Seranof and his wife cried and laughed in each other's arms. Every kind of explanation and narration took place on each side.

"One day mother fell in a dead faint . . . Our neighbour, an Armenian washerwoman, sought me in the restaurant. I happened to be serving André Moriz . . ."



"What happened to you . . . ?" she asked. "And why did the sergeant bring me your leg? Was it not your leg? Have you two or only one? . . . Whose leg was it then? And why did he think you were dead?"

She told him how she buried it, how the refugee priest said prayers over it, how with her last resources she paid a Turkish marble carver to make a gravestone. "Every day that I was in Constantinople I took a flower to that grave."

He laughed: "You laid flowers on my leg!"

She laughed through her tears. "Where were you, Feodor? Why did you not send me a sign of life?"

He explained how he missed the last boat and masqueraded as a Bolshevik soldier in a dead man's cap and made his way laboriously over the Caucasus across Siberia to the Chinese frontier. "It took me a couple of years . . . if I began to tell you my wayside adventures it would take days."

She nestled close to him, her head on his shoulder. His arm was around her. She sighed, a deep long sigh of contentment: "Tell me . . . tell me . . . begin!"

He kissed her eyelids, her lips and her throat.

After a while she bade him resume: "What did you do in China, Feodor?"

"In China I joined the anti-communist forces that were fighting the Reds. I forgot everything but the adventure of the moment. I had learnt by that time not to look forward and not to look back, but to live only in the present."

"You never worried about me?"

"Of course I worried, silly child. Asleep and awake I dreamed of you. I prayed for you. I prayed that you might be safe, that you might find shelter and protection. I knew that the beauty of your soul which is reflected in your face would attract to you the powers of good. I knew that such a woman as you could not be left to weather the storm. I had great confidence in your lucky star, but I could do nothing for you . . . The Fates had separated us, for better or for worse. For me the years passed by . . . chaotically."

"Have you . . ." she braced herself to ask the question that obsessed her: "Have you not comforted yourself with another?"

He evaded a direct answer: "Have you not forfeited the right to ask?"

"I believed I was a widow."

He justified himself: "I have not re-married."

IT was her turn to tell the story of her destitution, her work in Constantinople as a waitress in a Russian restaurant. She described the mixed "clientèle," the scum and the élite of the west and the east who thronged the establishment: "The engine drivers of the Sud Orient express and the Wagon Lit conductors were our patrons. They liked the sensation of being waited on by princesses. They tipped us well and were impertinent as became the occasion. Less impertinent, however, than the Greek and Armenian commercial travellers. The Turks behaved like gentlemen. The diplomatic attachés kissed our hands. Levantine bankers bought our pearls. At a psychological moment I was offered marriage. I did not hesitate. My mother, from want of proper nourishment, had fallen ill. She suffered from heart and from ænemia. She tried to nurse Feodor who had coughed ever since we left the Crimea.

"One day mother fell in a dead faint with the baby in her arms. Our neighbour, an Armenian washerwoman, sought me in the restaurant at the lunch hour. I happened to be serving André Moriz, the head of the Morisciu Moriz Bank. He saw my distress and insisted upon learning the details. Without his generous help I do not know what would have happened. He placed me in a position of deep obligation, but there was no freedom of choice. I gratefully accepted the security he offered. Marriage with him was like a haven after the storm. He consented, of course, that my mother should live with us, and he lavished love on Feodor as if he were his own son. One stipulation only did he make in our contract, that I should cut myself adrift from the émigré world. The émigré problem was beyond even his fortune, and the sight of their destitution could only perpetuate my misery. He wished me to be (*Continued on page* 106)

This *Female* *Flying* Business...

The Royal Aero Club
3 Clifford Street London W1
Aviator's Certificate

Here it is—the "A" ticket and the Aviator's Certificate that make the owner-flyer free of the international air

"WOULD they please 'run up' her Moth; can she have a map of the Southern counties . . . she will be back on Sunday evening. Yes—it is a bit parky this morning, but it ought to be rather nice above the mist. . . ."

Not one of our stunt pilots starting; *merely one of the many women holding an "A" licence*—qualified *last October* and off in an N.F.S. machine for the week-end by herself!

* * *

"No, women are better pupils than men,—generally speaking, of course . ." said the Disembodied Voice, very cautiously through the telephones; then, firmly: "MIND YOUR RIGHT WING."

Not, as you might reasonably think—Heaven: but merely Captain Schofield (of Schneider Trophy fame) with one of the many Determined Women who take their Pilot Test Flights from the Hanworth Air Club. Below the machine—a dual-control Moth—Middlesex slants and swoops; seen as until lately only the angels have seen it. . . .

Swearing softly (but not into the speaking tube) the pupil breaks off the conversation between the hinder and the forward cockpit and attends to the matter of the right wing by reverent wielding of the "joystick" that has its roots at her feet. The engine purrs steadily on, the dials in front of her twitch and the novice, reading them carefully, learns that she is 1,100 ft. up, doing 85 m.p.h. and 1,800 r.p.m. She feels the reassuring catch of her safety harness, and the telephone attachment plugged in from her helmet to the side of the machine and thence forrard to the instructor's cockpit, which will convey his comments, philosophical or mechanical, to her; she can bawl her worries into the mouthpiece flexed under her nose. This is her very first flight; she is taking a test to see whether the air likes her and she the air . . . aptitude for altitude, in fact. She has paid two guineas before investing thirty or forty in a step into the not-far-distant future.

She presses the stick (with reverence) towards the left . . . the left wing sinks to level again and, perspiring lightly the Determined Woman signs with relief:

"Better?"

"Better . . ." says the Voice; and the sturdy head and shoulders visible across a few feet of fuselage, reassure her. "She prefers," the Voice continues, "to fly good and true; the Moth is inherently stable; for instance, let me have her now——" (the pupil sits tight!)

"*You see, if I throttle down my engine . . .*"

(The roar abates, flutters, spits—and then silence.)

"*And ease the stick back . . .*"

The 'plane hovers, horribly!

"*The ailerons control gets less—as the forward speed decreases..*" (the joystick sweeps from side to side now, but the Moth does not respond!)

"*—AND SHE STALLS——*"

She does. Nose-down, she dives, swift and smooth until the wires begin faintly to whistle, then hum with that warning note of speed. . . . The Determined Woman (having left her

An instructor of the National Flying Services with his pupil and a dual control "Moth" ready for the air.

Ground Instruction

Photo (left) by courtesy of "Flight"

The When, W*here*, How—*and* How M*uch*—of modern Aviation for *the* Air-*minded* Woman

By Joan Woollcombe

Would she like to loop? She would—and they do. "The earth and sky wheel majestically round . . ."

Photo (right) by courtesy of "Flight"

tummy aloft) sits and holds her breath—"*But—it—is—quite—easy—to—pull—her—up—again.*"

It is! Sweetly indeed the little machine then completes her curve to level and the enthusiast in the hinder cockpit regains her breath and the tummy she apparently discarded all too suddenly a few hundred feet above.

THAT is, in fact, the only thrill; the rest is dull—for one sits still and watches the earth below, with no sense of height since there is no connection between you and it! But, after some twenty minutes of flying, the Determined Female has her moment—the expert in front holds both hands above his head to indicate that she has it all her own way. "Try and keep her straight and level," comes his voice through the 'phones. She tries; aided and abetted by the machine, succeeds. She feels like a minor deity. She is suitably impressed.

"*Would you like to loop?*" She has decided to learn to fly and this is her first flight up for the beginning of the carefully compiled schedule of lessons. The first hour is devoted in two sections to what the instructor laconically calls "*air experience*" Would she like to loop? She would—and they do.

So *dull*: majestically and serenely the earth and sky revolve and—held quietly in her seat by centrifugal force the Determined Woman merely sits and waits for them to reappear in their right order. They do. The loop is over.

The machine rises swiftly and, with a hint of a grim smile the Voice comes through: "Take your feet OFF the floor . . ." humiliation entire; the two feet remain, as it were, clamped down, and as the 'plane mounts the Voice explains—"Gravity" it says kindly.

This, of course, is merely the preliminary canter: the real business of learning to fly is sterner. The test actually coincided with her first flight in a light plane; and the Determined Woman, as she trots trustingly across the tarmac to where the waiting machine ticked-over finds herself firing questions at the pilot.

"*How long does it take? How much does it cost?*"—and finally and not without reason, "*What use is it when I can?*" The replies are simple: "About ten flying hours of dual instruction first; eight is the minimum and most women take about 15 . . . then three to five hours solo, with fifteen minutes or so for each hour solo, done with an instructor. . . ."

"The inclusive cost is £3 an hour dual and 50s. an hour solo until qualified; after that £2 an hour down to 30s.—always inclusive of fuel, insurance and landing fees. After you have taken your 'A' licence you can fly where you will, but not for hire; before qualifying you must not fly more than three miles from your base. You can take your ticket after a minimum of three hours in the air solo . . . and an hour's flying represents about 85 miles; an inclusive week-end hire of a light plane costs approximately some £6 for 48 hours . . ." And that's *that*!

THE future Owner-Flyer finishes her first lesson, the last thirty minutes of "air experience" shows her dives and spins and a side-slip into the aerodrome; she watches a perfect landing from her cockpit with tremendous admiration; first below and then beside them the trees surrounding the Air Club, then the cropped grass of the aerodrome races about 20 ft. beneath them—the pilot levels up and flattens out, a perfect three-point landing is made at 45 miles an hour; the 'plane and mother earth are united as though both were woollen velvet. Then the pupil doffs her helmet (the only special kit she needs) to come down to earth and learns the rudiments of pilotage.

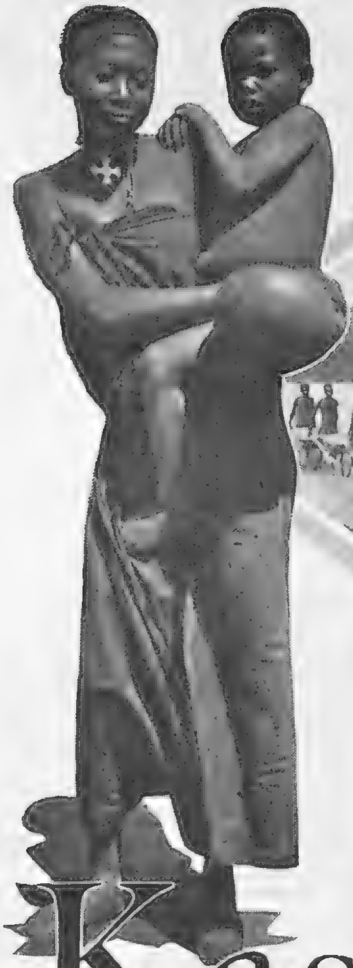
She learns that the schedule of lessons has been reduced to fool-proof interlocking stages of safety; that even the phrases to be used in instruction and explanation are simplified to a degree and she learns her first lessons rather like this: under her feet as she sits in the cockpit there is the rudder bar: "*Push with your left foot and the nose of the machine slews to the left*" and she is shown the wires that control the rudder at the tail. The elevator—she is shown—controls the rise and fall of the 'plane and "*Push the stick forward gently and the nose falls . . . pull up gently and the nose rises*" and finally, the ailerons, controlling the side to side motion, the hinged sections of each wing are themselves worked by the side to side of the stick—as "*push the stick gently to the left and the left wing goes down . . .*"

Co-ordination of these three flies the 'plane; and this she learns, starting with her next lessons in the air, lesson 3 and 4, when she tries in all seriousness, to fly "straight and level." Hanworth Flying Club, where she learns, is the biggest flying school in Europe; with a high record of safety and the schedule (based on a minimum of eight hours dual) is tremendously thorough.

Privately, the pupil decides that she must be really ham-handed; the Voice (Captain Findlay, the chief pilot-instructor) is patient and helpful; "keep your

(*Continued on page* 109)

TWENTY years ago the Kasai Empire,
and inaccessible as Tibet. Then the
the black man's wall was doomed to fall.
staked, and holds, its claim. This
independent observers ever
forbidden territory,
little-known corner



A Kasai native woman and her child

Bringing in the "pay dirt" to the separating machines. These machines separate the heavy gravel from the lighter and thus go a long way toward sorting out the diamonds. Very similar in construction to a concrete mixer

Kasai Diamonds

THE white man found himself well within the forbidden lands, in a region where no pale skin had hitherto been seen. He had with him thirty blacks and fourteen guns. He represented diamond monopolies, backed by the trusts of two continents. But the local *soba*, whose only garment was a cat skin hung from the waist, refused to treat with him. It was now several years since government troops had broken native resistance in the outlying districts. Here in the inner Kasai the chastening effect of that massacre could hardly have penetrated. The white man was faced by a wily old chieftain with four hundred warriors. His only strategy was to meet superior force with cunning.

Hunting was not good. There was no game. In the forests one came upon primitive traps set to catch moles and mice and palm rats. The white man sent the *soba* a present of cloth and demanded meat. Bound by the immemorial African tradition, no native might refuse an offer to exchange presents, yet the black man sent back a scrawny hen fowl only. The hen was returned to him with the message that to accept such a gift was beneath the dignity of a great spirit. He was perplexed. Hitherto when he had given, men prostrated themselves to praise his beneficence. He released the hen and sent a goat. This too was returned, with an ironic comment that the representative of foreign powers had never yet contented himself with feasting on mere goat. Then the *soba*, really impressed, ordered his men to lead off a steer to the fastidious one, and to ask him to come to palaver. If all went well, he could yet finish off this intruder and recover the steer.

Ready for the palaver, sorcerers and chief warriors were standing round their *soba* when the white man arrived. He was accompanied only by his head boy. He opened a lane through the group of warriors and stationed the boy at one end of it, where the dark green leaves of rubber plants formed a natural stage-setting and background. He stuck three cigarettes upright in the wool of the boy's round, dusty head. Then, with his rifle, he walked to the other limit of the village. Three shots rang out. The three cigarettes lay broken in the trampled dust beside the *soba's* stool.

"Tell them," the white man said to his boy, "that I expect guides, and a message of safe conduct to all the other *sobas* of the Kasai Empire. Tell them that to the foreigner men's souls are like these tiny white cigarettes. He has the power to snuff them out with the noise which he always carries in the crook of his arm."

Until such bluff and skill beat down the native resistance, less than twenty years ago, there was a black man's wall about the inner Kasai. Its diamond lands were closed.

The tribes along the Lubilash, eastward from the Kasai, were cannibals. The hemp-smoking sects to the westward were head-hunters. Between them lay inviolate the Kasai Empire, secret as Tibet, inaccessible as Lhasa. Considering their rudimentary bows and arrows, their loose discipline, and their lack of commissary and transport, the natives who built up the empire had done a mammoth work. Their conquests extended across the Central Plateau and down into the Kasai Basin, embracing a territory larger than England and Wales together, and fitting into the great northward curve of the Congo like the star in the crescent on a Turkish flag. It grew through slow migrations and sudden raids. It was defended by threats.

Even David Livingstone, when he crossed the southern headstreams of the Kasai on his way from Lake Dilolo to the West Coast, dared not push through to visit its paramount *soba*. Friendly natives warned him that the Baluba were inhospitable. So long was their river that one might follow it for months and find no end. So far away were their principal cities, Mai and Luba, that forty days barely measured the distance. The Baluba would rob him of everything and take his men as slaves.

"The chief of the Luba discourages all improvements, and refuses to admit even guns into his country."

A Chinese wall defended Kasai. Had not diamonds been discovered on the Lubilash, the same front which it opposed to Livingstone might still to-day hold out all foreigners. Till the diamonds were known, the region had little to recommend it. There was no lure of ivory, for elephants had disappeared. There was no lure of slaves, for slave-hunting had become

north of the Congo, was as secret
white man scented diamonds and
An international syndicate
article, by one of the few
permitted to penetrate the
draws a vivid picture of a
of the Dark Continent

At the "door" of the forbidden Kasai. A group of native and half-breed types

(Left) The final process of washing before picking out the stones

(Right) A Soba of the Kasai and his wives and chief men

By William *Leon* Smyser

unfashionable and dangerous, while in the Kasai Empire wars kept the population too reduced for profitable exploitation. Indeed, there were not enough Baluba to justify the conquest of the region as a first step toward recruiting labourers. A tropical climate repelled invasion. The natives, attached to the place because its streams held fish and its fields were fairly fertile, were known to be belligerent. Until the end of the World War the Kasai held its secrets.

DIAMONDS have a way of cropping out at hazard. On one of the South-West African diggings a hunter first surmised their presence when he found some carat stones in the gizzard of an ostrich. On the Lubilash they were first found by men who, in trenching to keep floods from their camp, saw something sparkle in the wet gravel. Now, quartz and many other crystals which flash in the air lose their brilliance under water, but uncut diamonds do not. They betray themselves with a flash when immersed. The diamonds of the Lubilash were superior alluvial stones. Men reasoned that similar stones must lie along the Kasai, since before they join each other the two streams run parallel and drain adjacent regions of the Central Plateau. The diamonds in the Lubilash drain ditch spelt destruction to the black man's wall round the Kasai.

The Kasai diamond region was not inaugurated by spectacular claim rushes. To make a Kasai penetration really effective, world syndicates had to work together. The "Diamong" was formed, backed by English, American, Portuguese and Belgian capital. Cunning agents were sent to deal with the *sobas*. Government troops accomplished what guile could not. From the first a monopoly dominated the Kasai. Thus, as the black man's wall came down, a white man's wall was set up in its place.

Isolated, hundreds of miles from the nearest white settlements, the Kasai enjoyed unique advantages as a diamond country. The natives of the old Kasai Empire were soon at work on the mines, scooping away the overburden so that the diamond-bearing gravel might be handled, shovelling this "pay dirt" into barrows and wheeling it to the machines, or, at the picking stations, separating from other heavy pebbles the little crystals which sparkle in water. And at first the Kasai natives were unable to appreciate the stuff they toiled over.

"When I sent in the diamonds from my mine to the central station at Dundu," one foreman in the Kasai has told me, "I gave them to one of my black boys to carry in a little tin box. He had no idea of their value. Sometimes he'd meet with other boys and leave his treasure unguarded in the middle of the path while he ran off with them to splash in the river. When the fun was over he'd come back and look for the box."

The native does not know why the white man's diamonds excite avarice. He regards such phenomena as equally inexplicable and bizarre. He only knows that by working to recover diamonds from the earth he himself receives from the white man a lodging and food and wages sufficient to pay his head tax.

It is the "I.D.B." who introduced a cult of the diamond to the Kasai native. The "I.D.B." is the Illicit Diamond Buyer who sooner or later worms his way into all regions of the world where precious stones may be found or purchased without benefit of law. He flourishes in Angola and in the Belgian Congo.

The "I.D.B." brings anæmia to the gravel pits. One knows that he is about when "pay dirt" which should yield one carat to the cubic yard drops suddenly to half a carat or less.

"Are you black men eating stones?" the native workers are asked.

"Kasai boys are not stupid," comes back the naïve answer. "We go find the white man who comes out of the forest. He pays twice as much for every stone we bring him as we could earn in picking station during a whole week. All the big stones go to the man in the forest. You get only the leavings."

THEFT is constitutional with the black man who has come into contact with white morals. Whatever his tribal ethics may be, he regards the conquering European as his prey. When I first entered the Kasai I was told that of the two principal native races one was fairly honest, while the other stole indiscriminately. Five minutes after this warning had been given me I forgot which race was which. Never, in the course of all of my subsequent (*Continued on page* 110)

Girls Together

Mother *and* Daughter, Cause *and* Effect—*a* study in *super*-Sophistication

MRS. WINTER was a good mother. She had been a good mother all her blameless life; first to a rag bunny, then to a wax paragon with curls, then to Valentine, the flesh and blood Valentine—or, as the papers had it, "débutante daughter of Mrs. Winslow Dale Winter of Number Nineteen Sunset Drive."

Valentine was sixteen. Not tall. A trifle pigeon-toed. Graceful and compact and straight-backed and slim as only modern girls are slim. And pretty. Tousled brown hair. Smudged-in blue eyes. A skin like—like—say, gardenia petals or cream or anything rich, smooth, deep.

Mrs. Winter had brought Valentine up correctly. She had been a model baby. Feeding on the tick of the minute. Naps by the clock. So much lime. So much beef-juice. So much violet-ray. When she cried, she was not bounced or cooed over or softly paddled into a condition of hiccough diminuendo. Mrs. Winter believed in looking for causes, be they safety pins or colic pains. When Valentine wept out of her obscure consciousness, she was left alone in her crib to weep until she grew weary of weeping. She discovered that it does no good to protest against things as they are. Safety pins, yes. The world-pain, no. It was there. You got used to it. Alone.

Mrs. Winter was a good mother. She believed in progress. She called herself, for your enlightenment, perhaps your envy, a contemporary. She seized upon anything modern in motherhood with an eagerness that had in it something greedy, something a little unpleasant. It was Valentine's hard luck to be an only child. She was more than a child. She was an experiment.

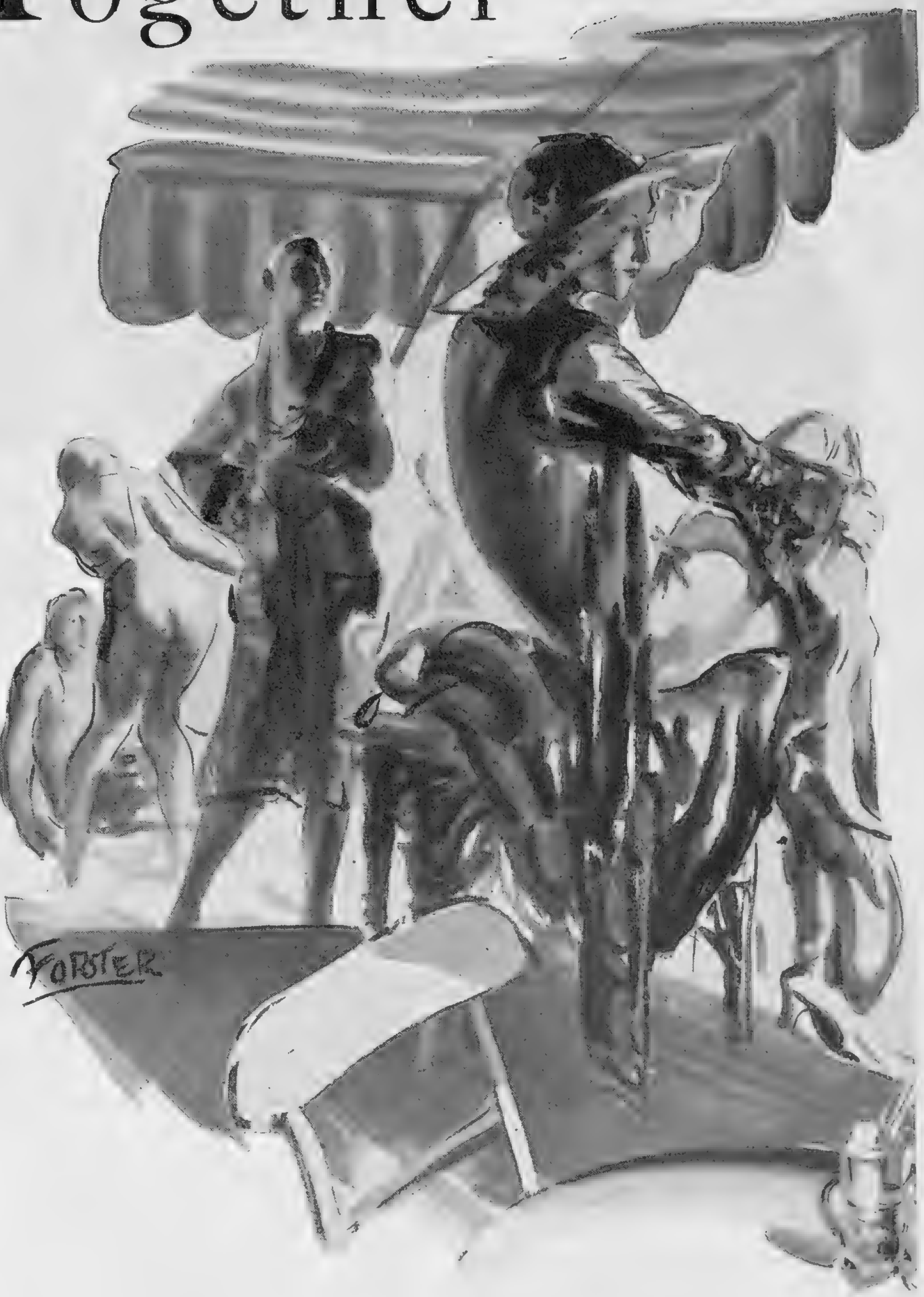
At three, she was deprived of toys because toys were considered a form of dissipation. But at six, she was allowed everything she wanted, everything she asked for, because Mrs. Winter had happened to hear the word "inhibition." At ten, Valentine returned to nature. She was encouraged to conquer modesty, to regard her compact little body with delight, to have a good time, as if there were nothing more important in the world. She learned to swim, to high dive, to paddle a canoe, to ride.

"Valentine," Mrs. Winter said, "is absolutely free. Happy."

"What have pants and a bass voice got to do with happiness?" Mr. Winter demanded.

"I am encouraging her to be herself."

"I liked her better when she had that French governess and curtsied and said '*Bon jour, Papa!*'" Mr. Winter said. "It was bad enough, God knows, but it was better than this!"



Illustrated by Forster

SHE was so young and so wise. So shallow and so elusive. So cocksure and so fallible. You saw her at the Lido, her pyjamas of cerise satin billowing and moulding her incredible brown body, and at her feet the playboys of Europe . . .

MR. WINTER died before Valentine came out of her natural phase into her European phase. It was just as well. He loved Valentine and it would have hurt him to know that at twelve she was travelling with her mother from Paris to Cairo, from Rome to the Lido, from Biarritz to Biskra. Mrs. Winter had decided that Valentine must be worldly.

"I want Valentine to know everything," she said. "Everything! Illusions are dangerous. Ridiculous."

Mrs. Winter's sister Eva made small sounds of protest.

"Illusions? You mean dreams?"

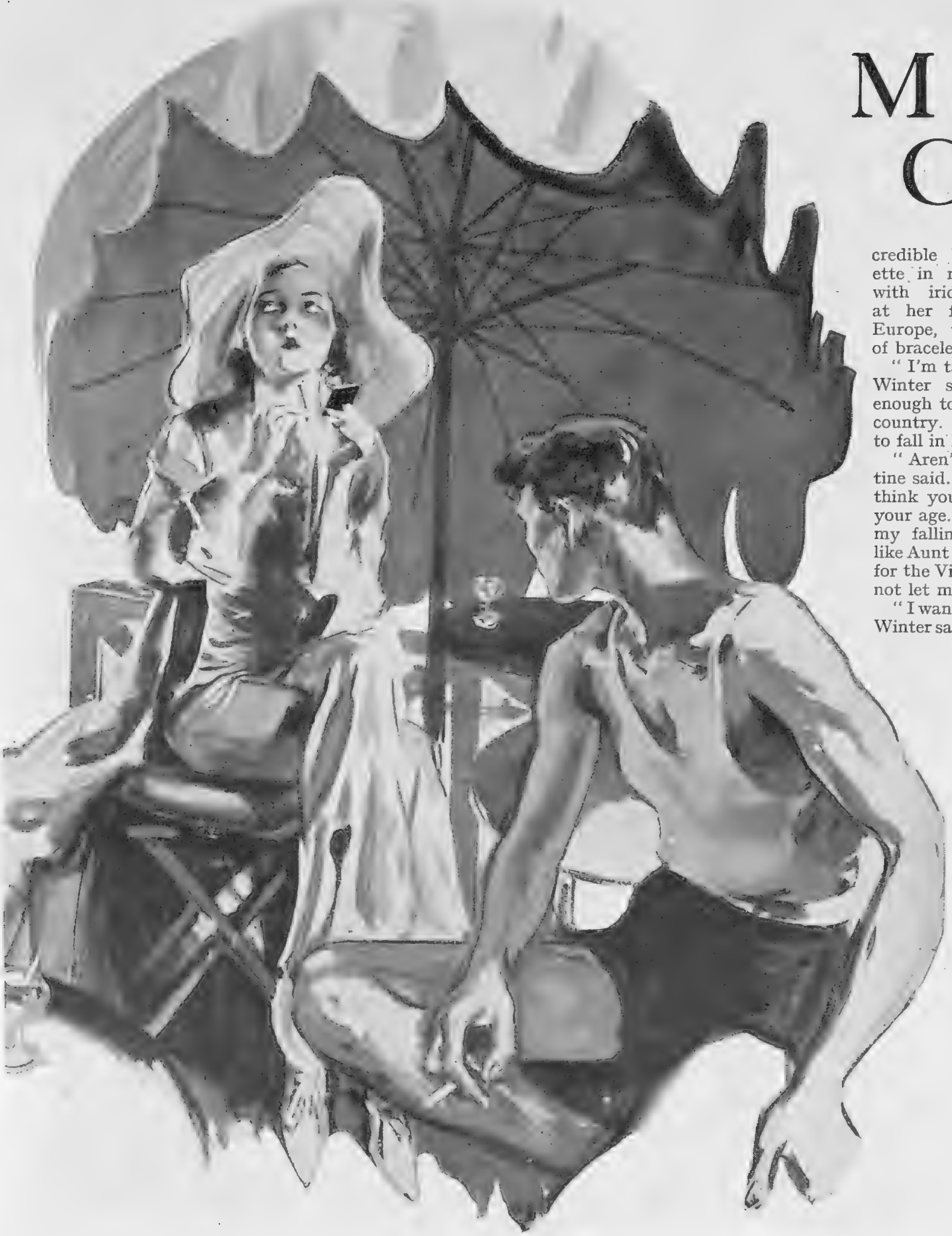
"I mean romantic poppycock. The sort of thing you and I were brought up on; the stuff and nonsense we used to believe when we were Valentine's age—chivalry and undying love and George Washington. Fido, the Saint Bernard, saving his master's life. The virginal child. . . ."

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"I'm trying to be honest. I want Valentine to know the truth about everything. Men and women. Society. Life, the good and the bad. You and I grew up in a world of cast-iron dogs and music-boxes. When we married——"

An ultra-Modern Discord in Two Sharps

By Mildred Cram



"I know," Eva interrupted hastily. "But we enjoyed youth while it lasted. It was very pleasant, believing in things."

"I don't intend to let Valentine believe in things. You can do as you like about Marjorie."

"Marjorie," Eva said, "is fourteen and she believes in the little people of Pook's Hill." Eva snapped a thread with her strong teeth. "I dare say if you spoke of fairies to Valentine she'd have something worldly to say. Something very unpleasant."

"Well," Mrs. Winter said, "Why not?"

SINCE there was no answer to this, we may look at Valentine, two years later, wearing simple crêpe slips from Vionnet. With little straw cloches. And a shingle. And a certain jaded look in her eyes. She used lip-stick. She spoke four languages. She was severely critical of her mother.

At fifteen, suddenly, she grew up. A little terrifying, as all lovely, enigmatic creatures are to the rest of us. She was so young and so wise. So shallow and so elusive. So cocksure and so fallible. You saw her at the Lido, her pyjamas of cerise satin billowing and moulding her incredible brown body, a cigarette in nervous fingers tipped with iridescent shellac, and at her feet the playboys of Europe, the shrewd appraisers of bracelets, the worldly ones.

"I'm taking you home," Mrs. Winter said. "You are old enough to understand your own country. And I don't want you to fall in love with a foreigner."

"Aren't you funny," Valentine said. "At times I honestly think you're beginning to show your age. When you talk about my falling in love, you sound like Aunt Eva. Why prepare me for the Victorian sacrifice? Why not let me go my way?"

"I want you to be happy," Mrs. Winter said. "It's your duty—it's everyone's duty to be happy. Free. Untrammelled. Joyous."

"Yes?"

"So we're going home."

"Land of the free," Valentine murmured.

PEOPLE on the great ship that took them back to America said that you couldn't tell which was mother and which was daughter. Both of them wore little tailored suits and blue berets and flat-heeled shoes. Both of them had starry, smudged-in eyes. Both of them had glossy, shingled heads and egg-shell complexions.

"I don't believe in growing old," Mrs. Winter said, with one of her bright, quick smiles. "It's a sign of surrender. Only very stupid and lazy women grow old."

They had been away four years. Cables to Eva had set her characteristically in motion. Their house was ready. Servants had been engaged. The garden was newly planted, the lawns neat, the paths gravelled. And there was Eva herself at the gate to receive them.

Eva in blue foulard, with a bit of lace at the throat. A thicker, greyer Eva. An Eva with tears in her eyes.

"I'm so glad you're home! I've missed

you so! Darling Valentine! How you've grown!"

Valentine emerged from this embrace with red cheeks. She hated to be kissed.

"How's Marjorie?"

"Very well. She couldn't meet you because she's graduating to-morrow. They've chosen her for the poppy chain! Think of it. Graduating at seventeen!"

"Marvellous," Valentine said, without enthusiasm. Her own wisdom had been acquired outside of schools. With a tilted eyebrow, she had read the most provocative literature of the day. She knew a great deal about modern furniture and modern music. But she couldn't spell and she couldn't add or subtract. And while she could discuss Mussolini with the American Ambassador to Italy, she had never heard of Alexander the Great. She could improvise limericks in French, yet she was entirely ignorant of the irregular verbs. She found knowledge unnecessary. It was enough to be clever. Marjorie was out of luck, that was all.

"Are you glad to be home?" Eva asked.

Valentine surveyed the big stone house. Yes, she was glad to be home.

"I declare," Eva said, "you look like sisters."

"We are," Mrs. Winter said.

"I don't understand——"

"No, you wouldn't. Poor, dear Eva. You still believe in birthdays, don't you? I've forgotten how old I am."

"You're forty-three," Eva said at once. "And I'm forty-eight. There's no way out of it."

"Oh, yes, there is! Massage, muscle-oil, diet, exercise and optimism. I employ a trainer to keep me fit. Three hours a day on the mat. An hour's rub-down. An expert for my skin and hair."

THEY had come to Mrs. Winter's bedroom. Now she removed her travelling-coat and stood before the mirrors, twisting and turning to display the figure with which she matched Valentine's boyishness. Flat of breast and hip, slim shanked, flexible, she was triumphant.

"Well," Eva said, sinking into a comfortable chair, "it sounds like a lot of hard work. For my own part, I enjoy spreading. I've never found hips a detriment."

"You're lazy," Mrs. Winter said. "You used to be a pretty woman."

"Wait," Eva said, "until you see Marjorie!"

Yes, Marjorie was pretty, too. She had the fuzzy aureole of a da Forli angel, crinkly, brown, shoulder-length. For her graduation, she wore her mother's wedding dress. Heading the procession of girls, the poppy-chain aflame on her shoulders, she might have been an acolyte; the same starry look, the flushed cheeks, the slow pace, the mysterious, happy abstraction. To Marjorie, graduation was a rite, a moment. She wore the ugly mortarboard as a saint might wear a halo.

"Isn't she too terrifically young?" Valentine whispered.

"We don't have to stay for the ceremonies, do we?" Mrs. Winter cried.

They fled, slipping through the crowd to their car. It had been hard not to seem derisive. But poppy-chains were simpy too *horrible*, too *deadly* . . . Valentine's crimson mouth curled.

"Did you see? A blue ribbon sash! And blue kid slippers! And that *hat*!"

"That was a mortarboard!" Mrs. Smith said.

They laughed—girls together. They felt very sophisticated and different and valuable. Sleek. They contemplated their lacquered nails, their slim ankles.

Marjorie, it seemed, had a young man. Eva didn't exactly say that Marjorie intended to marry him, but marriage was in the air. Eva was already hemstitching sheets and towels for Marjorie's hope chest. She never rose from a chair without spilling thread and needle.

"But you can buy these things," Mrs. Winter protested, "and have them initialled in France. The nuns do beautiful work for a mere song. Why waste your eyesight?"

"I am putting love and hope into every stitch," Eva said. Her fingers flew over the linen squares.

"False sentiment," Mrs. Winter said, "disgusts me. Nowadays mothers don't embroider towels; they play tennis."

"Why?" Eva demanded.

"Because it is useless to admonish the modern girl. It is better to have her confidence. Nowadays, the children discipline themselves. They run headlong into life and charge their failures to experience."

"There are some failures too horrible to contemplate," Eva said. She glanced at the shining Mrs. Winter over the tops of her bifocal lenses.

Marjorie's young man was an engineer. A dam was being built somewhere in the wilderness. From his camp, Eva said, he wrote to Marjorie every day.

"They've been in love for three years. Here's a snapshot. Handsome, isn't he? His name's Billy."

Valentine yawned.

"Let's see. Throw it over."

She stared at the photograph for a long time, a frown between her eyes, her mouth ready to curl.

"Oh," she said presently. She gave the snapshot back to Eva. "He looks innocent, doesn't he?"

"He is. He has curly hair. He's over six feet tall. He's—he's old-fashioned, I guess. He'll make Marjorie a good husband."

Eva glanced sharply at Valentine.

"You've been in Europe too long," she said.

"You mean I'm hard to please?"

"You'd laugh at a fine man like Billy Buchanan. You'd think him commonplace, and he isn't."

Valentine draped herself over an armchair, kicking her legs.

"American men bore me, Eva. I always know what they're going to say. You never know what an Italian or a Frenchman is going to say. Or do."

"What do you want them to say and do?"

"Excitement!" Valentine cried. "Something new every minute! Life's bad enough without taking time out to think. Who wants to think?"

"Are you happy?" Eva asked.

"Terribly," Valentine said. "I'm playing the game to win."

"Win?"

"I'm going to have a good time until I'm thirty. Then I'll——"

Her blue eyes grew cloudy. The little frown—two fine lines between her brows—came again.

"Why think so far ahead? I'll be dead before I'm thirty. At least I hope so."

"Valentine!"

"Who wants to live after the fun's over? Who wants to slow up? It's great being alive now. But—honestly, Eva, you aren't enjoying yourself, are you?"

"Yes," Eva said. "I am. I expect to enjoy myself for another twenty years."

"Marjorie's going to marry this Billy Somebody. Then you'll be alone."

"Then I'll have Marjorie's babies."

Valentine laughed a short, astonished laugh.

"You're wonderful!" she said. "Why, Eva darling, you're priceless! Don't you know that Marjorie and her Billy won't *want* you? Fussing around. Mother-in-law! Gran'ma! They'll want to be alone. They'll tell you so—not in so many words. But you'll *know*. It's a rotten world, Eva. Everybody's selfish. *You're* selfish! You want to hang on to Marjorie and Marjorie's husband and Marjorie's babies." She kicked her heels again. "You won't be happy until Marjorie's divorced and you've got her back again. For yourself."

"If I didn't know you pretty well, Valentine," Eva said, "I'd think you were malicious. As it is, I forgive you because you're young and silly. I wish you'd see more of Marjorie."

"Very well," Valentine laughed, "I will! What's the medical term—for Marjorie? Antitoxin? Or is it antidote?"

MARJORIE came when she was invited. She drove a rickety old roadster and wore a faded yellow sweater, and was perfectly beautiful.

Valentine said, "Let's swim. The pool's marvellous!"

"I didn't bring a suit," Marjorie explained.

"I've got dozens. All sizes. All colours. Take your choice."

They undressed, Valentine divesting herself with single twist of her body, a single kick. Marjorie was slow. There were slips and bodices and blue ribbons and stockings. She seemed at last reluctant, and stood abashed in her chemise.

"You're not *that* kind of a person, are you?" Valentine demanded. "You're not *modest*?"

Marjorie's blue eyes kindled. She lifted her head.

"No," she said.

"Well, here's your suit. And a cap. Better leave your watch, if you intend to swim."

Marjorie, in the tight blue suit, looked younger and smaller. She ran out to the pool, stood poised on the board, made a straight, clean dive and came up laughing. She could swim, too. She was a powerful, easy, slow swimmer: she cut the water without any splash or fuss.

Valentine, narrowing her eyes, pranced a little, backed away, waited until Marjorie turned to look, and with a sudden taut spring of her body leaped, somersaulted, swam under water, emerged.

"Swell, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!"

Presently they climbed out on to the concrete and lay in the hot sun, drying, their arms outspread, their eyes closed.

"Funny," Valentine said. "I thought you'd do the breast-stroke and get your mouth full of water and shriek."

Valentine opened one eye.

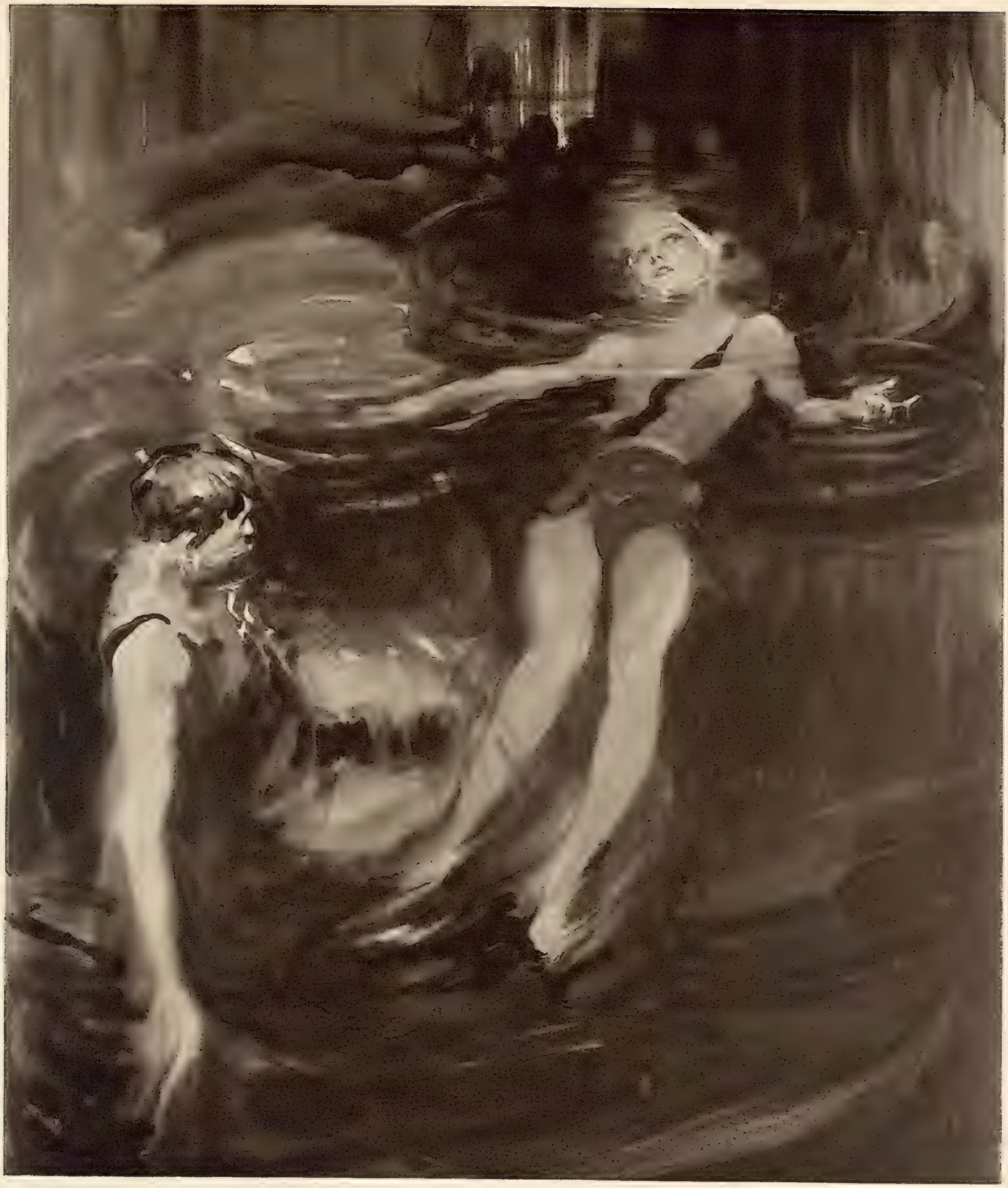
"You're wearing a signet ring, aren't you?"

"Billy's. We're engaged."

Valentine rolled over. She kicked her bare heels.

"Do you like men?"

"I like Billy," Marjorie said. "He's brave and loyal and decent."



Marjorie wouldn't do a thing like this—run away from her own party and change a froth of chiffon for a damp bathing-suit and swim in a dark pool under the stars.

"I hate men," Valentine said. "They're so obvious."

"Billy isn't obvious. Some day he's going to be a great man. Respected. Famous. Splendid."

"Aren't you funny!"

"Am I? Is it funny to dream dreams?"

"Awfully. It's dangerous, too."

"Why?"

"Dreams never come true."

"Oh!" Marjorie said.

"You'd better keep your paragon away from me. I'm bad for paragons. I tell them the truth."

"Billy wouldn't mind. He's sure of things—things that count."

And that was that, until Billy Buchanan came down from his wilderness.

"Marjorie's man's here," Valentine told her mother, one morning at breakfast.

"Hands off," Mrs. Winter said. "The towels are all embroidered and Eva is beginning on the layette."

"I've seen him," Valentine interrupted. "He's the blushing sort. I just wonder——"

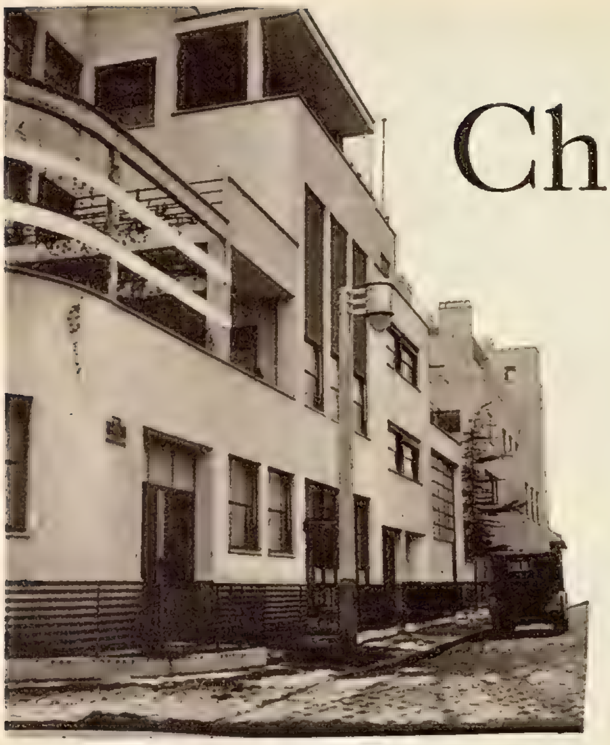
"Don't be greedy, darling. You've got all the men in town already . . ."

"You mean *we* have!"

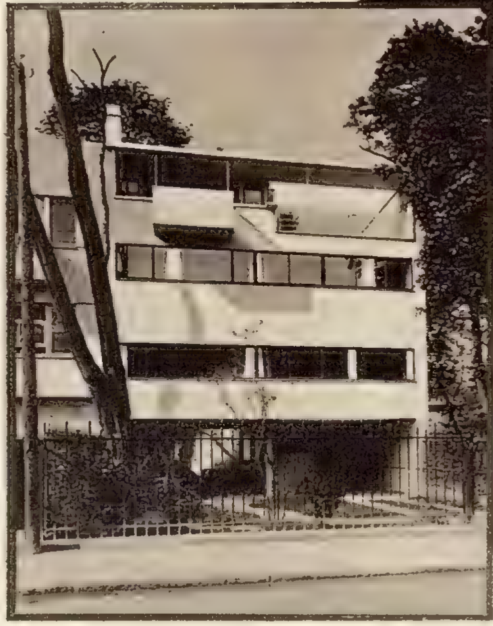
Girls together.

EVA said the big place on Sunset Drive was just another roadhouse. Cars stood wheel to wheel before the door. (*Continued on page* 88.)

The Changing Face of Paris



The apotheosis of modernism, in which the straight line is everything. The rue Mallet-Stevens, which bears the name of its architect



A house constructed in reinforced concrete at Boulogne-s-Seine, near Paris. Note the absence of a ground floor and the horizontal windows which reach the whole length of house

PEOPLE who love Paris should come and see her at once. In a year or two she will be gone for ever, for she is melting like a sand-castle under the conquering tide of modernism. Even Baron Haussmann, with his ruler and his stucco, did not alter her as King Steel is doing.

It has always been looked upon as a sign of elderliness to talk about change and refer to "my young days"; but in the present case folk still very much in their young days are startled by the transformation—girls who were at finishing-school in Passy or the suburbs five years ago can hardly recognise the streets, and literally do not know when they have crossed the town limits on their way to Courbevoie or Juvisy.

For, in the last lustre, Paris has taken her corset off. Watching the instantaneous bulging of her figure in all directions, one is made quite breathless by the very thought of her previous tight-lacing. When she did away with her fortifications and unbarred her gates, she drew the first deep breath she had enjoyed for nearly a century.

The fortifications were, of course, utterly ridiculous on a capital city. Yet they were in use only sixty years ago, as veterans of '70 well recall, although even then strategists were talking of capturing or losing Paris on the frontier. They referred to military ideas rather than to military engines; but 1914-1918 made it clear that these were on the side of the strategists. In 1914 *chevaux de frises* were laid down at the gates, to "stop cavalry charges"! But when, in 1918, Big Bertha took to coughing in Paris, although she was seventy miles away, the fortifications became even more useless than they had been. And aviation finished them.

IT is astounding to think that until five years ago, that until the twentieth century was a quarter old, that until wireless and flying and a dozen other miracles were well out of the egg, the capital city of the Capital of Civilisation should have been constricted within walls. The town-duties, or *octroi*, accounted for a little of the delay in getting rid of them, the municipality being unwilling to forego its revenues from a good many commodities. So every vehicle going in or out, and every pedestrian coming in with any promising-looking package, was held up for examination. The delay was abominable.

Without the city conditions were even worse. The same military requirements which kept the fortifications in existence ordained that there should be a zone of two hundred mètres in which no building should be erected that could not be rased to the ground in a few minutes. So Paris the Elegant, the Lovely, the Luxurious, had a belt in which the criminal and the destitute built themselves hovels and lived without decency, sanitation, or happiness.

One does not often feel grateful to the war, but we may truly thank it for helping to deliver Paris from this girdle of misery and lawlessness. All round the city, on ground which it used to be unsafe for the respectable citizen to cross at night, thereby preventing him from living in the suburbs, there is rising a ring of modern apartment-houses, with spacious streets and open squares. Most of them command rentals of a substantial nature, and those overlooking the Bois are for the rich only. The less expensive are not very solidly built, and when the concierge sneezes the tenant on the top floor turns uneasily in bed, while what the neighbour says to his wife is a secret from nobody in the house; but they are very impressive to look at, and have altered the face of Paris to an amazing extent.

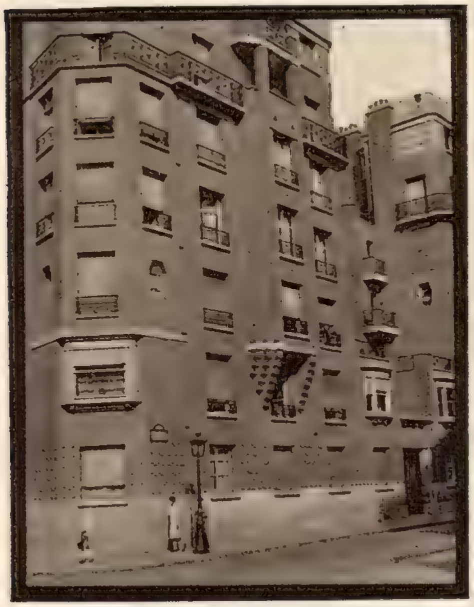
The Transforming Magic of King Steel

By

H. Pearl Adam

The superstructure of the modern buildings being built between the Boulevard Haussmann and the Boulevard des Italiens

The Rue Campagne-Première in the district of Montparnasse. A piece of old Paris made famous by painters and writers



The prize-winning façade for cheap flats at 36, Antoine Chantin

At the Porte Champerret, for instance, one can hardly trace the exact spot where stood the shabby iron palings that Paris thought good enough for its entrances. As at the other gates, there were a few cheap shops in low houses on the city side; some taller houses further in; and beyond them the uninteresting dinginess of the "military zone," with its cabins and hovels. There is less change at the Porte Dauphine, because the aspect of the Bois remains the same; but two very noble bronze stags are to stand where the gates once were, a reminder that to this day there are a few deer in the further corners of this metropolitanised corner of French forest.

It is a significant commentary on the change in social life that is taking place in France that a great many of the new houses include a few studios. That these are not all intended for artists is indicated by the fact that the architect has sometimes quite forgotten anything he ever heard about a north light, and puts the big window just where it is most convenient. To have a studio is *très* "snob," and to be *très* "snob" is to be very *chic* indeed. They fetch high rents, and some of them are provided with a room fitted as "an elegant private bar." Before the war the formality of French life would not have permitted of life in a place with only one reception-room; and to this day the conventional flat preferred by the orthodox well-bred French family has a drawing-room and a dining-room, even when they are so small that the side-table has to be put in the drawing-room and the food served from it through the inevitable glass doors. I have dined with five other persons in a Paris flat where the serving-maid handed the dishes round the door to the hostess because she herself could not get in!

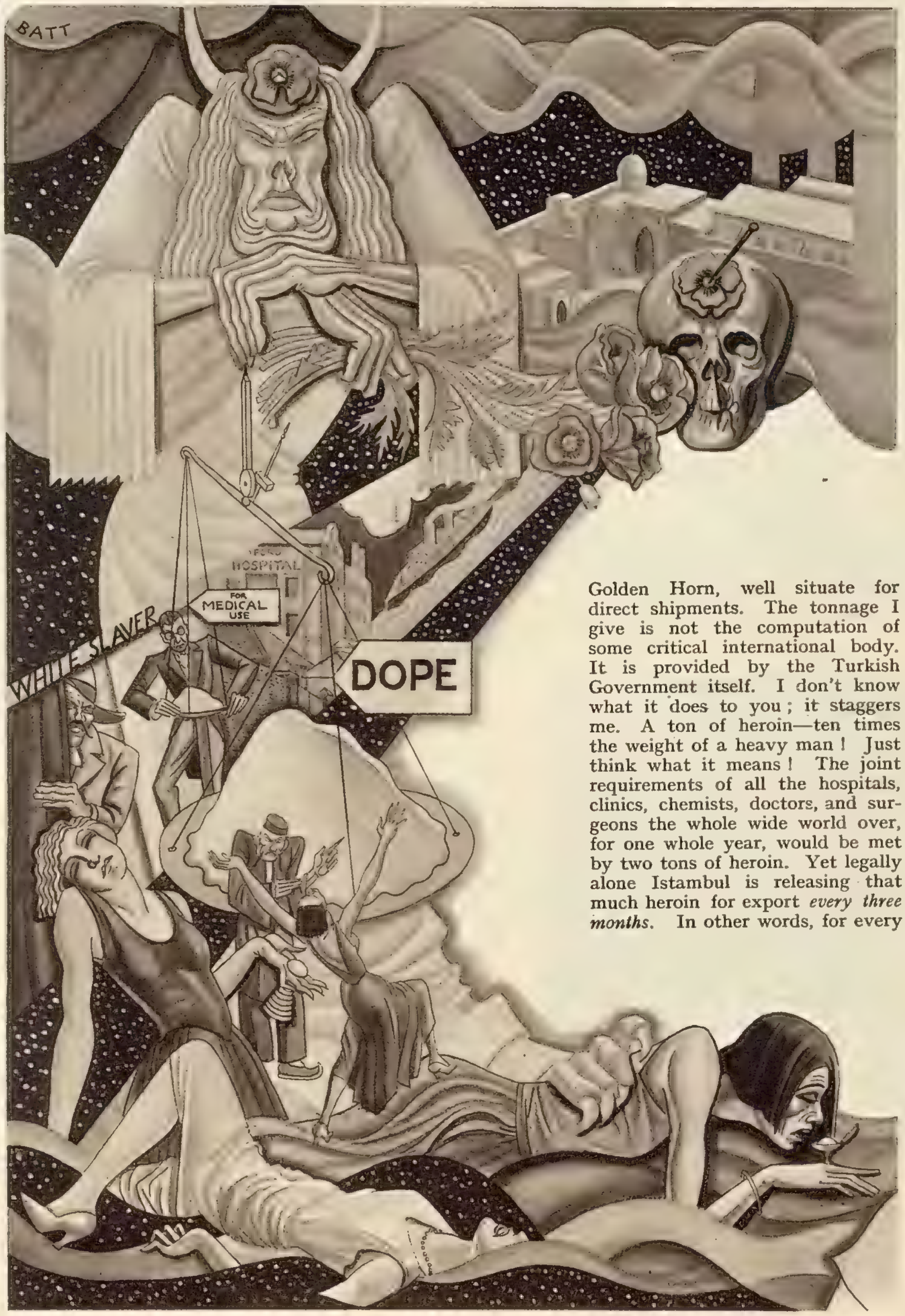
Some of these new houses are merely modern; others are definitely modernist. There is not only a distinct difference, but a different distinction. A competition for the best-looking cheap apartment-house resulted in one on which modernism had left some brickwork ornamentation, as the photograph shows, but which was otherwise only modern in the sense that it is not old-fashioned. On the other hand, look at the rue Mallet-Stevens (which bears the name of its architect—French, though he sounds English). It is the apotheosis of modernism, in which the straight line is everything, and even the lamp-post has felt that it was born to be a Futurist. . . . This is a plutocrat street, but there is another, 'way beyond Montparnasse, where the same spirit shows in remarkable little studio-houses built for artist-tenants by artist-architects. It is a long way from Montparnasse to Passy, but the same extraordinary facial surgery is changing every feature of Paris in both these quarters, as well as in some others—for instance, the Champ de Mars, which is a modernist town in itself.

The bit of the Boulevard Haussmann that was opened about a year ago is typical of the change that is taking place. To pierce this it was necessary to knock down not only some solid eighteenth-century houses, but several blocks of buildings eighty years younger. It is curious to see how long the seventeenth-century idea of façade and interior decoration lasted. Haussmann mathematised the streets of Paris, but the uniform stucco fronts of the houses that still line them were strictly based on the lines of Renaissance Paris. They

(*Continued on page 92.*)

Heroin *by the* TON...

Left: a typical instance of smugglers' ingenuity. A hollowed-out cork which contained heroin



WE are rather proud, I believe, of living in an age of progress and enlightenment, and in no sphere more so than in matters pertaining to physical and mental welfare. All the old footling about chariness to face up to the truth we have no use for: rather is the boast of the times, "Let there be but one approach to everything—the direct, commonsensical one, yielding results. And, above all, *efficiency*!" That is it, eh? Well, here goes.

This present morning, in this remarkable new world we hear so much of, four times as much heroin as the whole universe requires annually is being legally manufactured in two factories—just two—operating less than 2,000 miles from London. Approximately the same ratio with morphine. And note the word "legally." Heaven alone knows how many tons these two factories are churning out illegally! My informant—a high official of the League of Nations Narcotics Intelligence Bureau—doesn't know. He is only positive that the *legal* dissemination o'er the seven seas of this tonnage of crime, lunacy, and human destruction must be considerably outstripped by the *illegal* export. Nor does one employ the word "tonnage" as a descriptive flash. This article deals in tons. Heroin by the ton. Morphine by the ton. The two factories, "Orient Products" and "Kuskundjuk," are turning out six tons of these two scourges every six months. Four tons of heroin. Two tons of morphine. I have pictures of the factories before me. They are at the Golden Horn, well situate for direct shipments. The tonnage I give is not the computation of some critical international body. It is provided by the Turkish Government itself. I don't know what it does to you; it staggers me. A ton of heroin—ten times the weight of a heavy man! Just think what it means! The joint requirements of all the hospitals, clinics, chemists, doctors, and surgeons the whole wide world over, for one whole year, would be met by two tons of heroin. Yet legally alone Istambul is releasing that much heroin for export *every three months*. In other words, for every

A Sequel to "The Crystal Fairy"

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The raw material. Turkish peasants gathering opium in the poppy fields near Afiun-Karahissar

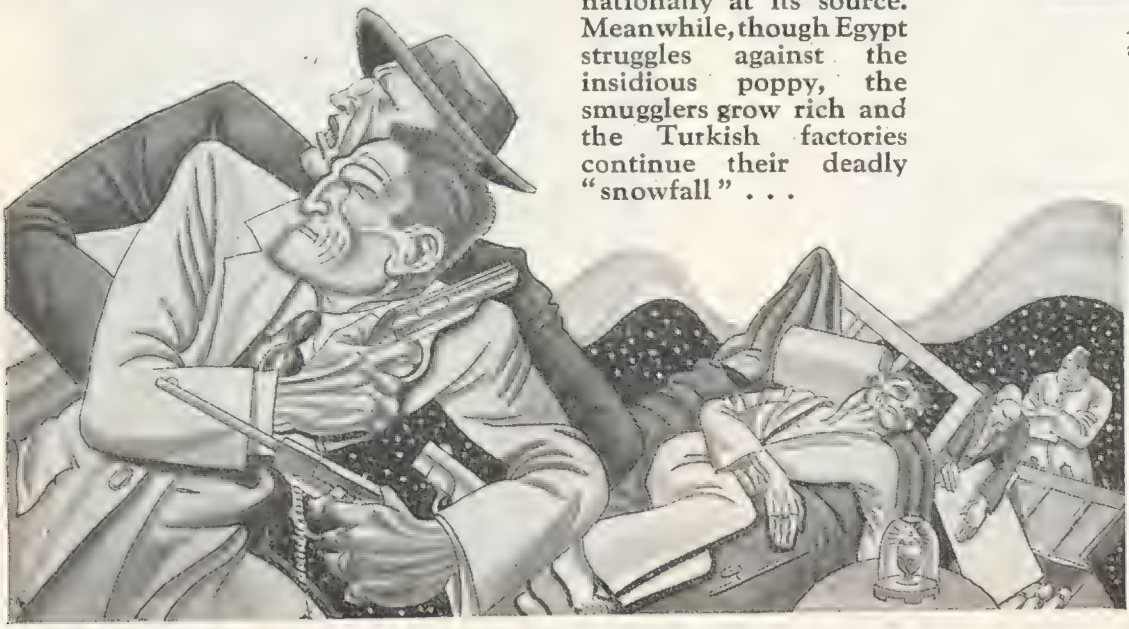
pound of heroin that is being used medicinally to-day, three pounds of "Turkish" is being "sniffed" for direct action effect. A pound of heroin—think even what that means, considering inveterates can only tackle between five and ten grammes a day!

You might call what is happening a prolonged "snow" storm, falling ever more densely in both hemispheres; because the above tonnage does not tell the whole story at all. These two Constantinople factories (a third is being fitted out and will soon be going strong) do not, themselves alone, feed the world supply of morphine and heroin. There are factories (smaller, it is true) in several other countries which also supply medicinal, and perhaps other wants. And there is, furthermore, the immense question mark regarding what the Turkish factories export under the rose. I am told there is good reason to suppose that for every ton shipped legally from the Golden Horn, a second ton finds its way abroad illegally; that, in fact, at the present moment, probably a ton-and-a-third of heroin a month leaves "Orient Products" and "Kuskundjuk" alone, when the world requirement of that drug in four weeks is 340 lb. (Half as much morphine is produced as heroin; therefore, these two factories probably produce in the region of 1,350 lb. of morphine monthly, though I do not know the medicinal world demand for that drug).

A Bible used for smuggling drugs

A crucifix which was used to smuggle drugs

In November last "Britannia & Eve" published "The Crystal Fairy," in which Mr. Tuohy laid bare the terrible truth about the Cocaine traffic and described the sensations of the addict. But Cocaine is a minor evil compared to Heroin. Four times as much Heroin as the world requires is being legally manufactured in two factories alone. Heroin is thrice as strong as Morphine. If Opium is the curse of the East, Heroin is the scourge of the Western World. It is at the root of the swift deterioration—most of the gangsters are dope fiends—which has gripped America. The problem can only be tackled internationally at its source. Meanwhile, though Egypt struggles against the insidious poppy, the smugglers grow rich and the Turkish factories continue their deadly "snowfall"...



HOW can this sort of thing be tolerated one instant? I expect some readers are asking that. The answer I would give is this: that the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations, the supreme body seeking to combat the illicit drug traffic, does not or will not—to borrow from a familiar saying—see the field for the poppies. If it came boldly out and proclaimed the amazing position above cited, bringing the facts out in "popular" relief, might it not attract the attention of us all? [And might not a still comparatively sane world be inclined to get Mustapha Kemal on the long-distance telephone, at Angora? And invite the Ghazi, without more ado, to alter completely these two articles of his Narcotics Law:

> Factories or laboratories which manufacture narcotic drugs, *whilst at liberty to export their products*, may not dispose of them inside the country, save to chemists or pharmaceutical firms.
>
> Narcotics manufactured in the country and dispatched abroad shall be reported by the owners of factories and works to the highest local health official, at latest on the day of dispatch, by means of a declaration stating clearly the quantity exported, the country of destination, the name of the consignee, and the method of dispatch.

From the latter article the crucial flaw emerges that, unlike the thirty-five nations which have subscribed to the Geneva Import and Export Regulations, Turkey does not require the Turkish exporter to produce an import permit from the country to which the goods are destined. "Orient Products" and "Kuskundjuk" can export to their merry hearts' content, where and whither they will—or are able to—once they have advised "the highest local health official"—whoever he may be, above or amenable to bribery. At present the first export stop is usually Greece. The Levantine capital, ever sunk deep in corruption, is very popular just now as a first port of call, for distributing purposes.

In the first half of last year 3,000 lb. of morphine and 5,600 lb. of heroin were exported (by Turkey) *legally* to Greece alone. As we may compute, this "snowfall" was in itself several feet higher than total world requirements.

BEFORE going on to what happens to this flaky tempest, I would justify my suggestion that the Drug Section at the League should "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses"; for the matter is basic. The cackle comes chiefly from well-meaning foreign zealots, when it does not emanate from political motives. Usually, when I go to Geneva some foreigner is cracking on about infamous Albion's drugging of her dusky millions. The Americans are particularly hot on rescuing Chinaman and Hindu and Malayan from the clutches of John Bull, dope purveyor. Not a poppy should be suffered to rear its stem the world over, save in clinic gardens (so to speak). And to think there are actually Government factories under the British Raj for the preparation of the hideous raw material! (Yes, there are. And there are also Government factories in Europe for the preparation of the far more hideous finished article which gives you all your Al Capones!)

What are the facts of the case?

It is in nature to seek intoxication in some shape or form. Children whirl round. There is religious exaltation. Wasps sip and sip until they are quite tight. *É patati é patata.* These people east of Suez have smoked or chewed opium at least since A.D. 800 and probably far longer. To truncate them suddenly from these two slow-and-steady methods of addiction would bring but one thing. The East would be deluged with white dope, heroin and morphine, made in European factories, secret or otherwise. The market would be irresistible, in a bootleg world. And these compressed derivatives of opium are, of course, infinitely worse than "the sleep-compelling poppy." They excite to everything anti-social and violent. Instead of an Orient in part sunk away in pipe-lethargy, we should see one proportionately roused and wild-eyed and criminally bent. Smoking or chewing opium, as the Oriental addict seldom at present departs from, admittedly works havoc in the long run with such as are unable to withstand their *yin* (craving). Yet the vast majority apparently are unable to deal with their *yin*. In fact, they treat their opium much as the French, their wine: a certain amount is required at fixed times. The tale is not all on the debit side. Partaking soothes and invigorates, as it keeps the smoker warm and sustains him in the absence of food. Moreover, the effect is the antithesis of alcohol: the smoker is silent and unboastful; sex is muted; courage deflated. With opium one just wants to linger on, in company, hazily content in a world of unreality. Of course, it is a bad thing. Admitted—a thousand times. Yet these people took to it naturally because they lacked other creature comforts, physical requisites, which we Westerners happen to possess. Dispassionately surveying things, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that opium east of Suez constitutes nothing like the curse that looms close at hand. For one thing, centuries of addiction have rendered the Easterner largely immune. Not so, our newcomers to dope. What is happening, or threatens to happen, to the white race causes the *yin* of the Heathen Chinee and Gandhi's friends to pale away into relative insignificance. . . .

IT is being increasingly recognised that the amazing break-up we are currently witnessing in the United States, swift racial deterioration without parallel, owes its origin to heroin or morphine or both more than to any other isolated cause. Most of the gangsters are "doped to the eyes." And the reason they shoot so freely—and no nonsense—is that they must have

The Kuskundjuk factory at Istambul which turns out heroin by the ton

THERE is good reason to suppose that for every ton shipped legally from the Golden Horn, a second ton finds its way abroad illegally; probably a ton and a third of heroin a month leaves the two Turkish factories, "Orient Products" and "Kuskundjuk," alone, when the world requirements of the drug in four weeks are only 340 lb.

A camel patrol in Egypt on the watch for drug smugglers the money to buy the drugs. Otherwise, deprived of the "helldust," they get "the needles" or "the leaps." In the United States underworld, so-called "prodders" are constantly circulating who inject shots of morphine into gangsters desirous of whipping up nerve for a projected coup. The gangsters make a point of handing on their *yin* to others, including police, public officials, and women good for blackmail or a "racket." They know that soon the novices will go down on bended knee if their dope is withheld—whereupon begins the "racket." As for the "society" women, if they don't pay up, the world shall know their shame! In this manner, particularly, have the New York police "got hold of" many women victims. The unexampled social rottenness in America to-day is a warning to all other countries, on this dope issue. Probably America was bound to be first. One reads in a "Narcotics Intelligence" report:—

> New evidence suggests that the problem is really determined by the prevalence of *a new type of person* arising with, and probably out of, the development of civilisation.

Later, there is reference to the arrival of "the narcotic mentality." This, one gathers, has emanated from the rush life—not in work, but in distraction. Just as alcohol has to be taken in ever-increasing quantity to produce an effect, so has kick upon kick to be added to distraction ere it yield the desired "thrill." And there is nothing on earth like the kick one gets from heroin. It is three times stronger than morphine; inhaled through the nose, it works thrice as speedily as the body injection of the sister drug. Which reminds me of an important *mise-au-point*. Some may remember a recent article, "The Crystal Fairy," in which I principally sketched the distributing methods with cocaine and the rise and fall of an addict's emotions. The impression may have been to give cocaine as the mortal enemy. This is not so. Cocaine, which is to-day mostly manufactured in Japan because the Japanese have managed to get the Chinese to take to it, occupies a minor place beside heroin. In fact, so much is cocaine receding in popular usage that the Turkish factories are not troubling to market it any more. Heroin, with thrice the kick, is all the rage. Here are official figures of "the big five" for one country (Egypt):—

Heroin used by	67%
Hashish ,, ,,	12%
Opium ,, ,,	10%
Cocaine ,, ,,	2%
Morphine ,, ,,	0·5%

Percentages of addiction vary, however, in the various countries. Thus, the morphine figure is far heavier than the above in the U.S.A. and in white countries generally, also the cocaine, while, correspondingly, the hashish and opium figures are not so high. Doctors are especially subject to morphine addiction (in passing, it might be mentioned that not a few charges of drunkenness which afterwards fail to be borne out are not alcoholic cases at all but the effect of drugs).

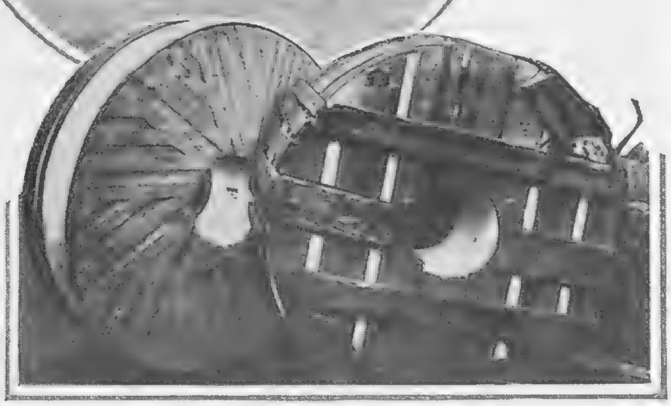
EGYPT, by the way, offers a special case—and a very dreadful one. Situated bang next door to the poppy fields of Asia Minor and the murderous Turkish factories, there is one incessant "snowfall" by the banks of the Nile. As things are at present, little can be done about it; as, indeed, little can be done anywhere, until those factories cease to function; if need be, by a boycott being placed on Turkey. They would probably arise elsewhere—most likely in Soviet Russia, thus enabled to undermine the bourgeois countries still further, yet it would take a long time for the U.S.S.R. to cultivate a sufficiently vast poppy acreage. At present the fatal fields, such as moved Flanders poets to verse, are spread all over Smyrna and Turkey-in-Asia and are creeping up into Macedonia, so

(*Continued on page* 118)

DOPE for the gangster. Drugs valued at £400,000 captured by the New York Police in a New York hotel

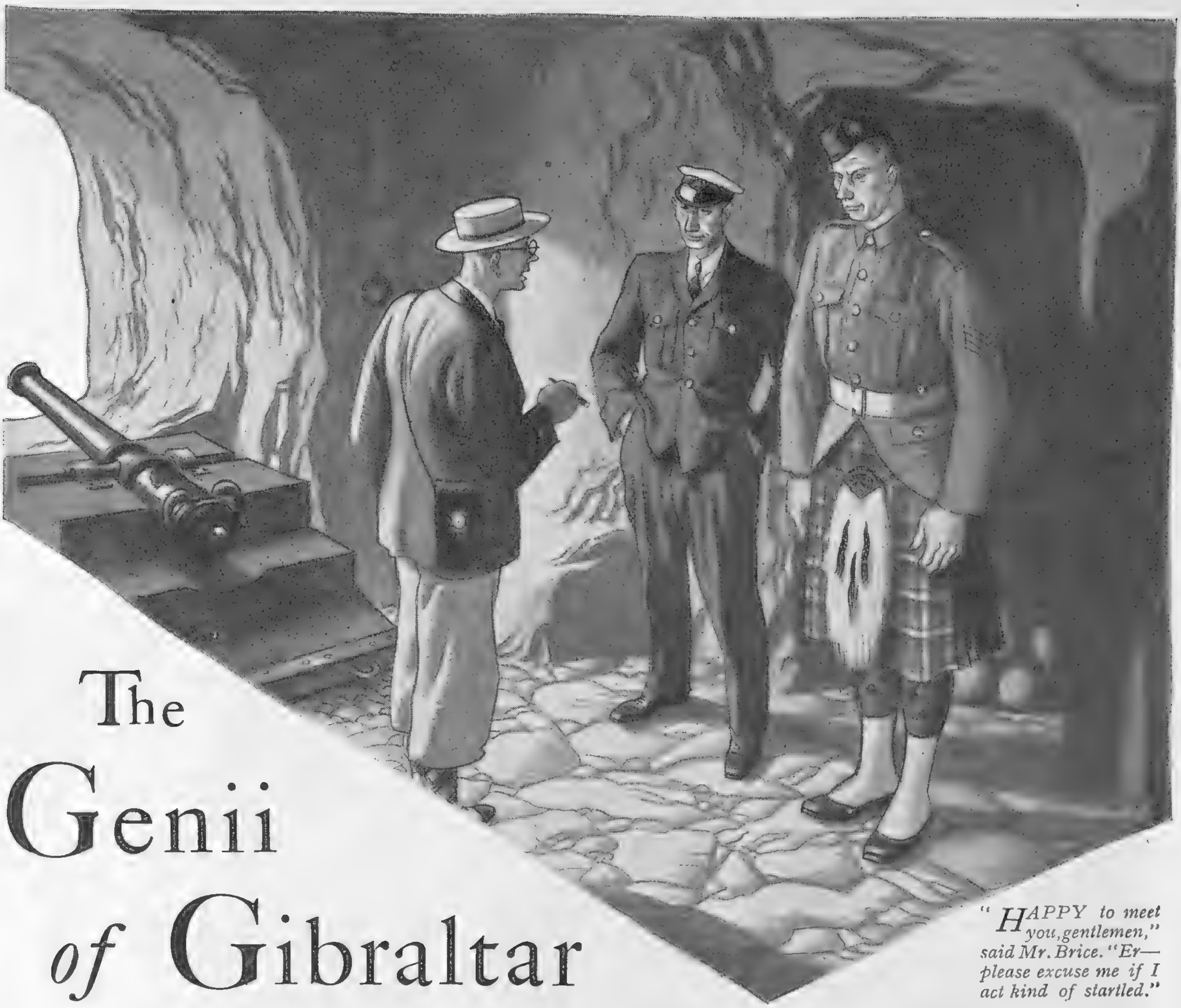
THE type of vessel used in smuggling drugs into Egypt

A CHINESE seaman being searched for smuggled opium



TWO millstones in which hashish had been concealed

The Genii of Gibraltar



"HAPPY to meet you, gentlemen," said Mr. Brice. "Er—please excuse me if I act kind of startled."

Another *Adventure of* Mr. Glencannon, *Chief* Engineer *of the* "Inchcliffe Castle"

Illustrated by
Illingworth

By Guy Gilpatric

CORPORAL CRABTREE, 67th Regiment, Royal Garrison Artillery, led the party of American tourists through a narrow defile bordered with cactus and spidery green sisal. Halting at the portal which yawned darkly in the base of the great grey rock, "Now, then, lydies and gempmen," he announced, "yer abaht to enter the far-fymed Fortriss o' Gibraltar. If ye'll kindly 'ave the goodness to stick close to my 'eels so's we won't get separyted in the darkness, I'll explyne to you the points of hinterest in this—'ere most impregnant British strong'old."

"My!" breathed Mr. Brice. "Just think, Mary, look, why, we're right inside the Rock! See there, Mary, the way it's all cut out, sort of. Some job of stone-cutting, isn't it!"

"Yes—ouch!" said Mrs. Brice as the sharp pebbles slithered underfoot. "I wish we wouldn't go so fast, Martin. Do tell him not to go so fast, Martin."

"Oh, now, c'mon, Mary," said Mr. Brice impatiently. "Look at old Mrs. Bleecker and the Carvel girls—they're right up at the front of the crowd."

"Well, they can't be too far front to suit me, after the way they acted at that bridge tournament on the ship last night. I hope they all get fallen arches, that's what I hope, and if you think I'm going to climb up here and. . . ."

"Sh-h! Listen to what he's saying!" Mr. Brice interrupted. "Listen, please, Mary, now get this."

". . . orl hewn and blarsted out of the living rock, syme as the Rock of Ayges smote by the starff o' Mosis in 'Oly Writ, Corporal Crabtree was explaining. "And right 'ere the climb gets a bit steeper, lydies and gempmen, so I respeckfully arsks you one and orl to mind yer pyce."

"Well, he doesn't have to tell me that!" fumed Mrs. Brice. "I just know I'm going to sprain an ankle on these stones. Why don't they put some lights in here, Martin? Here you've dragged me ashore to this nasty fort just so you could look at a lot of old cannons, and it doesn't smell healthy, and I don't see why. . . ."

"Oh Mary, do stop fussing!" Mr. Brice entreated. "Why, it's wonderful, wonderful! Just think of the hundreds of men who toiled here in the darkness, working, slaving, sweating. . . ."

"Ugh!" shuddered Mrs. Brice. "You can think of them if you want to. I think it's all most unsanitary."

THE party mounted to a higher level, and so did Mrs. Brice's blood pressure. A beam of light was visible ahead, and soon the group halted in a square cavern with gun-ports piercing the farther wall.

"This 'ere is No. 1 Emplycement of the old Willis Batt'ry, now hobserlete," explained Corporal Crabtree. "It's the huppermost point to which civilians are admitted, being five 'undred and sixty feet above the level of the 'arber. You'll notice this 'ere old ayncient cannon, lydies and gempmen, orlso the 'oles cut into the wall for storing powder and shot. I respeckfully calls yer attention one and orl to the breath-tyking view o' Spain, Africker, and the new coal docks."

Mr. Brice, though, had eyes only for the gun in the embrasure. It was a beautiful little bronze twelve-pounder, embellished with the British arms, and with handles cast in the likeness of leaping dolphins in the charming manner of the seventeenth century.

"My golly!" he breathed. "What a peach of a gun! It's exactly what I've been trying to get for the lawn at home. Sumner Healey, that Lexington Avenue dealer, offered me one something like it for two thousand dollars. But wouldn't it be great if we could only get this one, Mary, right from Gibraltar, hey?"

It was as though Mr. Brice were Aladdin and that he had rubbed his wishing lamp. From one of the niches in the wall came the sound of whispered conference; then a giant hand emerged and plucked at his sleeve. The hand was so huge that Mr. Brice had visions of some djinn or afreet of Gibel-Tarik left behind by the Moors when El Cid Campeador harried them from Spain.

"Whoosh, Sir!" and the whisper was like the sound of escaping steam. "Do ye let yon arteelerymon get oot o' earshot, and pairhops we can neegoociate."

Mrs. Brice gave a little scream and retreated. Then, recovering herself, "Come on, Martin!" she ordered sternly. "Don't you let him try to sell you anything! You've bought enough stuff on this trip already, and besides, if you're crazy enough to think that you. . . ."

"Sh-h!" said Mr. Brice. "Do be quiet, Mary! You go along down with the party and I'll meet you by that sort of a guard house at the bottom."

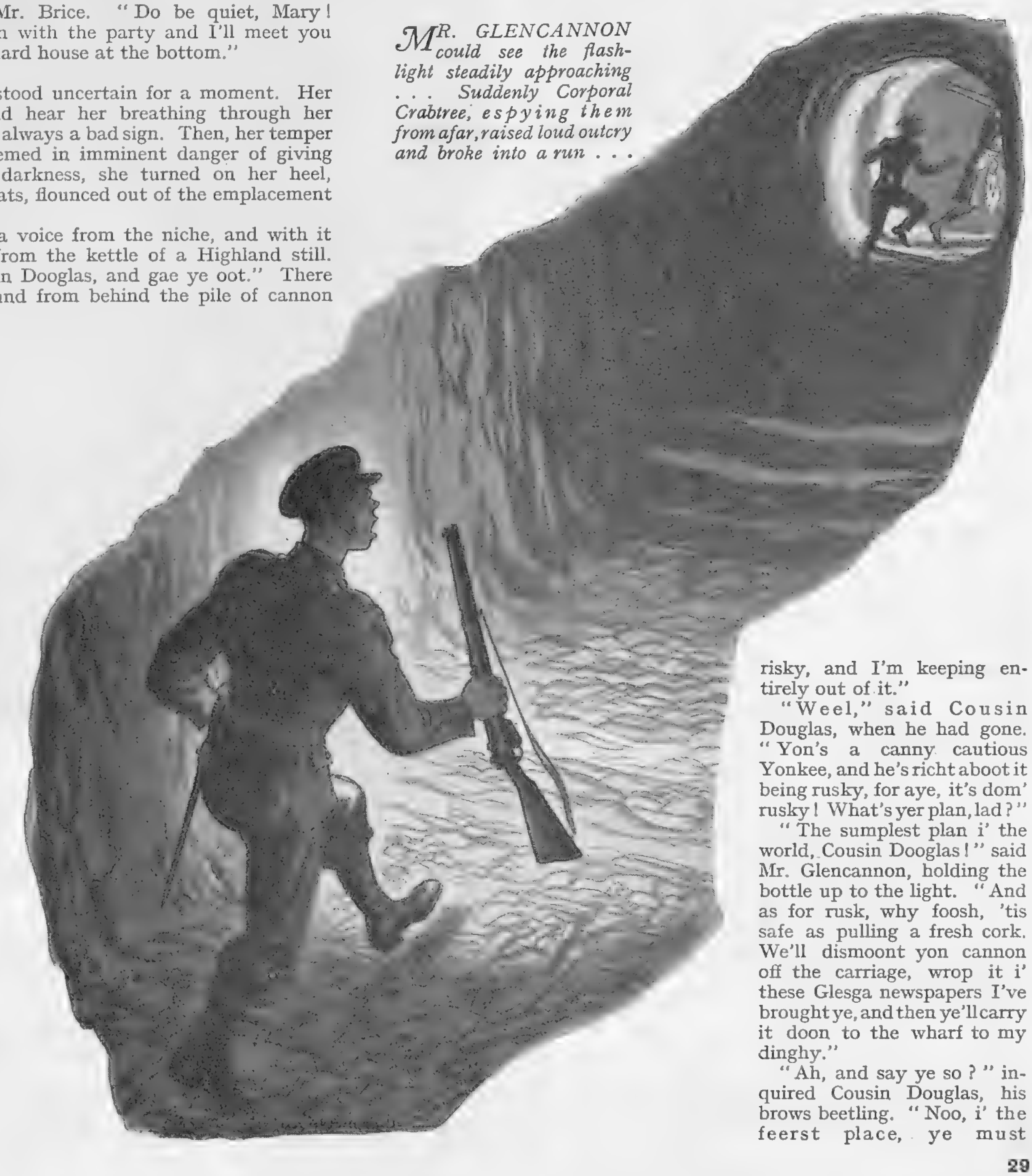
MRS. BRICE stood uncertain for a moment. Her husband could hear her breathing through her nostrils, which was always a bad sign. Then, her temper rising until she seemed in imminent danger of giving off sparks in the darkness, she turned on her heel, and muttering threats, flounced out of the emplacement after the party.

"Wha!" came a voice from the niche, and with it wafted a gust as from the kettle of a Highland still. "Cork it up, Cousin Douglas, and gae ye oot." There was a shuffling sound from behind the pile of cannon balls, and into the light stepped two men.

Stepped one man, rather; one man, and a giant. For though the former was a stocky person of distinctly nautical cut, he was accompanied by a kilted Highlander who towered full seven feet above the rough stone floor.

This giant came to attention, bringing his heels together so smartly that the sound reminded Mr. Brice of freight cars being shunted in the Central Yards at midnight.

"Sairjunt Douglas Glencannon, Sir; Argyll and Dumbarton Heelanders," he introduced himself thunderously. "And this is my ain cousin, Muster Glencannon, Chief Engineer o' the *Inchcliffe Castle*, whuch put in this morning to coal."



MR. GLENCANNON could see the flashlight steadily approaching . . . Suddenly Corporal Crabtree, espying them from afar, raised loud outcry and broke into a run . . .

"Happy to meet you, gentlemen," said Mr. Brice. "Er—please excuse me if I act kind of startled. I didn't expect to see—a—er. . . ."

"Quite a' richt—pairfickly a' richt!" the nautical one assured him, stepping in front of the giant and taking charge of the situation. "Ye see, Sir, Cousin Dooglas uteelises yon cranny i' the impeerishable rock for the stoorage o' private effects that wud no' be safe i' the non-com barracks. Speaking o' whuch"—he turned and raised his eyebrows admonishingly—"speaking o' whuch, Douglas, how often must I reemind ye o' yer manners?"

"Aye, pairdon!" apologised the giant, hastily reaching back into the niche and producing a dusty quart bottle. "If ye'll be. . . ."

"Gi' it here," said Mr. Glencannon shortly, presenting it with a courtly bow to Mr. Brice. "'Tis Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch, Sir, and as a preeliminary to discussing business, pairhops ye'd care for a wee sneefter?"

"Aye, we all wud!" chimed in Cousin Douglas. "And noo that ye've mentioned business—assuming that we cud arrange to arrange it, Sir, aboot how much money wud ye be weeling to pay for yon old, ancient gun?"

"Douglas!" Mr. Glencannon rebuked him sharply. "Hold yer jaw, and let me do the talking!"

THE talking consumed a quarter of an hour and three-quarters of the bottle. "All right," said Mr. Brice, who had had only two drinks. "Terms C.O.D. aboard the ship before she sails at nine to-night. I'll leave word with the Purser to pay you the five hundred dollars when you've delivered it, but I won't be there to see you. This thing is risky, gentlemen, risky, and I'm keeping entirely out of it."

"Weel," said Cousin Douglas, when he had gone. "Yon's a canny cautious Yonkee, and he's richt aboot it being rusky, for aye, it's dom' rusky! What's yer plan, lad?"

"The sumplest plan i' the world, Cousin Dooglas!" said Mr. Glencannon, holding the bottle up to the light. "And as for rusk, why foosh, 'tis safe as pulling a fresh cork. We'll dismoont yon cannon off the carriage, wrop it i' these Glesga newspapers I've brought ye, and then ye'll carry it doon to the wharf to my dinghy."

"Ah, and say ye so?" inquired Cousin Douglas, his brows beetling. "Noo, i' the feerst place, ye must remeember yon gun weighs a-muckle, and t'wull be no swan's feather to carry, e'en for me. And i' the seecond place, if Cooporal Crobtra or his sentries stop me on Post No. 1, I'll be shoved into the clink for life."

"Ah, tut, Cousin Dooglas, a feeg for yer fears!" Mr. Glencannon chided him. "Ye're strong as a musk-ox, and the cannon will weigh as nowt to ye; i' fact, ye shud be thankful that 'tis no' a nine-point-twa. And as for Crobtra, why, I'll preceed ye on yer journey wi' a bottle o' Duggan's and be regaling the lads i' the guard-room wi' song, story and Scotland's nectar the while ye're passing by unnoticed."

"Ah, vurra weel, so be it!" said Cousin Douglas, pouting. "But I thought ye had a safer plan, or I wud neever ha' become involved. Why wudn't it be better to tak' Crobtra into our confidence at the ootset?"

"Because," said Mr. Glencannon patiently. "Because I ha' no' the slightest intention o' further deeviding my share o' the profeets. 'Tis bad enough, Cousin Dooglas, to hae to split fufty-fufty wi' such a whinnying lump as yersel'!"

"Ah, noo, dinna be harsh!" pleaded the giant, his lip trembling. "I did no' mean to belly-ache. Forgi' me, Cousin—'tis only that I'm naturally teemid—aye, teemid and theersty."

"Hae a drink, then," relented Mr. Glencannon, opening a fresh bottle, taking a sizeable swallow, and then passing it along to the Highlander. "Come, lad, smartly, noo! Let's be getting to work."

THE work, executed by the giant and supervised by Mr. Glencannon, consisted in prying loose the capscrews which secured the trunnions to the rotten wood of the carriage, removing the gun from its mount, and wrapping it in layers of *The Glasgow Sentinel*. Then, with many a grunt, Cousin Douglas hoisted the burden to his shoulder. Mr. Glencannon picked up the bottle and led the way down the dark rock-tunnelled gallery, humming the air of "Sweet Mary of Argyll."

They had descended something like half the distance when Mr. Glencannon, heeding the distressed gasp of his cousin, reluctantly called a halt. "Dooglas," he said, "I'm ashamed o' ye! But as lang as y're weended, spent, and useless, do ye wait here and gi' me a few minutes' head start, so's I can be getting their attention weel distracted i' the guard-room. If Coorporal Crobtra is a drinkin' mon, as I've no doot he is, t'wull only be a matter o' . . . but foosh, Dooglas, quick—stand back!"

Coming toward them in the distance, flashlight probing the gloom, was Corporal Crabtree himself. In the crook of his arm he held a rifle.

"Hurry, Dooglas—pick up the cannon—quick lad!" whispered Mr. Glencannon. "We'll hae to put it back where we foond it till after he's gone."

Cousin Douglas, his mighty chest heaving with exertion, shouldered the cannon once more and plodded up the incline.

Mr. Glencannon, peering along the gallery, could see the flashlight steadily approaching; so with word and gesture he goaded his cousin on.

"And what's more, stop being surly!" he warned. "If ye dinna shak' a leg, ye big booby, he'll catch ye i' the vurra act o' stealing His Majesty's property. Aye, I'll hae to appear against ye as witness at the coort martial, and I middoot ye'll be shot!"

Suddenly Corporal Crabtree, espying them from afar, raised loud outcry and broke into a run. He was only twenty paces behind them when Cousin Douglas, his face purple and the veins of his forehead standing out like bunches of grapes, staggered into the emplacement.

"Quick, lad, set it back on the carriage!" urged Mr. Glencannon, hoarsely.

COUSIN DOUGLAS, like the dying Porthos, strove valiantly to do his duty, but all to no avail. He stumbled, fell to his knees. The cannon slid half across the stone sill of the embrasure, see-sawed dizzily for an instant upon the edge, and then went hurtling downward into the void.

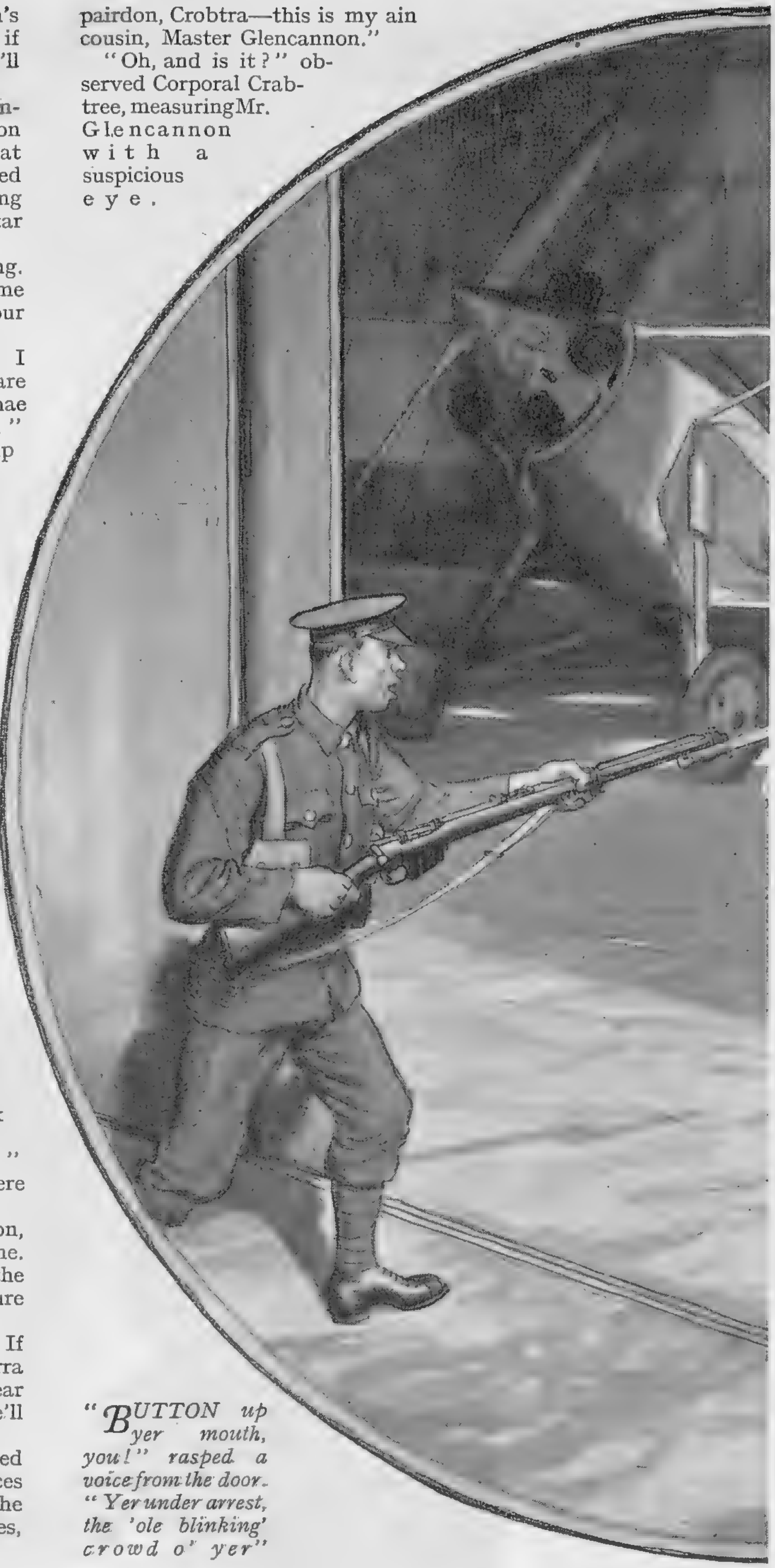
"Losh, ye clumsy lout!" groaned Mr. Glencannon. "But hurry, and do we sit upon the gun-carriage the twa o' us! Pairhops he'll no' notice that aught's amiss."

Corporal Crabtree entered the battery and stood with his rifle at the ready.

"Oh, so it's you, Sarjint?" he greeted Cousin Douglas coldly. "And wot, may I arsk, was the cause o' orl the 'urry?"

"Haw!" and Cousin Douglas forced something resembling a laugh from his parched throat. "Haw! Why, 'twas just a friendly little foot-race betwixt me and my cousin, here. Oh, pairdon, Crobtra—this is my ain cousin, Master Glencannon."

"Oh, and is it?" observed Corporal Crabtree, measuring Mr. Glencannon with a suspicious eye.



"*BUTTON up yer mouth, you!*" *rasped a voice from the door.* "*Yer under arrest, the 'ole blinking' crowd o' yer*"

"Well, 'e m'y be yer cousin, but 'e 'as a dishonest fyce."

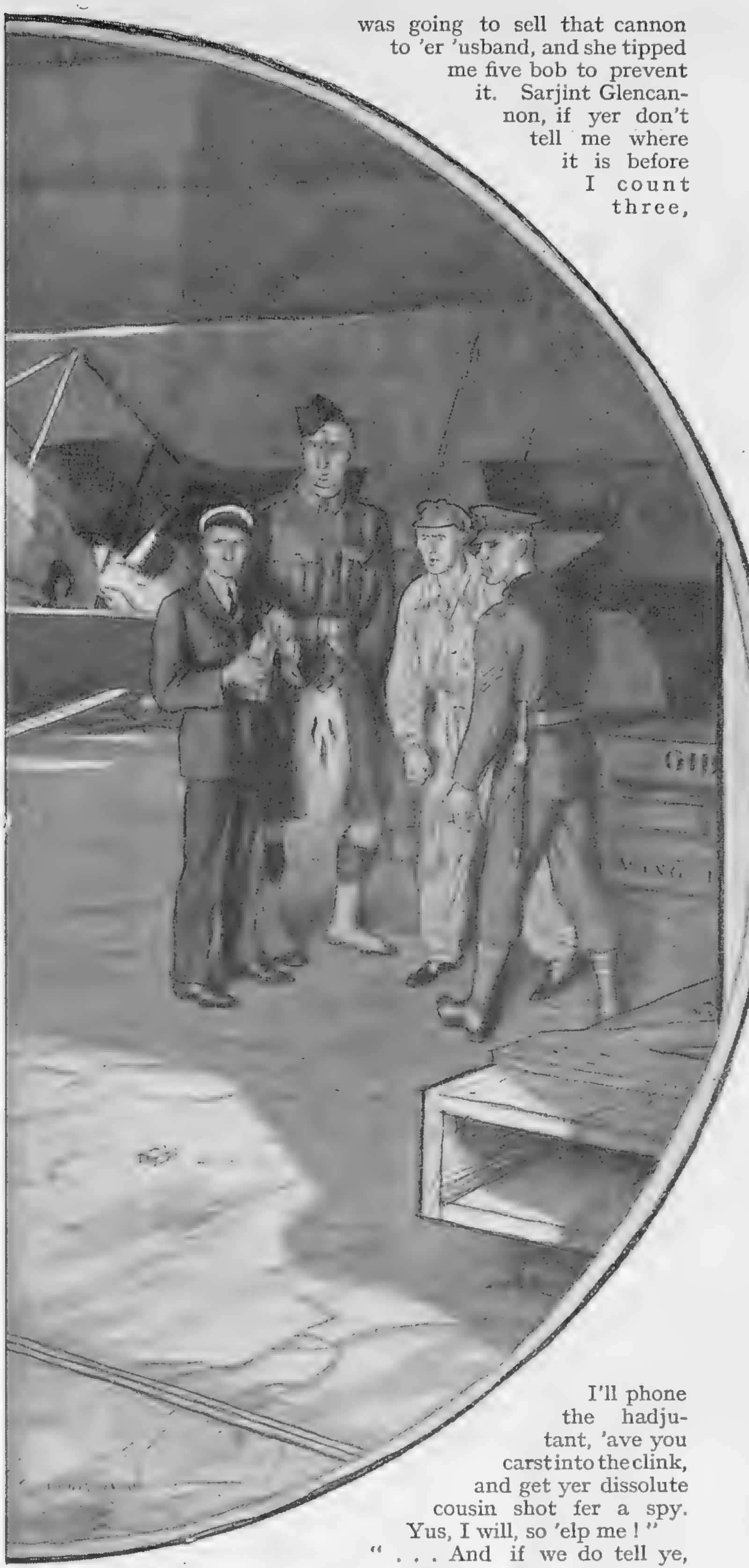
Mr. Glencannon was about to resent this slur, when he bethought himself of the extreme delicacy of his position.

"Ah, noo, Coorporal!" he beamed ingratiatingly. "I see that ye're a mon who likes his little joke! How wud a drap o' Duggan's suit yer foncy, eh?"

"It would suit it fine," said Corporal Crabtree, tilting the bottle but bending naught save his elbow. "I ayn't particular 'oo I drinks with. And now that orl the blinkin' lyin' and la-de-da is orff yer chests, 'ow abaht you chaps telling me wot the 'ell yer've done with my cannon?"

"Cannon?" repeated Mr. Glencannon and Cousin Douglas, with expressions as vacant as the gun-carriage itself. "Whuch cannon?"

"The cannon yer've just stole orffen my post, that's wot cannon. Oh, don't wyste yer time looking innercent! The Yankee cove's wife told me orl abaht 'ow somebody up 'ere



was going to sell that cannon to 'er 'usband, and she tipped me five bob to prevent it. Sarjint Glencannon, if yer don't tell me where it is before I count three, I'll phone the hadjutant, 'ave you carst into the clink, and get yer dissolute cousin shot fer a spy. Yus, I will, so 'elp me ! "

" . . . And if we do tell ye, whut then ? " Mr. Glencannon intervened, licking his lips nervously.

" Then," said Corporal Crabtree, melting a trifle. " Then, in that c'yse, I'd s'y let's talk business."

" Aye ! " said Mr. Glencannon, visibly relieved. " Coorporal Crobtra, ye're a sensible mon ! Ye mean ye have yer price, is that it ? "

" Right-o ! " said Corporal Crabtree. " Parss that bottle, agyne, won't you ? Yus, I 'ave my price, which is a hexact one-third share of the loot and not a perishing 'a-penny less."

" One theerd ! " exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. " Ah, why 'tis exoorbitant ! "

" Orl right ! " snapped Corporal Crabtree, fixing his bayonet. " Yer my prisoners. Hup, fall in ! "

" . . . 'tis exoorbitant, aye ! " continued Mr. Glencannon hastily. " But I agree to it, provided ye'll help us wi' the job."

" Oh, I'll 'elp yer, I will," said Corporal Crabtree, exchanging rifle for bottle. " But where the 'ell's the gun ? "

" It fell oot o' the port," explained Mr. Glencannon, peering down the sheer wall of rock. " I canna see where it landed. But——" and he closed his eyes and wrinkled his forehead as if trying to summon an elusive memory. " Isn't there another cannon lik' it that wud sairve ? It seems to me. . . ."

" There ain't any more cannons like that one, up 'ere," said Corporal Crabtree. " There used to be, but they melted 'em up for scrap. But let's not bother abaht it—it was a rotten shabby old gun anyw'y. I know where we can pinch a four-point-seven, right out of h'Ordinance Stores, orl greased up with cosmolene and praticky as good as new. M'ybe that wouldn't 'arf tickle the silly old blighter, wot ? "

" No," said Cousin Douglas, " I fear 'twud no' sairve at a'. Ye see, yon Yonkee mullioneer prefairs his cannons old. He's an antiquarium, so to say."

" Oh," nodded Corporal Crabtree. " You mean 'e s'yves stamps and mummies and such. Well, orl right, if 'e must 'ave the old 'un, the old 'un e'll 'ave. Come on, you chaps, let's nip down to the North Front and we'll 'unt for it."

AT the foot of Gibraltar's perpendicular northern face there stretches a flat plain on which are a drill ground, a football field, a nine-hole golf course, and several airplane hangars. But as along its edge and in the shadow of the rock the plotters made their furtive way, nothing moved upon the broad expanse except two spirals of dust which twisted lazily towards the neutral strip and Spain.

" 'Arf a mo', gents," said Corporal Crabtree, craning his neck backward and scrutinising the cliff. " As near as I can figure, it ort to be just around 'ere, it 'ad."

" Pairhops it had," said Cousin Douglas gloomily. " But ye can see for yersel' that it uzzn't."

" No more it is ! " agreed Mr. Glencannon, surveying the territory about them. " 'Tis vurra peerpleexing i'deed. Why, 'tis a'most as if yon dom cannon had wings ! "

" It had nowt o' the sort, as weel ye'd ken if ye transpoorted it as I did ! " Cousin Douglas assured him.

" Well," said Corporal Crabtree, pushing back his cap and scratching his head, " us standing 'ere gassing won't butter no parsnips, hexcep' to get us spotted by the sentry on No. 3. Let's go sit in the shyde of that there hairyoplyne 'anger and tyke another bite outer that bottle. M'ybe we can decide what's to be done."

The hangar was located some fifty yards out from the face of the cliff. In it sat a little private sport plane painted emerald green, and over in one corner was a pile of empty wing-crates. But even to the layman's eye, there was something radically wrong with the sport plane. It was sagged down in the middle like a sway-backed cabhorse, the belly of its fusilage resting upon the floor. Through a jagged hole in the tin roof directly above it could be seen white clouds floating in blue sky. Protruding from the crushed and crumpled cowl between its cockpits was the lost cannon.

" Weel, weel, weel, how interesting ! " exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. " It must ha' struck the face of the rock and booneed way oot here. I fear the puir little aereoplane will n'er again soor up to meet the fresh, cool winds o' heaven, but the cannon's onscathed onyway. Aye, gentlemen, we can deem 'oorsel's foortunate ! "

" Oh, yer can, can yer ? " came a truculent voice, as from behind the pile of wing-crates appeared a figure clad in oily overalls and the cap of the Royal Air Force. " Well, my young Christian friends, we'll see 'ow fortunate yer feel w'en Old Fish-Fyce 'ears abaht it ! I knew something crooked was up w'en that gun cyme crarshing in 'ere like a meteor, missing me by 'arf a 'air, it did."

" Now just 'old 'ard, Tom Bourne, wyte a minnit ! " Corporal Crabtree strove to conciliate the newcomer. " P'raps Old Fish-Fyce won't 'ave to 'ear abaht it arfter orl. P'raps—'oo can s'y ?—p'raps there might be something in it for you if yer'd only keep yer trap shut. This cove," he explained in an aside to Mr. Glencannon, " This cove 'ere is haircraftsman Bourne, and the hairyoplyne is the private joy-ride bus o' Wing-Commander Fisher-Fawcett."

" Yus, and wot's more, Old Fish-Fyce paid twelve 'undred guineas for it," declared Mr. Bourne. " It was the pride of 'is life and the happle of 'is heye, that little 'Umming Bird Sportster was ! Wot'll 'e s'y w'en I tell 'im its orl barshed hasunder ? Yus, and wot'll 'appen to you ? "

" Nowt will happen to ony o' us," said Mr. Glencannon confidently, as he patted Aircraftsman Bourne upon the shoulder. " —Nowt will happen, except that you, my guid mon, will be the richer for yer discreetion, and fer yer help i' getting yon cannon safe oot o' here."

(Continued on page 127)

The End of Jessie Whittle

A Romance *of* Squire, Gipsy Girl *and* Preacher

By Anthony Richardson

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

THERE were very few times I saw his Lordship made to look a fool, but the affair with Jessie Whittle was one of them; and though it's getting on for fifty years ago I can remember every detail. That's saying something for an old man who's been through what I have, from the time I began as his Lordship's stable-boy to the day I became agent of the great estate at Penhayes.

But when his Lordship first took up with Jessie, I would have been about twenty and already second-horseman to the pack. His Lordship hunted his own hounds, and there were some pretty goings-on in those days, what with his Lordship as wild as an eagle and her Ladyship eating her heart out with jealousy and fear. Charles, Viscount Harriford of Penhayes—that was his full title, and at that time he stood six foot and over, lean and straight like a larch. There never was such a man, to my mind, for showing himself at his best, and though his hair was scented and his hands white as a woman's, yet he'd the strength of a tiger and the eye of a hawk.

He could drink his bottle without turning a hair and, as for the women, they ran after him as keen as he would hunt a fox. But he'd pick and choose. He liked a woman as he liked a horse, mettlesome and fiery. It was, I'm sure, because of her sweet, gentle ways that her Ladyship failed to hold him.

And as for Jess—she was another such as he. A gyppo girl, dark and lithe, come down from St. Mary's Heath, for his Lordship's pleasure. She'd a temper like a wild cat and a biting, quick tongue, that could give better and more than anyone else could give. She was, of course, only one amongst many, but I know she stirred that coldly passionate heart of his more than most. It wasn't in his power to love any one woman as a man should, for he'd lost the only one, in his earliest days, and the pain of that was always with him. But mad and bad as he was, I loved him, in the way a good servant loves a just master, and there grew between us a friendship that in time was to become the driving force of my own life.

The trouble began in the autumn of that year when the trees in the dell of Spindles were turning from their green and the partridges were coveys-thick in Old Parkstone Meadows and in the stubble by Thrush. Hounds had been out rustling the cubs, and his Lordship had sent the pack on home with the whips, while he and I rode down to Spindles to see if the fencing for the new cattle had been repaired. It was a fine, still morning, with a nip in the air, and though we'd scarcely had a gallop the horses were steaming.

WE saw to the fencing and cantered out from Spindles, but it was not till we reached Old Parkstone Meadows that we met Brikson for the first time. There's no right of way across the meadows and the man was talking with Rudge, the head keeper. At the sound of our horses' hoofs Rudge turned, and even from that distance I could see his embarrassment at being caught talking to a stranger on private land; for his Lordship was mightily particular over things of that sort. But the other, after one quick glance in our direction, resumed his conversation. He made a striking figure, as he detained Rudge with his left hand on his shoulder and his right arm raised towards the sky. There was at once something bizarre and arresting about the fellow and the nearer we approached the more he attracted me.

He was bare-headed, dressed in a dark, ill-fitting suit of clothes, with labourer's hob and clamp boots. His hair was yellow-gold and his face looked as if it had been carved from old ivory. He stood as tall as his Lordship and was broader. But the most fascinating thing about him was his eyes. I use the word "fascinating" advisedly, as you shall see. His eyes were blue, a sort of burning metallic blue, and when he looked at you in that straight, keen way of his, you felt that some part of the fellow was compelling some part of you.

His age might have been anything between thirty-five and forty, but that we never discovered. But there was about him a hardness that comes of a perfect physical condition.

He was speaking to Rudge as we came in earshot. His voice was harsh and his words clipped in an un-English way.

"And the blood of the Lamb shall wash you clean, friend. And you shall become whole."

His Lordship wheeled his horse towards them, and I followed.

"Prayer and fasting and repentance, friend. The way is narrow and the path is steep. Only in His Mercy shall we achieve. Be not afraid, He will watch thy footsteps, lest thy foot should strike a stone."

"Now what the devil!" said his Lordship over his shoulder to me—"what the devil do you make of this, Sammy?"

"I couldn't say, milord," I answered. "But I've heard the like of that in a pulpit."

"Well, Penhayes isn't a church!" said his Lordship and galloped up. Rudge touched his cap and shuffled his feet.

"Well, Rudge," said his Lordship. "Have you nothing better to do than chatter your time away?"

"Milord," said Rudge. "I was just for passing the time of day with this gentleman here."

"I don't pay your wages to waste your time," said his Lordship. "Get down to the covert and bring a brace to the house."

"Yes, milord," said Rudge, and off he went. But that other stood his ground. I can see them now, those two, clear as anything; his Lordship up on his horse, his hand on his hip and his eyes glittering under the shadow of the peak of his master's cap, and before him, bareheaded, that strange fellow meeting his steady regard, and not budging an inch. The one dark, the other fair. The one a great nobleman and the other a man of great nobility. The one haughty and cruel, the other proud and hard. And both at once antagonists. It was there at once, the clash of conflict. Two strong men, determined and obstinate, face to face.

"Your name?" snapped his Lordship.

"My name is Brikson."

"This is private land. The only right of way is through Spindles to the Monckton Pyne road. Are you aware you are trespassing?"

"You are the tenant of this land?"

That did it. The horse tossed up its head and his Lordship involuntarily tightened his grip. He plucked his crop from his rein-hand and the thong fell over his horse's withers.

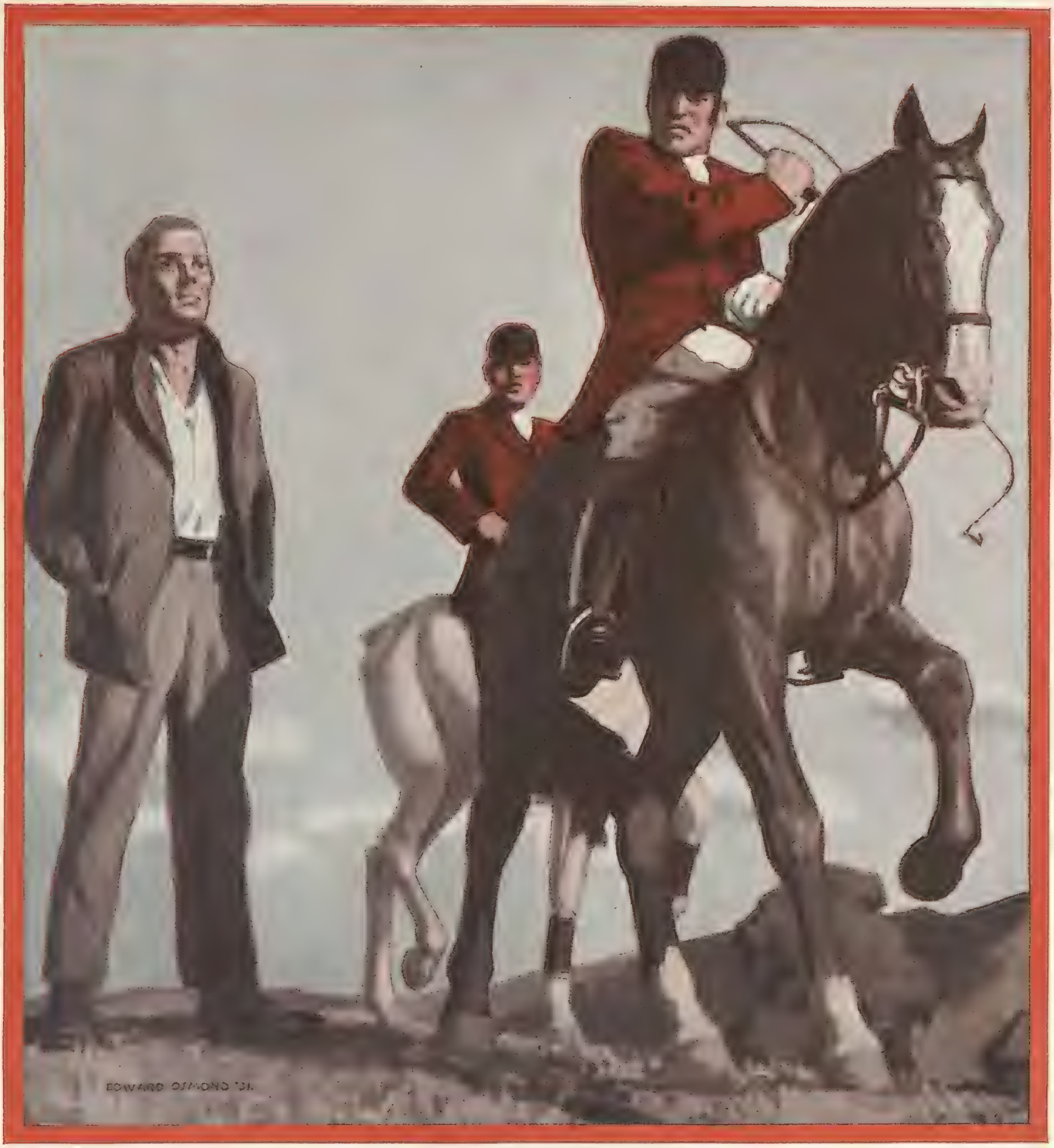
"Tenant be damned," said his Lordship. "This is my land. "It's been Harriford for five hundred years."

"You hold it in trust from the King. And therefore how can I trespass?"

"Don't you talk law to me, my man——"

"I speak of no earthly king. God made the world for his creatures. And they are free to pass."

"Oh! are they!" said his Lordship. "And so are you, my friend. And,


EDWARD OSMOND '31.

AND before him, bareheaded, that strange fellow meeting his steady regard, and not budging an inch

damme I think you'd best be quick else I'll have the dogs set on you."

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness——"

"You'll be the voice of one crying in a poacher's cell in a minute," said his Lordship. "You're an insolent dog."

"And you," said Brikson, "are a sinful and unhappy man. The wages of sin is death and the woes of your sins lie heavily on you, brother. May God soften your heart and in repentance bring you peace."

I don't know how it happened, but I suppose the truth of that statement and Brikson's cool way awoke in his Lordship a fury of passion that at no time was completely under control. But he swung his crop and the thong fell across Brikson's shoulders, and the tip of the lash flicked the fellow's cheek so that the skin was split and the blood spurted out. It was a crazy thing for his Lordship to do, for it put him completely in the wrong, and I'm sure he realised his mistake the moment after.

But beyond the first jerk upwards of his head Brikson never moved and the blood ran down over his chin on to his white shirt. His Lordship was cursing under his breath and his cheeks were white with passion and, I dare say, shame.

"May God forgive you for that," said Brikson, and turned his back and walked off the way he had come. We watched him go, swinging across Old Parkstone Meadows, taking long, easy strides and never looking back. Soon he disappeared amid the trees.

I'll admit I was trembling. The scene had been so very sudden and shocking and I felt sick with shame for my master. Our opponent had none of the airs of a thief and marauder, and I could but admit to myself that the assault had been uncalled for. Indeed, I scarcely dared to look his Lordship in the eye. The shame lay between us like a mist.

WE walked our horses back to the stables and I dismounted to hold his Lordship's bridle. He sat for the moment irresolute and lost in thought, and I reckon I knew the manner of his thoughts, for he had told me his story of his lost Clarissa, and how, forced to a choice between his great estates or her, he had chosen the former and sold his soul, and clinched the bad bargain for evermore in marrying her Ladyship. "The woes of your sins lie heavily on you, brother." There lay the sting. Nor his pride, nor his noble birth, nor his princely airs, could avail him against the truth of his broken heart, that drove him to his mad, bad ways.

"A damn psalm-singing preacher," he said. "And he should be taught manners."

He dismounted and ran his eye over his horse.

"Look to his legs, Sammy," he said, "I came through the briars at Thrush." And with that he strode off.

So I knew he'd made up his mind, and I was very sorry that that was the way it had gone, though I had guessed as much. And there's trouble to come of this I thought, as I led the horses to their stalls. There's trouble ahead if that fellow doesn't clear out of the district. And I felt that that morning I had seen on a sudden a conflict, not between two angry men, but between those two forces that make the world spin on. I can't say why it struck me so forcibly in that way, except that it did and events were to prove that I was pretty near the truth.

IT was two days later that I had wind of the fellow again. It came naturally enough from Rudge, by the way of Snape, the head groom.

"Have you seen this Brikson chap," said Snape, "what's preaching all about the countryside?"

"No," I said, guardedly. You can bet your life that I'd not whispered a word to any of my fellow-servants about that bad morning's work.

"Young Rudge do go for telling me he's a wunnerful way with his tongue. I've a mind to go and listen to 'un. He comes to Monckton Pyne to-morrow."

"I'll come with you then," I said.

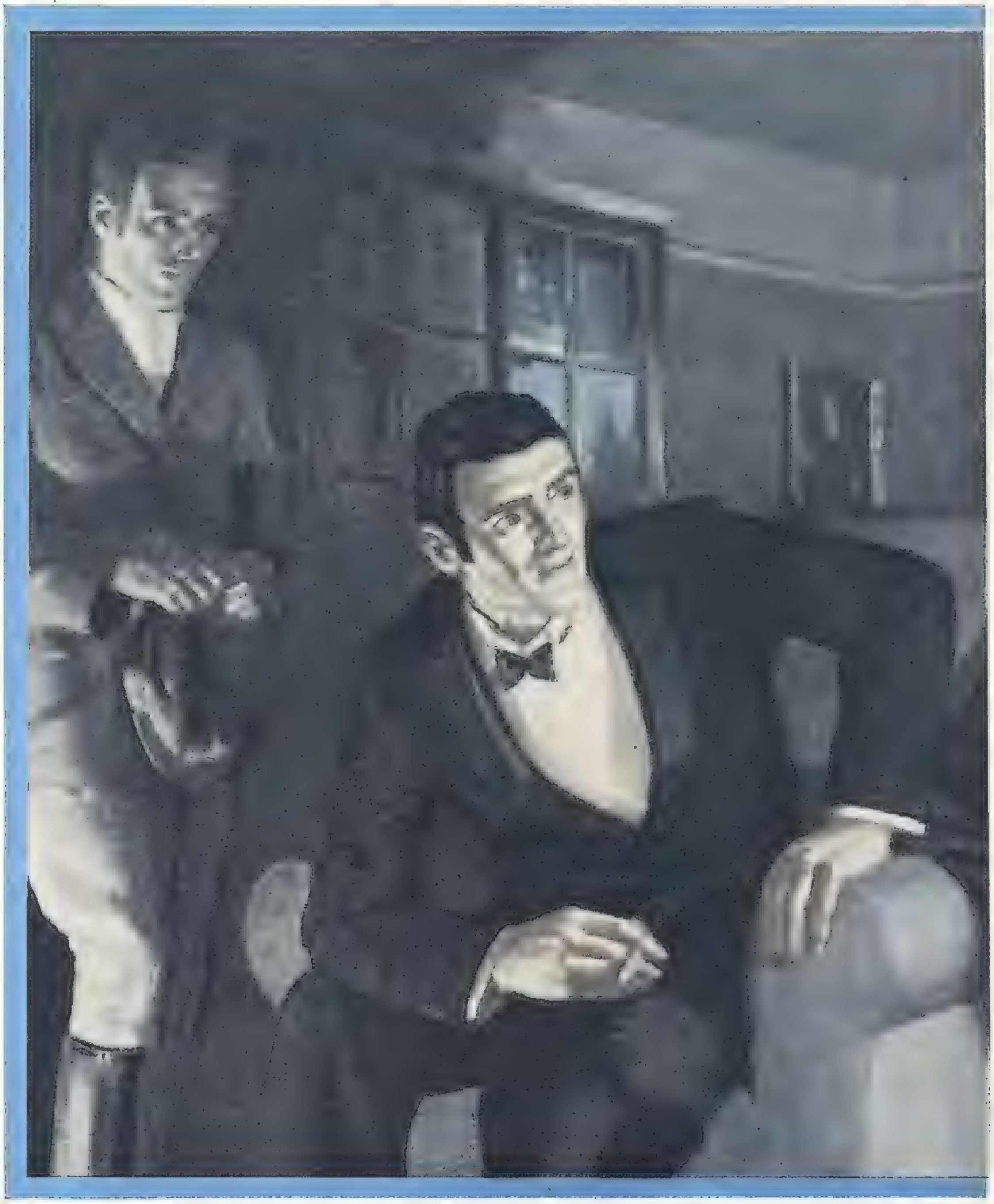
The three of us went, Rudge and Snape and I. Rudge was full of the fellow and had already picked up some of his jargon. He was for becoming a convert and for being re-born into spiritual grace. I'd heard this sort of talk before and could dimly remember an evangelist revival meeting when I was a nipper in the day school at Monckton Pyne. From Rudge I gathered this Brikson had come over from foreign parts and was to preach through England. He travelled from place to place on foot, taking with him neither money nor provisions, relying solely on the hospitality of his followers. Sometimes he must needs go hungry and for bed take the roadside or corner of a field. And now he had come to Monckton Pyne and the village was agog with him.

There was already a crowd in the Harbour Square when we arrived. Mostly they were fishermen and longshoremen with a smattering of the townfolk, and I'm sure I'm right when I say that two-thirds of them were there for curiosity's sake and no other. But that strange fellow had his head screwed on the right way sure enough, and looking back on it now I can see what a fine showman he was and what a natural sense of the dramatic was his. He kept the crowd waiting; and when at last he did appear it was with a suddenness that was almost startling. It was growing dumpsy-dark and the masts of the ships in the harbour were fading into the sky. The crowd were becoming restless, when suddenly a lantern appeared, hoisted on a stick, and before you could say Jack Robinson there was Brikson on top of his soap-box rostrum and the light of the lantern was like a halo round his head. There was a faint cheering and then silence as he held up his hand. I could see the strip of plaster on his cheek and I knew why it was there. He began to speak.

It was the old well-known formula of eternal punishment, and brimstone and sulphur. Certainly there were no half-measures in the tenets of that man's faith, and the pictures he drew were grotesque and ridiculous enough in the light of the easy faith of these days. He ground out his phrases, and his accusing finger pointed first at one of us, then another. He invoked the sky to fall upon us and the earth to open beneath us. And amazingly he held us. He did more. There was not a man there but stared at that eager face, and those burning eyes of his. I don't think after a time we followed his words nor knew their meaning. His zeal had caught us. In our ears the voice of Brikson sounded, harsh and vibrant, calling us to repentance.

A woman began to sob and no one stopped her. The night came down on us and we huddled closer together as though in the darkness beyond the Fiend himself lurked with his myrmidons. Rudge at my side was panting as if he'd run a mile. Then suddenly he plunged forward. They scattered to let him pass. Right up to Brikson he went and down on his knees he went.

"God have mercy on me. God have mercy on me," cried Rudge, and though I knew his voice so well, I should not have



SO contemptuous was he of any he could afford to allow his recognised it had I not known it was Rudge, down on his knees, wailing to God for mercy.

Up went Brikson's hands, up went his face. He prayed for Rudge. He made us pray for him. I don't know how we did it nor why we did it, but, on my oath, we too were all down on our knees in Harbour Square, and we only rose when the prophet laid his hands on Rudge and told him to rise and sin no more.

YOU may say we were but ignorant country folk, and maybe we were, but I'd lay your smart town men that night would have fallen under the spell as well. And when we went home we were subdued and scared and still half bewitched.

I felt, though it may do me little credit to say so, that we'd been made to look fools, but there was no holding Rudge. And in the silences of our walk back to Penhayes I know he still prayed. When we came to the great gates with the granite falcons atop he stopped. Someone was coming down the drive, turning down the avenue of beech. The quick, furtive footsteps were clear in the frosty air. We drew aside as Jessie Whittle passed. A cloak was drawn around her head and shoulders and I doubt if she saw us, and even if she had known that we saw her, I doubt whether she would have cared, so brazen in her shamelessness was she. But we knew what her mission had been and whose hands had lain upon *her* this little while ago.

" This be the last time," cried Rudge, " that I enter this sinful place."

" Aye ? " said old Snape. " Aye ? " He was still bemused with the evening's happenings.

" I leave," said Rudge.

" You leave ? Why, lad, you'll never have so good a place again."

" Jack," I said. " You wouldn't be such a fool."

" Fool ! " he cried. " Go your way and let me go mine. " I'll stay no longer beneath *his* roof, with his blasphemies and scarlet women and his wine. Not I, I won't."

It was useless to expostulate, to argue with him. He was well nigh batty with his new-found glory. And to cap the lot he must needs go in to his Lordship and give in his notice then and there. My word, but there was a rumpus ! His Lordship had just dined, and I've no doubt there had been words with her Ladyship over that bad girl, for her Ladyship's face was white and her lips quivering. I know all this, for both Snape and I were sent for and her Ladyship passed us by as we shuffled into his Lordship's study.

Rudge was standing beside the desk and the lad was trembling.

" So you've been down to this damned preacher too, have you ? " said his Lordship.

" Milord," said Snape. " Begging your pardon, milord——"

" Now see," said his Lordship, " if any of you men go down there again while this fellow's in the village, you leave my employment."

" That's it," burst out Rudge. " He'll make you choose. God or the devil."

" Fiddlesticks," said his Lordship. " Get out. I've accepted your notice. And you watch *your* ways, Snape. And, Sammy, wait behind, I want a word with you."

" Well," he said, when the door had closed on them. " Well, Sammy, are you taking to religion as well ? "

" Milord," I said. " I take it religion's a thing a man should keep to himself."

" When you've lived as long as I have, Sammy, you'll know there's only one thing in this Universe to interest you, and that's yourself."

" I hope not, milord," I said.

" It's the truth," he said. " It's these snivelling psalm-singers that send people wrong. Now see, you go back to Monckton Pyne, now, Sammy, and you give this fellow a message from me. Lord Harriford's compliments and twelve hours to quit the district."

" Milord——," I gasped.

" Off you go," he said. " And let him see I mean it, and come back and tell me that you've seen him pack his things. Off you go."

I went. You understand I hadn't much choice in the matter, but I had no heart for the task, for despite myself, my sympathies were all for that strange fellow, for even if he was half crazy, he was all of a man.

I found him easily enough. He had rigged up a tent from an old sail beside a warehouse, and when I arrived he was cooking with a little tin can over a fire of sticks. He looked up at once and I saw him smile for the first time. It was the strangest smile. His harsh pale face softened and the fierce glitter went out of his eyes.

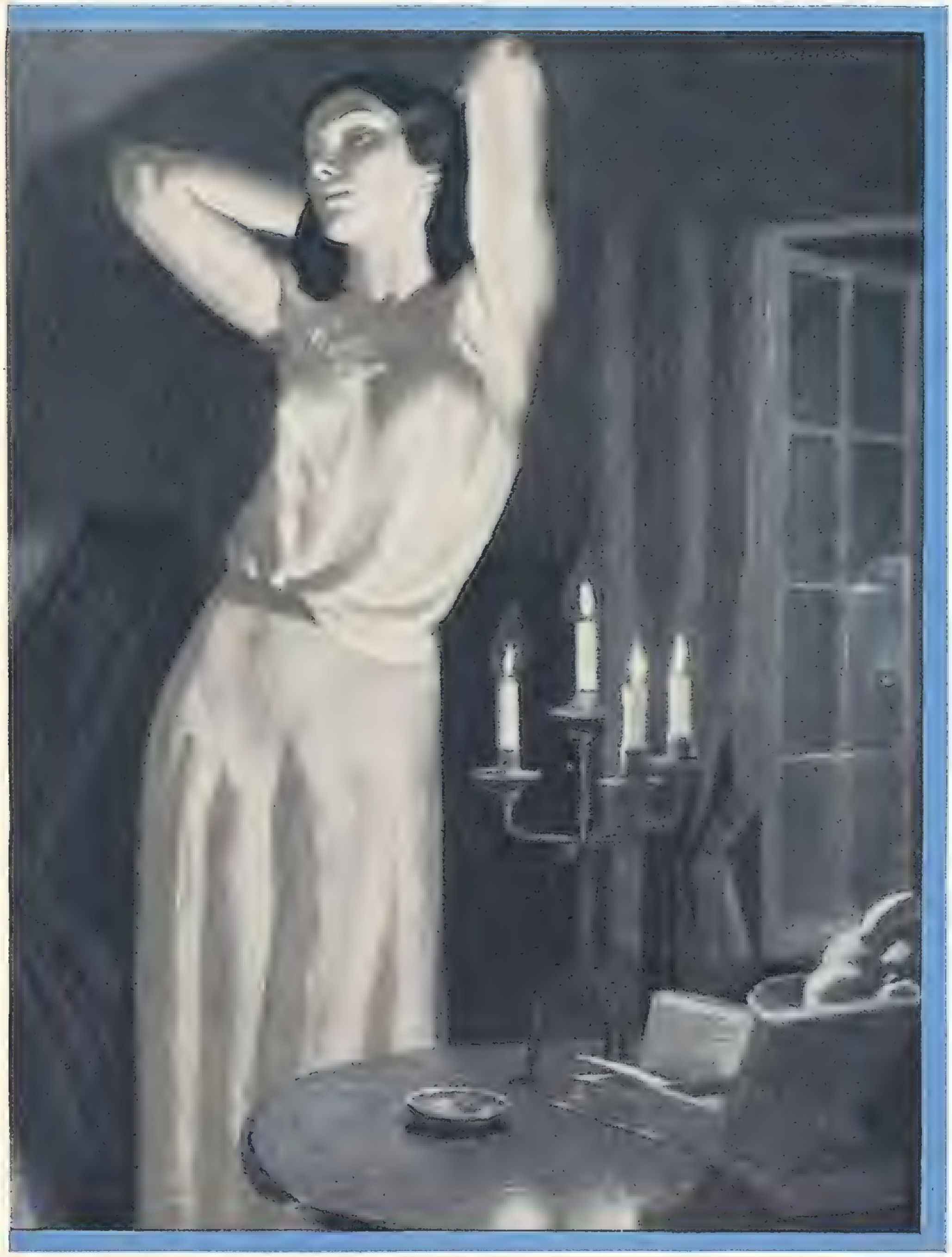
" Well, brother," he said. " Do you seek for me ? "

" Yes," I said. I can tell you I was downright uncomfortable. " Yes," I blurted out, " Lord Harriford's compliments and you're to get out of the district at once."

The smile went. He stared at me solemnly.

" Ah ! " he said. " Now I recognise you." And instinctively his hand went up to his cheek.

" That was none of my doing," I said. I couldn't help myself. There was something about the fellow which awoke all my sense of pity and admiration.



opinion other than his own that servant openly to view his shame

"Come here," he said. I approached and he laid his hand on mine.

"Your name?" he said.

"Samuel Mellor, sir." I'm hanged if I know why I called him "sir."

"Samuel Mellor," he said. "There was once another Samuel. 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' And God answered that call."

"See here," I said. "You'd best go. I know his Lordship, and he's got his knife into you for losing his gamekeeper this very night. He'll play old Harry with you before he's done. You'd best go."

"Do you think, friend, that I've not met with persecution before? Do you know the Lord Jesus died upon the Cross to save poor men, and who am I to grudge my poor flesh and bones in service such as His?"

"I know all that," I said. "I heard you to-night. I've had my orders and I've got to obey. I'm sorry for you ——"

"I know that," he said, "and I thank you, friend. But I need no man's pity. And it is quite right for you to obey your master, whoever he is. But I can see into your heart, as my dear Lord can see into mine, and your heart is true. But the Light is not on you yet. It will come. Go back to your master and say that Brikson the Preacher sends his blessing in God, and say that Brikson has his work to do and that there are souls in this village to be saved, and, until those sheep are gathered into the blessed fold, Brikson remains. And now, friend, good-night, and God be with you."

YOU can imagine my sensations on that second journey back to Penhayes. I felt I was in between two fires and likely to receive the full blast of both. For despite Brikson's highfalutin phrases and his somewhat ostentatious monopoly of the Divine sympathy, there was such a burning sincerity and intensity in the fellow that almost I feared for his Lordship. But every step towards Penhayes weighed down increasingly the balance on the other side till, once more tapping at his Lordship's door, my fears were all for Brikson.

Jess Whittle was in there with him. I could hear the betraying scuffle as my knuckles met the door panel. Her back was to me when I entered and his Lordship was nonchalantly lighting a cigar. So contemptuous was he of any opinion other than his own that he could afford to allow his servant openly to view his shame.

"Well," he said, "you've been quick enough, Sammy. What's the verdict?"

"He won't go, milord," I said.

His Lordship drew at his cigar and let the smoke curl out over his lips.

"Foolish of him," he said at last.

There was no outburst as I had feared, but there came over his face and into his eyes a most sly and cruel look. Jess turned.

"Is this the road-preacher you told me of, Charlie-o?"

"It is."

"A pig!" she said.

"He needs a lesson," said his Lordship, and he sat himself down and blew smoke into the air. I waited there, unwilling enough, you may be sure; but there might still be more of this wretched business for me to do this night, though the affair was beginning to sicken me.

"The police won't move him," said his Lordship, "and every day he stays the fools of the village will flock to him. I'll have him out, though." And suddenly he laughed.

"Jess," he said, "my pretty Jess, come here."

She crossed to him and sat on the arm of his chair. He patted her hand.

"Would you like to do something for me? Would you like to enjoy a good joke, my Jess?"

"I know what some of your jokes are," she answered, pert enough.

"Well, then," he said. "Listen to me, you little wild-cat. You and I will give this dog a whipping. You've heard what Sammy, here, has said—the fellow lives like a hermit down by the harbour. And hermits get lonely, my Jess—and a lonely man and a lovely woman—and September nights are warm enough before the first black frost——"

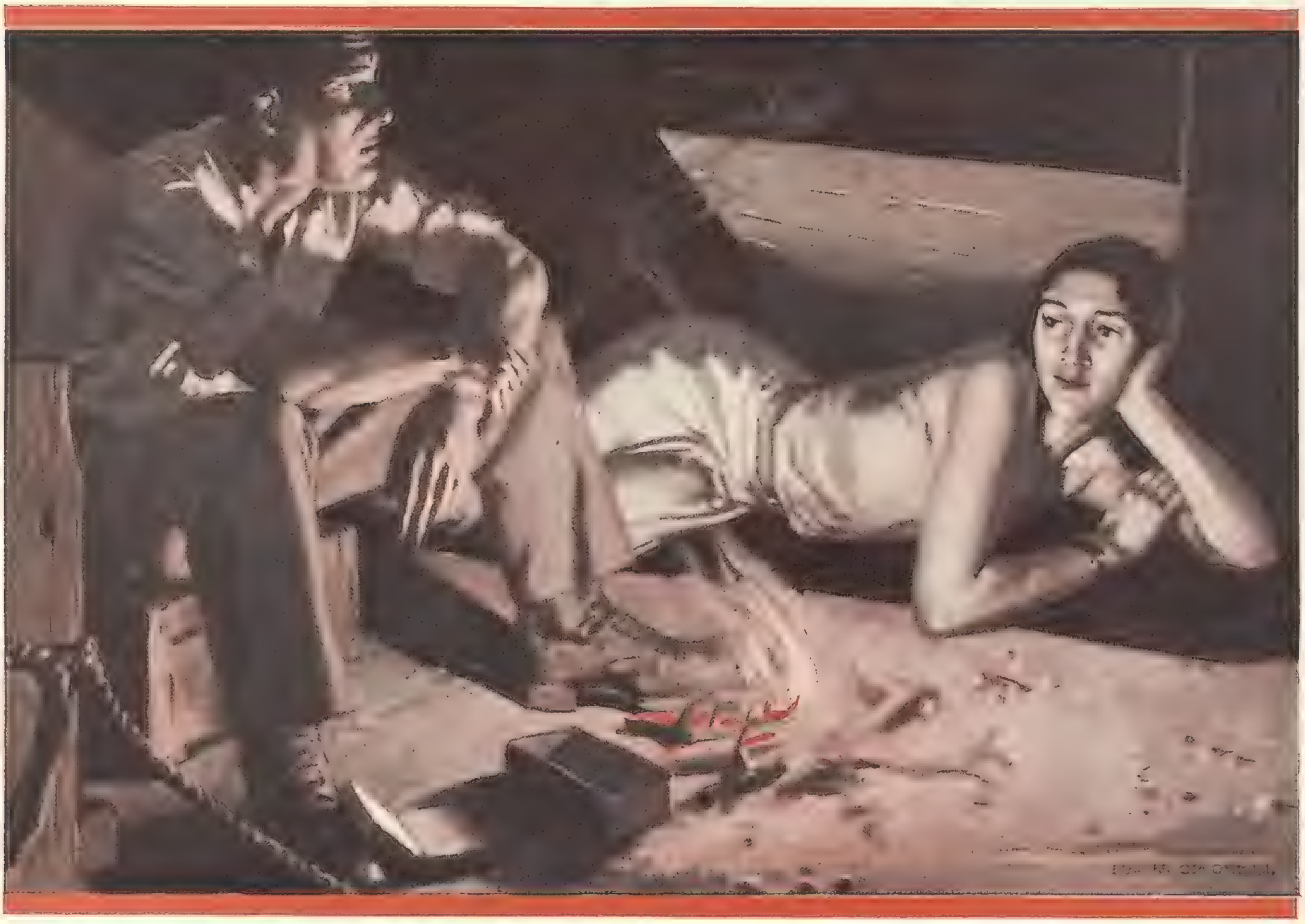
"You mean I'd go down to him?"

"That's what I mean. These holy men are so very upright, the lusts of the flesh are so easily overcome."

"I'll go," she said and laughed. "And when the preacher's heart is mine, I'll give it to you, Charlie-o."

"And I will hand it to my men," said his Lordship, "and they shall run out of Monckton Pyne someone who can't practise what he preaches."

"I'll do it," she said and rose from the arm of his chair and stretched herself,



IN that small light I saw them. He sat, his legs hunched up before him, while she lay beside the fire.

her arms behind her head, so that the cloak fell from her and her thin, flimsy gyppo dress clung to her limbs. She was like a cat, sleek and sensual, when she moved. And in her dark bold way she was a very lovely woman. But on a sudden I saw again in my mind's eye the pale cold face of Brikson as he bent over his camp-fire, and I knew that this plan of theirs was a devilish thing and a sinful thing. And it appalled me as nothing ever had before.

"Milord," I said. I had to speak if only to clear myself from complicity against a good and honest man. "Milord,"—and I'm sure I stammered—"this fellow, milord—only a poor crazy preacher—it wouldn't be fair, milord——"

His Lordship jumped up.

"What's that ?" he snapped.

"Milord——"

And then we all heard the rustle of a dress and a movement beyond the door.

"Quick," said his Lordship and crossed to the long window that opened into the terrace. And, only too familiar with that way of escape, Jess gathered her cloak around her and was out into the dark, enveloping night before her Ladyship's hand was on the door.

And later when her Ladyship, timid and tearful, was in the room, his Lordship turned to me. "You hear," he said, "what her Ladyship says. There was no one here but you and I, eh, Sammy ?"

And because a servant must be loyal to his master, "No, milord," said I, though her Ladyship's eyes were on the still open window and her lips were trembling.

AND now, despite my loathing of the scheme, in the following days the excitement of the plan must fascinate me. I could not keep my mind off it. The clash of those three personalities must rouse in me all manner of speculations. And often enough his Lordship would twit me, well knowing how much my conscience troubled me, asking what odds I would give him against the success of his plot, and whether I would bid a quarter's salary against his chestnut filly. I make no excuse for the eager interest I had in the affair. I was a youngster and couldn't help myself. A gladiatorial show was in progress, and who could resist the spectacle ? And in the end I saw enough of it and learnt enough from it to justify so keen a curiosity. For not once but several times I saw Jess beside Brikson's camp-fire and heard the things they said.

She had gone, I suppose, straightway down to him, and in all her cunning spread her net. Not wittingly did I mean to play the spy, though his Lordship certainly urged me so to do, but my ears and eyes were over-eager and now I'm glad they were.

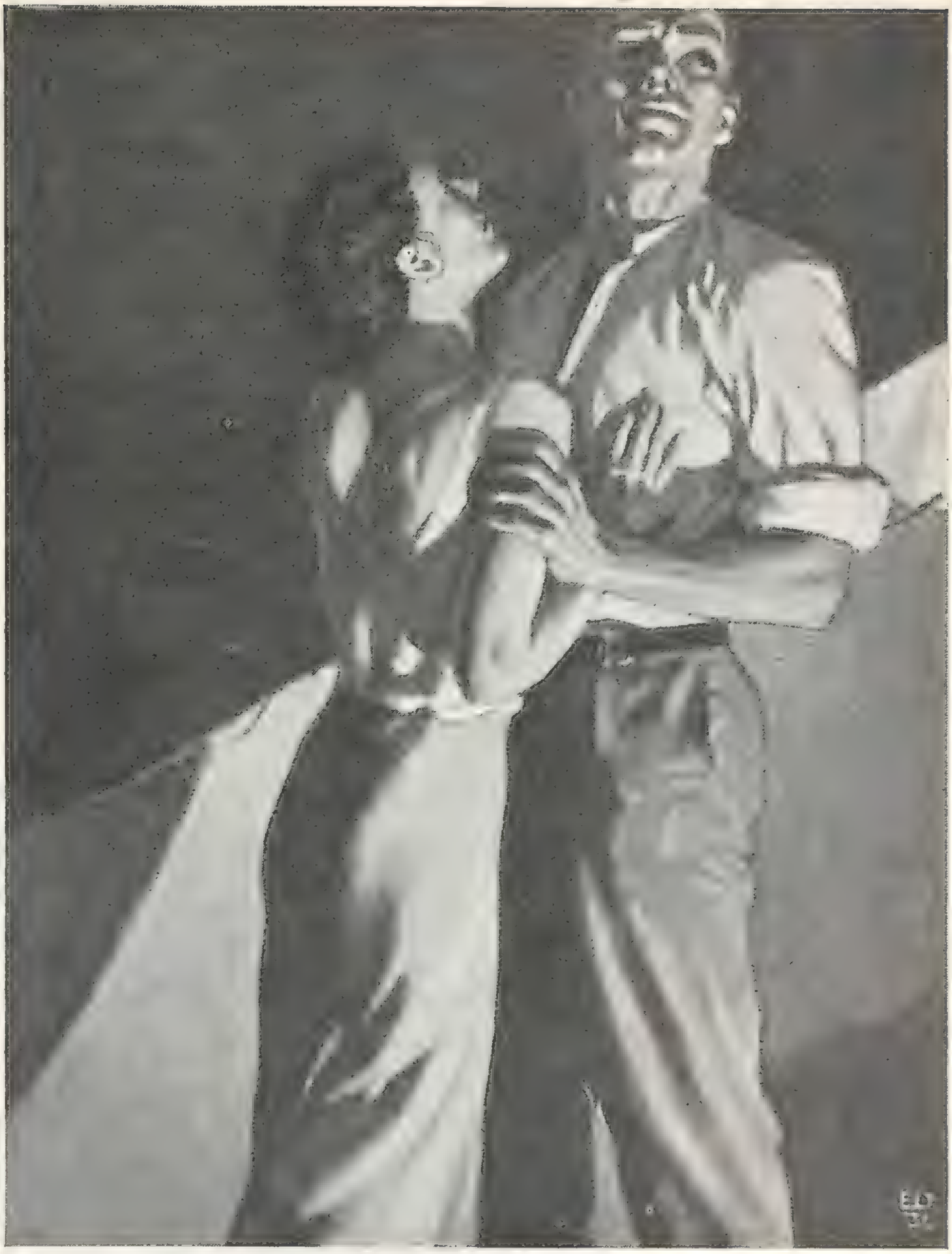
I went down the next night to Monckton Pyne, and all trace of frost was gone from the air. The moon was at the quarter and the stars faint. The little fire gleamed before the fellow's tent and in that small light I saw them. He sat, his legs hunched up before him, while she lay beside the fire.

"You will get into trouble," she was saying, "for allowing me to come and see you."

"I have no fear of that," he said.

"Stories circulate very quick," she said, "in these villages."

"You came to me, sister," he said, "as a soul in weariness and sin. It is my duty to listen to you and, if I can, bring you to grace."



She attempted to renew that embrace, but he held her off. "You love me," she said. "I know it: it's in your face, it's in your eyes."

"You are very wonderful," she said. She moved and I saw the gleam of her bare shoulder in the glamorous red camp-fire light.

"I am God's servant," he said harshly.

"Tell me," she said, "the love of women—is that a sin ?"

"Yes," he said.

"So it is wrong to be beautiful ?"

"Nothing is wrong that God has made. But only the spirit, sister, is beautiful. We live a little time and then life goes, a candle-flame blown out. The spirit goes on. There is so little time that none can be wasted by the wayside."

"That is very hard," she said.

"It is true," said Brikson.

"And if one has sinned—in the past——"

"Repentance. And God will understand."

"And repentance ?"

"Atonement for sin and sacrifice."

"And atonement ?"

"My Master said, 'Give up all things and follow Me.'"

"But a poor weak woman——"

"The Kingdom of Heaven is for everyone," said Brikson.

And that was all I saw and heard for the first time. But apparently she had repeated word for word the talk of her first visit to his Lordship, for he repeated to me what I already knew and started twitting me afresh.

"She's a clever girl, Sammy. Don't you like 'em clever—women and horses ? You'll never have that filly, Sammy ?"

"Doubtless not, milord," said I. And the next time I saw and heard them I felt he was right.

She was weeping. I'll swear in the theatre she would have made a fortune. Her long hair fell over her hands and covered her face and Brikson stood beside her.

"You must not cry," he said, and his voice had lost its harsh ring.

The little fire crackled and the sparks blew past in the breeze. The crackling of the fire and the rustle of the waves along the shore and along the harbour quay were the only sound for a little while, but for her weeping. And the light of the flames fell on his left hand, which was straight down by his side. His hand was clenched as (*Continued on page* 136)

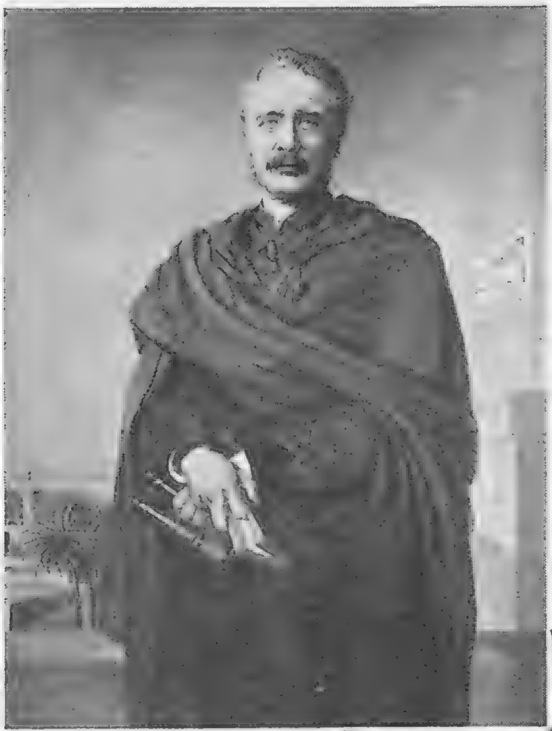
Twenty-four Hours—Days

Continuing a New Series, recalling Hour by Hour, the most Eventful Days of the last Half Century

Introduction

IN December, 1883, the British Government ordered Egypt to abandon the Soudan, a territory made untenable through the widespread revolt of the warrior tribes under Mahomed Ahmed, a fanatic proclaiming himself successor to the great Prophet. The task of evacuation was deemed too great for any Egyptian, and the Government appealed to General Gordon, a British officer who had spent most of his career "on loan" to foreign military missions, and had years before been Governor-General of the Soudan in the pay of the Khedive.

General Gordon arrived at Khartoum on February 18th, 1884. He had sent some 2,500 of the Egyptian population to safe territory by March 18th, when the city was besieged by the forces of the "Mahdi." No move to relieve him was, however, made by the British Government until six months later, and it was actually not until the 24th of January, 1885—nearly a year later—that Sir Charles Wilson, with a relieving force, was able to set out on the four days' sail down the Blue Nile from Metammeh to Khartoum, where the fate of 40,000 people lay at the mercy of the military ability of a single British officer. . . .



"Gordon's Last Watch," from the painting by Lowes Dickinson.

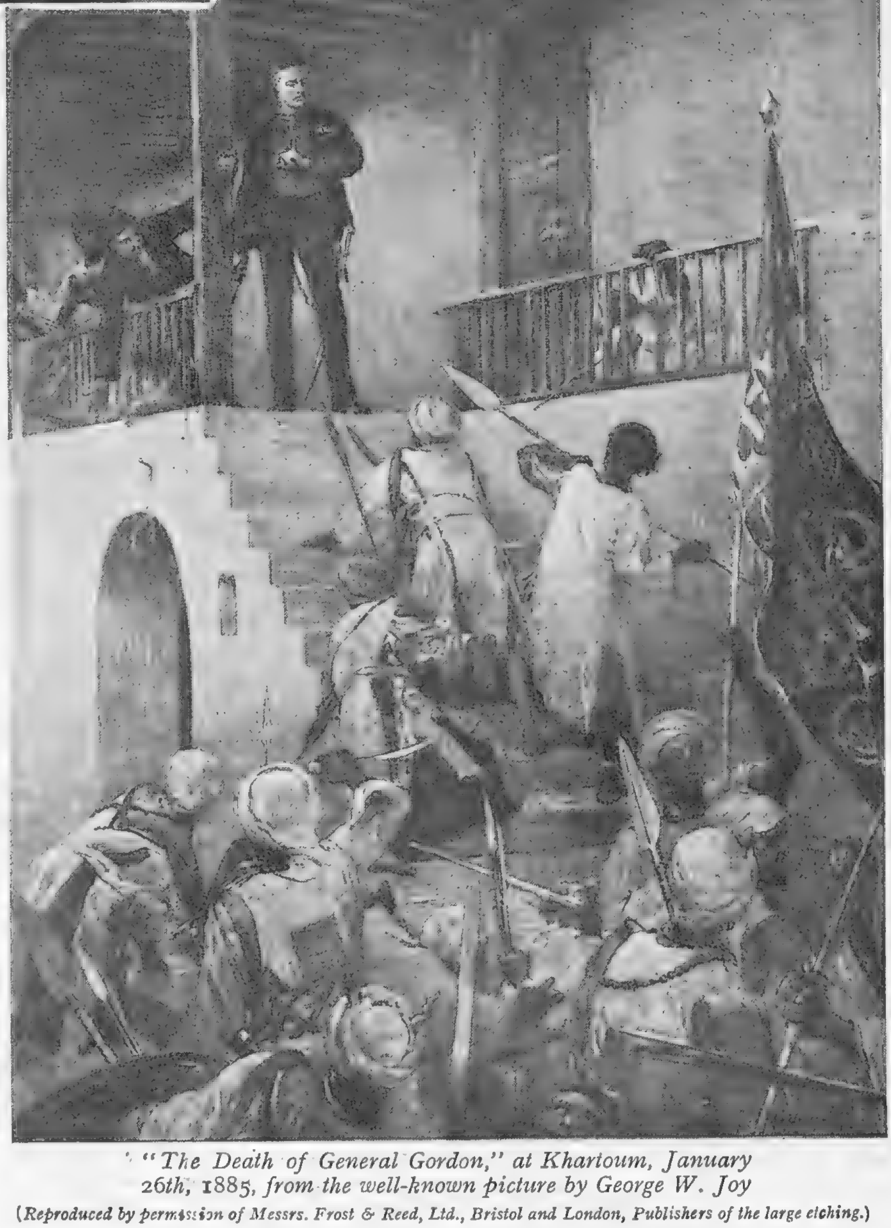
IT is midnight on the twenty-sixth of January, 1885, and the capital of the British Empire is sinking into self-satisfied sleep.

Mr. Henry Irving, in his dressing room at the Lyceum Theatre, has just removed all traces of "Romeo" from his person, while half a mile away on Mr. Gladstone's desk lies a decoded telegram from Lord Wolseley assuring the Prime Minister that in the Soudan—as in other far-flung British tributaries—might is still right.

In one of the Royal playhouses, the Haymarket, Mr. Squire Bancroft is resting after the polite labours of "Diplomacy"; and at the other, in Drury Lane, the watchman is wandering through the scenery of the "Dick Whittington" pantomime.

And at Osborne, in the Royal residence itself, the Royal household is retiring for the night with the knowledge that the Royal assent has just been given to the marriage between the Princess Beatrice and the Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Big Ben strikes midnight—and all goes well with the capital.



"The Death of General Gordon," at Khartoum, January 26th, 1885, from the well-known picture by George W. Joy

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed, Ltd., Bristol and London, Publishers of the large etching.)

Yes, all goes well. The wardens of Empire have long become tired of reminding themselves that four thousand miles away a lonely Englishman is still spending sleepless nights enjoying the bitter realisation that his country has deserted him.

Let us look down at this impulsive patriot, sitting in tattered clothes that a year ago were white; and let us put the hour at—

ONE a.m. in Khartoum on January 26th. He is sitting at an open window of his two-storied "Palace," looking out upon the black equatorial night. Beyond the near-by ramparts are encamped tens of thousands of fanatical natives, to whom the blood of the infidel is a holy sight. They have been camped there for eleven months. When first they arrived this rambling city was full of food—and hope! Now the food is gone, and in only one heart beats any hope; and that heart is in the now-frail body of General Charles George Gordon, sitting alone in the heart of Khartoum.

His desk is covered with a litter of telegram forms, and across the neatly-phrased French instructions with which they are printed, are hundreds of words written in a bold and imaginative handwriting. In

that have *made* History:

No. 2: January 26th, 1885:
The Last Day of General Gordon

Described by Gordon Beckles

some of the margins are drawn crude little figures of his enemies, many of them labelled Sir Evelyn Baring.

His skin is tanned red by tropical suns, and his eyes are blue. He is a Bible student, yet neither teetotaler nor prig; the worn Bible by his bedside is the book that he best knows. It has been his constant companion for many years, all through his adventurous fighting days in China. So great is its influence on his life that it even inspires his holidays! Two years ago General Charles George Gordon could have been found wandering through Palestine in search of such historical spots as that on which the Ark first touched the ground after the Great Flood; the real position of the Garden of Eden; and the true site of the Cross of Crucifixion.

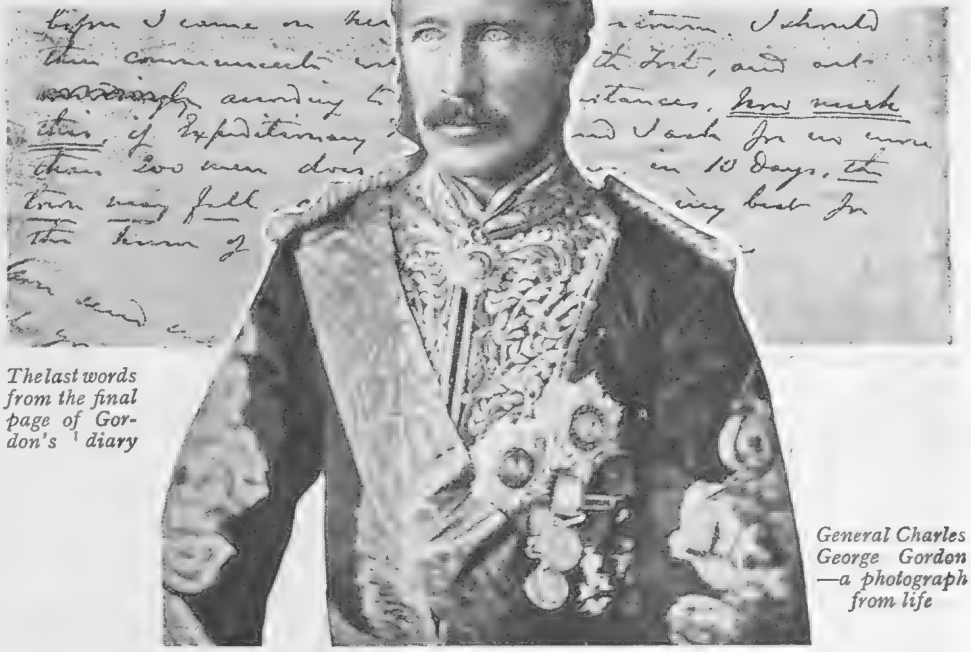
Yet it is the same man whom we see now, who has written on one of the telegram forms which he uses for scrap paper: "*England was made by adventurers, not by its Government.*"

How desperate is his position, and that of Khartoum, we may see by examining another note that he wrote over six weeks ago: "Mark this," he writes to the world at large, "If expeditionary force, and I ask for no more than 200 men, does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of our country."

Yet the expedition has not yet come!

So Gordon scribbles on another telegraphic form these words: "We are an honest nation, but our diplomatists are conies and not officially honest."

The trouble is, perhaps, that Gordon himself is too honest. But not too honest for the tens of thousands of natives of many nations over whom he has wielded such amazing power for thirty years . . . it is his honesty that they respect.



The last words from the final page of Gordon's diary

General Charles George Gordon—a photograph from life

THE last entry in Gordon's diary says and ends: "Now mark this, *if Expeditionary Force, and I ask for no more than 200 men, does not come in 10 days,* the town may fall, *and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye. C. G. Gordon.*"

TWO a.m., on this Monday morning of the 9th Rabi, in the year 1302. Across the Blue Nile is the Mahdi sitting in his tent. All around him are scores of thousands of his followers, armed with spears and javelins, many armed with muzzle-loading rifles. A spy, who has just been brought into the tent, reports that the rising waters of the Nile have washed away a part of the ramparts, so that by walking through the sluggish and knee-high waters it would be possible to enter the besieged city from the most unsuspected quarter. Not until the rising of the sun will the faithful followers of the new prophet be allowed to venture upon this sortie. . . .

THREE a.m. Far up the Nile four battered river steamers are slowly paddling their way southward. Six days before these steamers had been inhabited by a motley band of Egyptians—men, women, children and goats—who had been waiting for four long months for the arrival of the vanguard of Sir Herbert Stewart's relief expedition. But when the vanguard arrived it was without their leader, for Stewart had been killed in the long fight through the rebel country.

This morning these four steamers are packed with English troops, and in the foremost vessel Sir Charles Wilson lies sleeping. It is unnecessary for him to be awake! The craft slides by at but four miles an hour, and Khartoum will not creep across the distant horizon for many more hours to come. Yes, here are Gordon's 200 men—with 200 more for good measure. They might have left for Khartoum last Monday, but one delay and another kept them hanging about Metammeh until Saturday.

After all, what is five days' delay when they are already nearly a year behind time?

They sleep the sleep of the just. For months they have been fighting every inch of the desert route southward; and for what? To save the life of a solitary Englishman who might himself easily have escaped in a river steamer months ago!

FOUR a.m. Creeping across the sandy plateau to the west of Khartoum is a dark body of the Mahdi's picked warriors. Every inch of the ground is familiar to them. They have been here for eleven months—watching and waiting for the moment that they know will some day come.

And is this the day . . . . ?

FIVE a.m. On the low ramparts of Khartoum a few sleepy Egyptian sentries—hungry and irresolute—turn their eyes towards the eastern brightening of the heavens. Soon the sun will beat down upon their heads, and they will nibble the parched corn of their rations, and the Nile will sweep down across the northern horizon undisturbed by the ugly bulk of any one of those four steamers for a sight of which they have been waiting so long.

The deserted "Palace" is darkened. But upstairs General Gordon has already risen from his sleepless bed. To-day, perhaps, the steamers will arrive? And all will be well? And he will go back to London to face the accusation of having been too rash in his determination not to break faith even with these tattered Egyptian soldiers. . . .

Yet Gordon is not an embittered man. He has written to his sister: "*I am quite happy, thank Heaven, and—like Lawrence—I have tried to do my duty.*"

The red light of the dawn bathes the dun-coloured buildings of this city of sand and sorrow, and catches the ornamented spire of the Austrian Church. . . .

Suddenly come wild cries, ritualistic shriekings and agonised wailings and the noise of scattered firing. General Gordon buckles on his revolver holster and hurriedly descends the steps of his verandah.

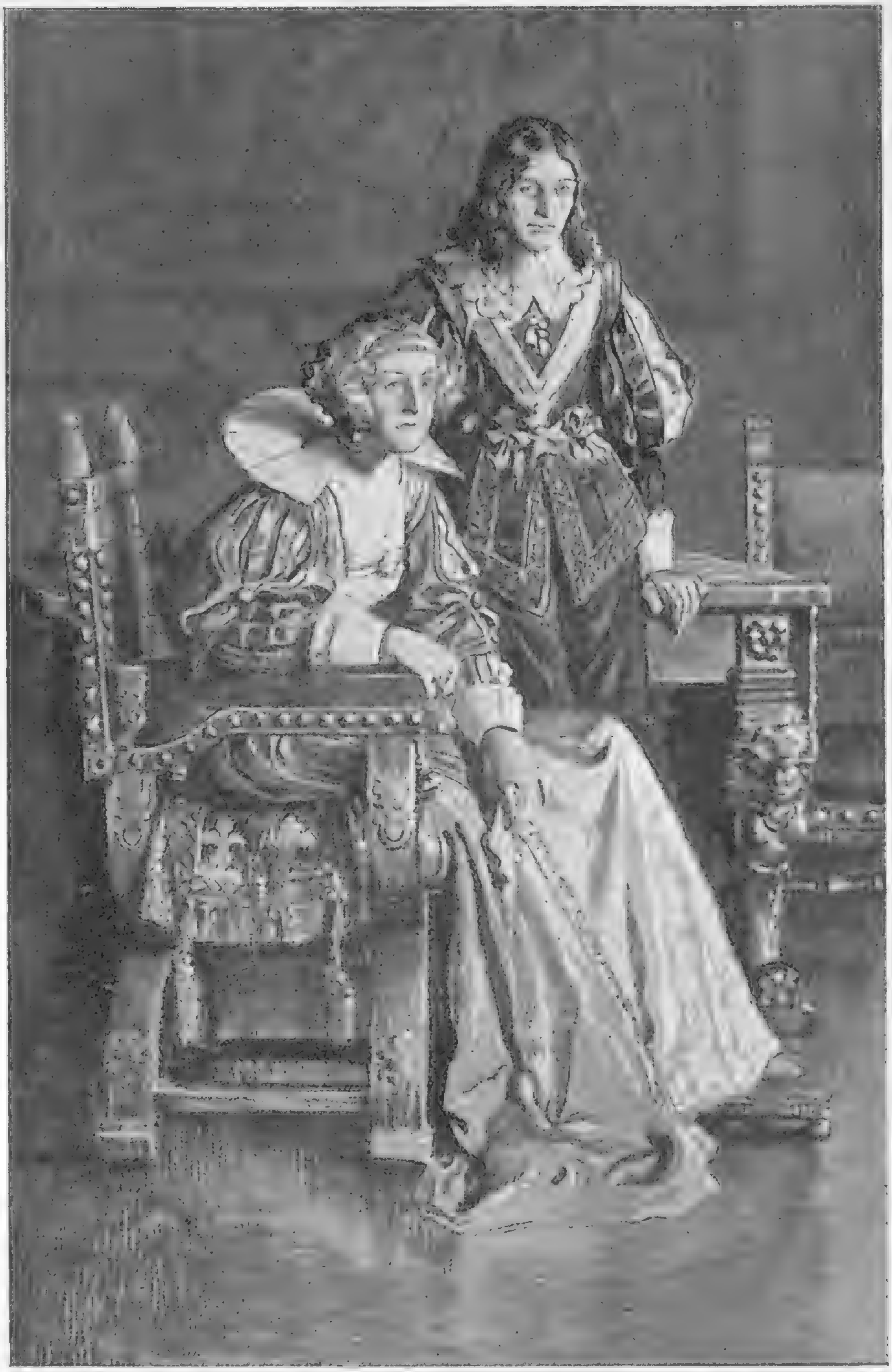
A slim figure in a crimson tarbush, he walks briskly round the corner to the Austrian Consulate.

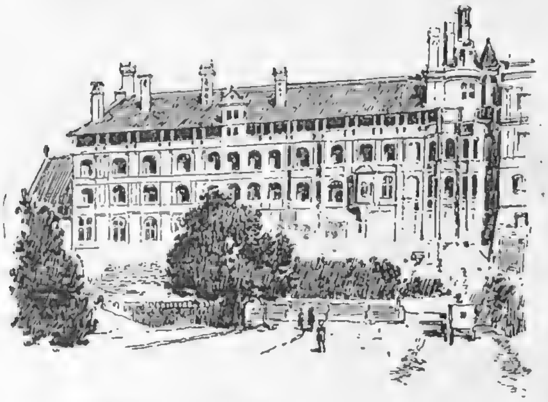
Presently we may follow him around that corner. Across the sun-parched square stand a group of half-naked dervishes; in the middle lies General Charles George Gordon; two spears raise their trembling shafts from his body; his revolver is gripped in his hand.

Did Gordon die defending himself? Or was he shot treacherously, and then speared to death? (*Cont. on page* 113.)

TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: Described by

The Story of RICHELIEU





THE Castle of Blois, where Richelieu joined the Queen in his exile

THE whole course of European history was once changed because a certain Queen forgot to lock a door. You can still see this same door. In appearance it is quite ordinary. No metal plaque or gold inscription singles it out from the hundred other doors in this particular palace. You could pass through it a thousand times and never realise it was a door which shaped destiny.

If you ever happen to visit the palace of the Luxembourg in Paris—to-day it houses that somewhat oracular body, the French Senate—and chance to wander into the west wing you will find a vast square room of typical French elegance and discomfort. The unimaginative ways of the Third Republic have shorn many ancient French palaces of their environment of state, and there is little to indicate that in this room the great Marie de Medicis, once Regent of France, was wont to give audience to noblemen and knaves. Adjacent is a gilded parlour, heavily ornamented in Italian style. As an apartment it is more imposing, but it has no tale to tell.

The setting for one of the greatest tragicomedies in Europe's history was reserved for the great square room. In this room you find the historic door—the door through which the great Cardinal Richelieu suddenly emerged to surprise Marie of Medicis and her son Louis the Thirteenth of France at the moment when that disappointed woman was denouncing her erstwhile lover to his sovereign. The French dearly love the dramatic in their daily life. Richelieu knew the value of the unexpected, that is why he opened that tall door and made for himself a glorious career.

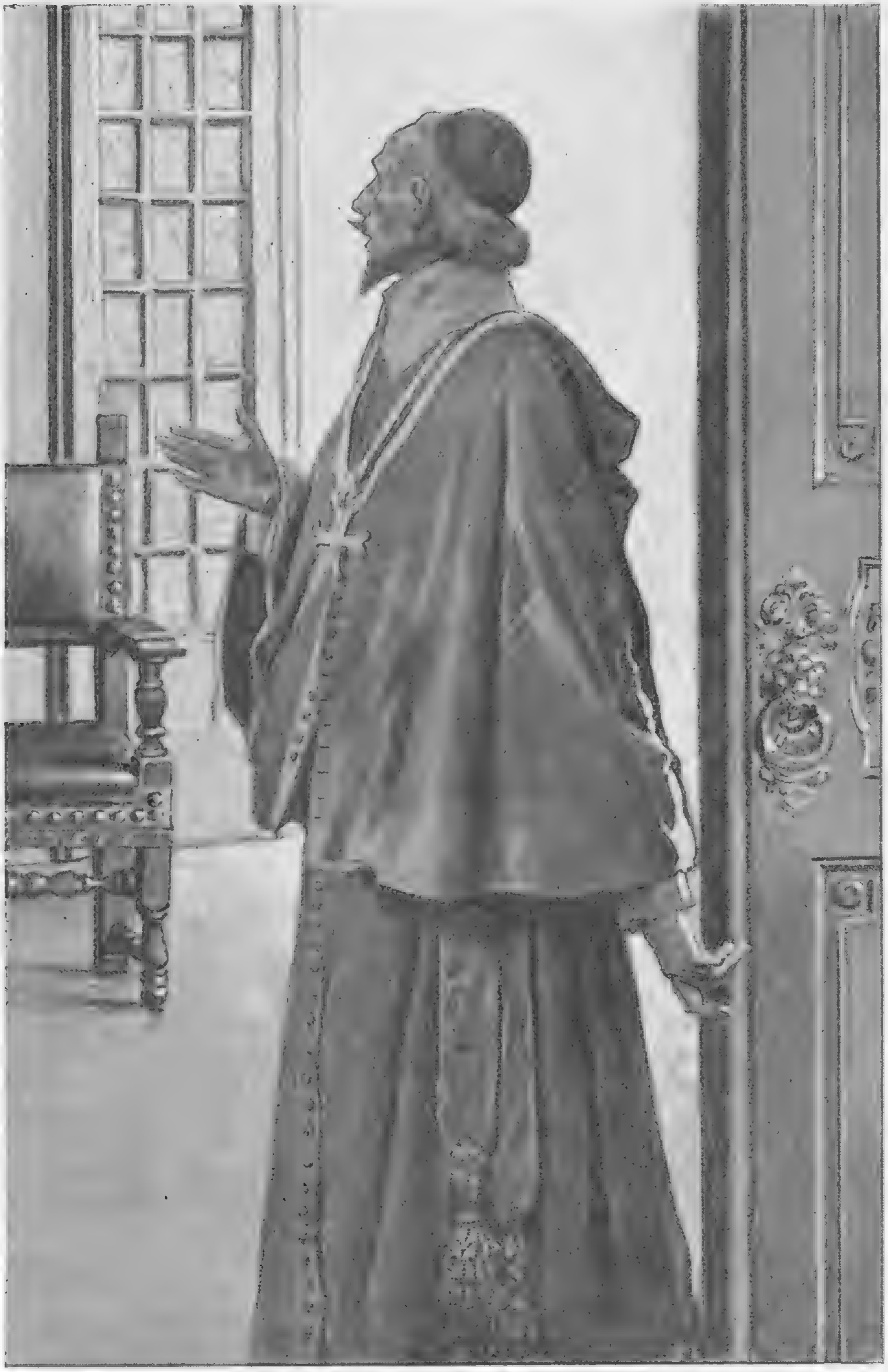
Cardinal Richelieu occupies an eminent enough position for men to dispute his greatness. Such is the inevitable fate of any great personage who makes an impress on his age. He embodied the spirit of France in the seventeenth century just as surely as Henry VIII was the lively genius of Tudor England. Not all great men have looked like great men, but there could be no mistaking Cardinal Richelieu with his long nose, pursed lips, and wide eyes, set apart under a broad forehead. To a remarkable endowment of feature, he added just those touches which nature leaves to our choice—a Van Dyck beard, bristling moustache and flowing hair. No head more equipped for chicanery and cabal ever peeped from the neck of the red robes of the Sacred college. Here was a man who was alive to his own philosophy that, in a world of fools, the glittering prizes of life were for the self-interested and relentless.

THE world in which this extraordinary man lived was the nursing ground of modern times. Europe was just beginning to feel its way towards elementary ideas of comfort and good living. Nations were beginning to sort themselves out from among the three or four hundred principalities which had kept the continent in a ferment for seven centuries and which were to endure for another two hundred years before they were sacrificed on the altar of common sense. The last really great cardinal, carrying with him all the trappings of the Roman church, but little of its spiritual purpose, rose to make a final farewell to the Middle Ages.

Jean Armand Duplessis de Richelieu came from the family of a Poitevin nobleman. His father had ancient arms on his shield, but his mother was the pretty daughter of a plain Parisian lawyer. The origin of Richelieu was lofty by comparison with the more sanctimonious Wolsey across the Channel. Indeed, Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.

NORMAN HILL

ONE of the three doors of the room was opened, and in walked Cardinal Richelieu, with a quizzical smile creeping over his beard and moustache



and THE DAY of DUPES

if the young Armand Duplessis had not certain family influences to press him on his way, and if his father had not worn the riband of the Holy Ghost, it is doubtful if his name would be known to history at all. France was very unlike England.

To be born a son of the people generally meant condemnation to the life of the people. Armand was luckier. His family decided to make him an officer in the King's army. He betrayed a peculiar aptitude for the calling of arms, but before he had time to complete his studies, it was decided to prepare him for a bishopric.

The See of Luçon was in the gift of the Richelieu family and Madame Duplessis had intended her eldest son Alphonse for the position. Alphonse had other ideas and so Armand was called on to forsake the military college for the seminary. With a nonchalance worthy of the man, he made no real objections to the sudden change and, at the age of twenty-one, graciously consented to be nominated bishop of Luçon. He was still five years under canonical age, but a visit to Rome brought him the necessary dispensation, and in April 1607, when twenty-two, he was duly consecrated.

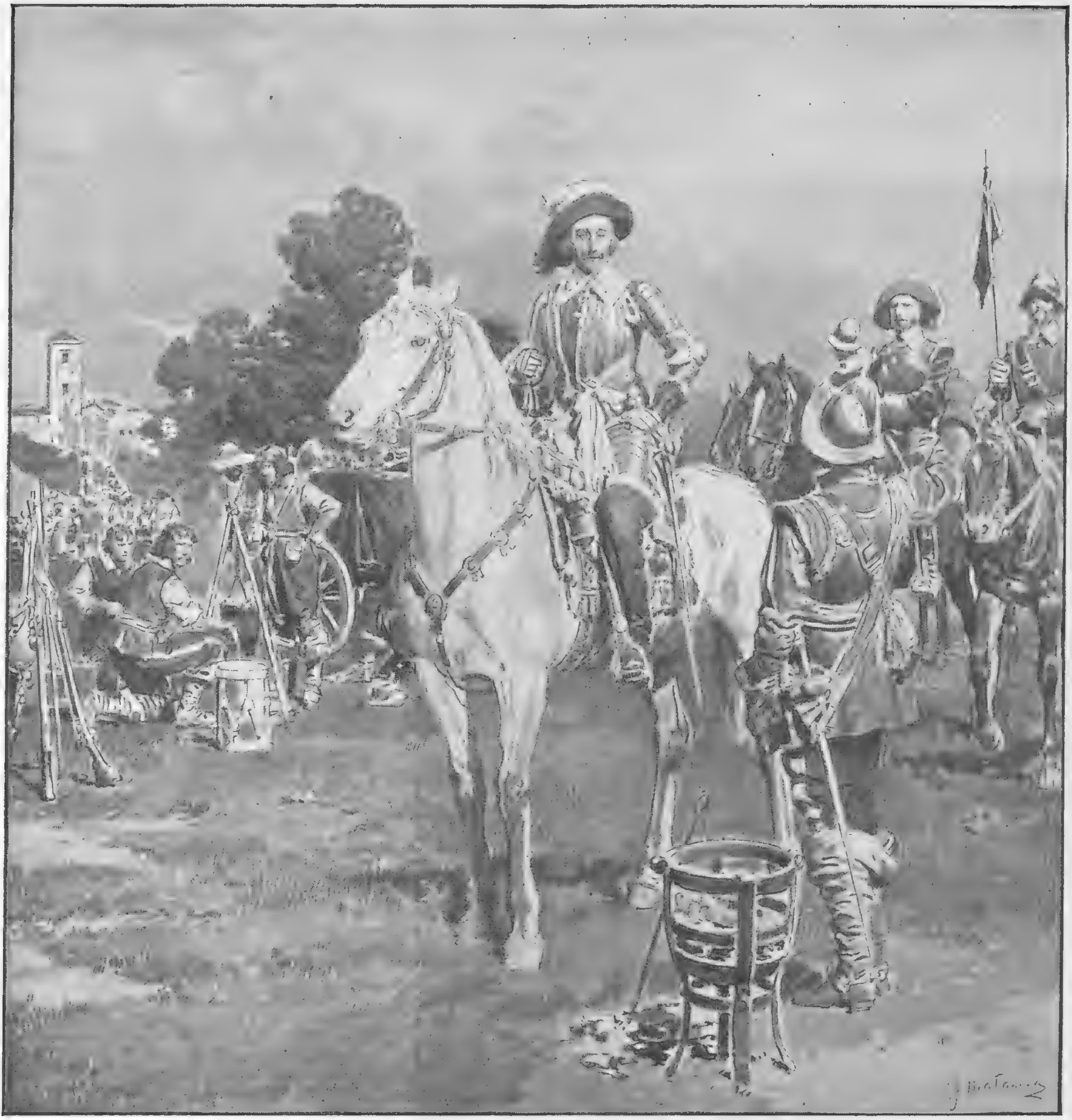
The bishopric of Luçon carried with it more dignity than position. The young Armand found it to be impoverished and unhappy, and, with the enthusiasm of youth, and perhaps with the only real convictions of godliness he was ever to experience, he entered on six years of missionary life which can only redound to his credit. His seal for good works and activity as a reformer brought him a more than local a me, and it was not surprising that the energetic young bishop was selected in 1614—he was then twenty-nine—to represent the clergy of Poitou at the last meeting of the States General before the final assembly which precipitated the French Revolution. He went to Paris and found a new world.

THE assassination of Henry of Navarre and the advent of Louis, a minor, to the throne under the Regency of Marie de Medicis found the capital in an appalling state. There was little money in the royal treasury. The great princes of the land were jealous of the power of the Queen Regent and were disposed to rule their provinces with a medieval independence. The sharp division between Protestants and Catholics made internal peace impossible, and men lived by their wits and at the end of their swords. There was no justice for the poor nor praise for the virtuous. Outside in the streets were misery and discontent, but within the royal palace when the States General assembled, nothing but pomp and circumstance.

The young Bishop of Luçon gazed on a scene of ironic splendour. He had but lately walked in the procession of the representatives of the three estates to Notre Dame de Paris. He had looked round on the ill-dressed, ugly ruffians who awaited the arrival of the delegates under the great ornamented towers. He had witnessed their outward distress and could imagine their spiritual misery. And a little later he was watching the pomp of royalty on golden thrones. The King sat under a canopy, while to the right at a slightly lower place were his mother, the Queen Regent, and his two sisters. King, Queen and princesses sat on chairs covered in velvet and embroidered with fleurs-de-lis. About four paces off were four benches filled with the richly uniformed princes and dignitaries of the court. But for the Bishop of Luçon there was but one figure present in all that pompous assembly—Marie de Medicis, the Queen Regent, the woman in whom the real destinies of France reposed.

During the progress of the States General the young bishop's voice was often heard. His emphatic declarations of the rights of monarchy earned him the applause and secret admiration of the Queen Regent, who was more than delighted when he was chosen to present the address of the clergy. She was then a woman of forty-one, a little empty-headed and commonplace, two defects unexpected in a Medici.

She had reached that dangerous period in her life when women of a certain age become attracted to young men of parts. The young Bishop of Luçon was not yet thirty. He had a distinguished face, a gallant deportment, and he coined a pretty phrase. He had qualities which proved irresistible to a woman who had been born of the south, who found the responsibilities of office a little exacting to her feather-brain intelligence, and who was in need of someone to admire her fading beauty. She decided that the Bishop of Luçon fulfilled all the qualities in a man for which she had been seeking.



HE set about destroying the power of the Huguenots at the famous siege of La Rochelle, and suppressing the insurgent nobility

NEEDLESS to add, the assembly of the States General effected nothing in the way of reforms for the state. It was opened with immense *éclat* and it dispersed without cheers. The country recognised the necessity of absolute government as the only salvation for its misery, but Richelieu, who was now fired with ideas of power and who revelled in the approving goodwill of the Queen Regent, found food for thought in the words of Robert Miron, the provost of the merchants of Paris. " If your Majesty does not take care, there is reason to fear that despair will inform the people that a soldier is merely a peasant who bears arms, and when the vine-dresser has assumed the musket that which to-day is the anvil will become the hammer." His education in the necessity for the relentless had already begun.

His progress in the royal favour quickly extended to his appointment as Almoner to Anne of Austria, the child queen of the youthful Louis XIII. He curried favour with everyone who was likely to prove useful and by adroit management procured himself a nomination as a secretary of state. He had long since abandoned any thoughts of active work in the cause of the Church and used his clerical preferment simply as a means to advance his interests at Court. By cajolery and chicanery he obtained the confidence of everyone at Court, and his obvious success made Marie de Medicis more enthusiastic concerning her young bishop than ever. That she loved him very deeply and sincerely there is no doubt. Whether he returned that affection is open to question. His apologists rather lamely assert he was cast in too lofty a mould. What is probably the case is that he actually avoided any real intimacy because he feared he might thereby lose his commanding influence.

Their close friendship continued for years, and the bishop, who came from comparative obscurity, rapidly found himself vested with enormous powers which he did not hesitate to use to his own purpose. His adroitness in flattering the Queen was only equalled by his cunning in cajoling the people. Whenever there was any sign of discontent he made a brave show of " appealing to public opinion." He called the *bourgeoisie* into his confidence and their commonplace minds quailed in sycophancy in his presence. He would harangue them with the air of a man with a deep grievance that caused him intense pain. " Some dissatisfied spirits," he murmured, "have troubled the peace which the prudence of the Queen has established. She has tried in vain to restrain them with chains of gold, and they have abused her clemency and liberality." His voice was so sad. He won his point.

With every artifice of statecraft at his command, he made great headway and it seemed he was marching to success when he fell from power with an even more dizzy rapidity than he had attained it. In his obsequious attendance on the Queen Regent and her creature, the Italian Concini, in whom she had always reposed great confidence, he forgot that the boy king was growing up. At the age of sixteen, with an admirable precocity and a commendable desire for power, Louis began to object to the domination of his mother. He admired a young man who was employed to look after the hawks. This skilful falconer was Albert de Luynes, the son of a soldier of fortune, and a man of thirty-eight. Young boys frequently become attached to men double their years and this was the case with Luynes and Louis XIII. And as kings have more power than most boys, he decided to make Luynes an important figure in the land.

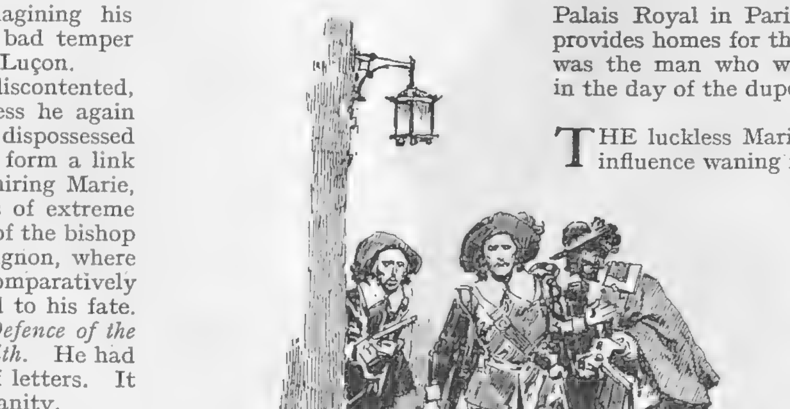
Life was supremely unimportant in the Louvre of 1617, and Concini was shot out of hand with a pistol. His wife was taken to the *place de Grève* and executed on the grounds of having used sorcery to obtain ascendancy over the Queen Mother. In the eloquent and brief language of the day, "she had exercised the power of a strong nature over a feeble one." They unceremoniously burned her remains, and the King forthwith ordered his mother to take her precious Richelieu out of Paris. Marie de Medicis withdrew to Blois, a castle which had known the residence of other unhappy queens, and Richelieu, imagining his career was at an end, retired in a bad temper to the draughty bishop's palace at Luçon.

The sweets of power had left him discontented, and after a few weeks of loneliness he again entered into negotiations with the dispossessed Queen Regent. He attempted to form a link between Luynes and the still admiring Marie, but the King had the convictions of extreme youth. He doubted the integrity of the bishop and very wisely exiled him to Avignon, where he felt his sojourn would be comparatively harmless. Richelieu was reconciled to his fate. He spent the months writing *A Defence of the Main Principles of the Catholic Faith.* He had a great wish to shine as a man of letters. It was perhaps his only inexcusable vanity.

THE years passed, and the death of Luynes and the escape of Marie de Medicis from Blois changed a situation which threatened to relegate Richelieu to that obscurity from which he had emerged. Summoning his ancient adroitness, he first of all brought about a reconciliation between the King and his mother, and then secured his own admission to the council. It was done so imperceptibly that the King hardly noticed the advent of this resourceful bishop to his court. Influence brought him a cardinal's hat, and in a very short time he had treacherously overthrown all his rivals and become chief minister of France. No king could withstand the blandishments of a man who announced:

"I promise your Majesty that I will employ all my industry and all the authority which it may please you to give me, to effect the destruction of the Huguenot faction, to reduce the pride of the nobles and to raise the prestige of France among the foreign nations to that point at which it ought to be." He then added, "It has been my habit to reflect long before taking any decision, but when I have decided on my course, I proceed directly to my goal."

Marie de Medicis might well have pondered over those words. She had raised this scheming adventurer from the commonplace to the ranks of the illustrious. Although she was a Florentine and ought to have known better, she did not think her admirer was sufficiently self-seeking to throw her over completely the moment an element of security was within his grasp. She forgot that ten years had passed: that she was now an old woman, while Richelieu was a Cardinal and in the prime of life.



LIFE was supremely unimportant in the Louvre of 1617, and Concini was shot out of hand with a pistol

Richelieu had no illusions about the woman who had once loved him and whose affections he had used as a stepping-stone to fame. He realised that his dominating personality could completely master the King and that, in making Louis XIII the absolute ruler of France, the real power would rest in his hands and not in those of the boy sovereign.

Realising that action is the most eloquent and often the easiest expression of government, he set about destroying the power of the Huguenots at the famous siege of La Rochelle, and suppressing the insurgent nobility in a series of armed expeditions. He never overcame the cordial dislike of the King, but little Louis was wise enough to realise that this man of decision was worth a hundred weaklings and flatterers. He was making France rich and important, two essential attributes of successful kingship.

Richelieu took no chances. He organised a spy system which was never equalled in the worst moments of Romanoff trepidation. He had eavesdroppers at every door, and the least gesture of his adversaries was reported to him on the hour. The very valets of the King were in his pay. He had in the course of his life women favourites who were wont to tell stories against himself to the King so that they might bring back the royal comments.

As the years stole along so Richelieu's frame became wasted, and his cheeks sank in deep hollows. But he contrived his red robes to disguise his sickly constitution and strode beneath the sweeping silks with the cultivated walk of a man accustomed to the ways of princes. He took a regular percentage on any transaction which was going, and his immense fortune enabled him to build the Palais Royal in Paris, a palace which to-day provides homes for thousands of people. Such was the man who was to be the chief actor in the day of the dupes.

THE luckless Marie de Medicis watched her influence waning from week to week under the immense prestige and personality of the Cardinal. Each attempt to dispossess the upstart was suppressed with an iron hand.

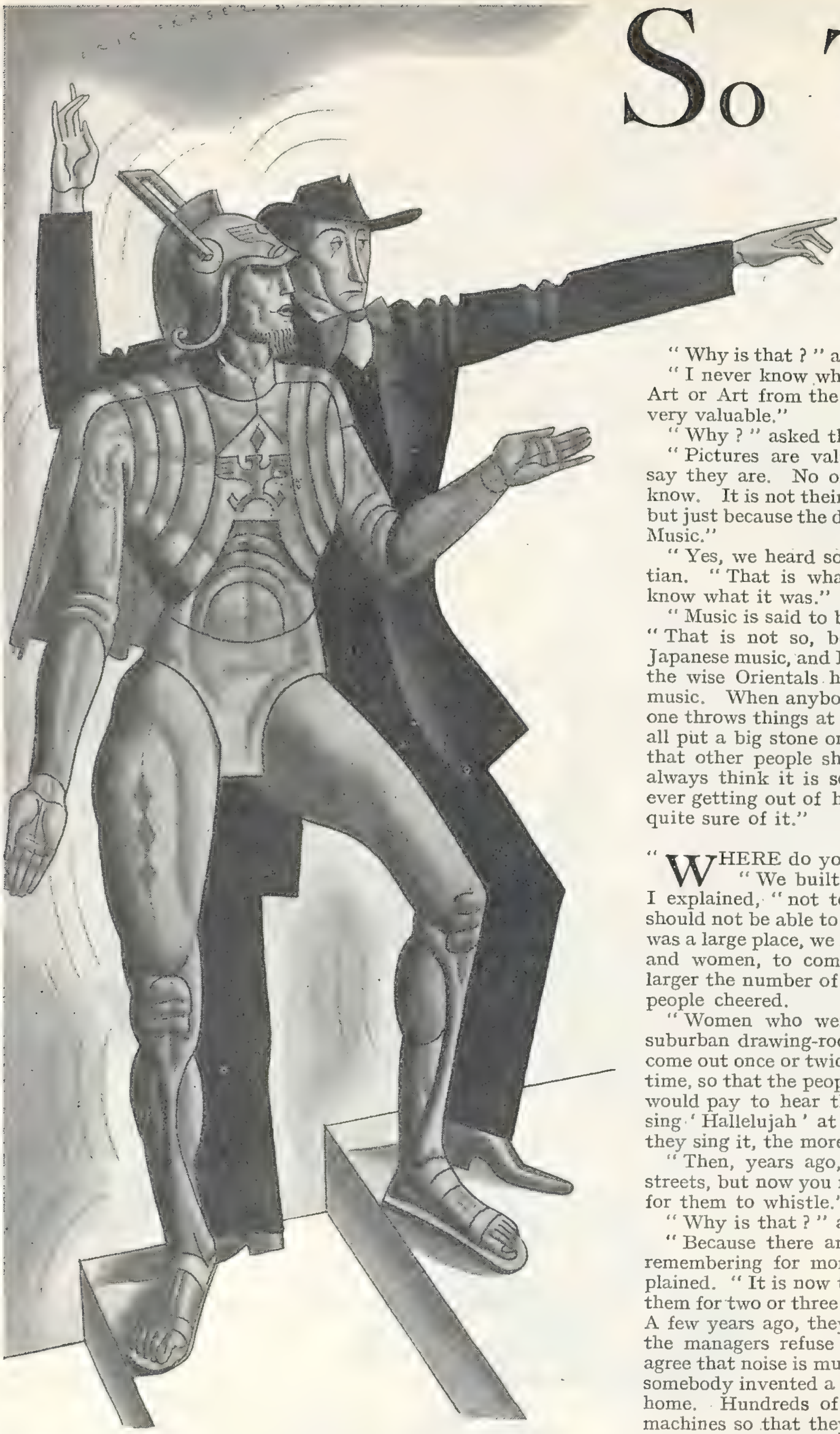
When it came to great nobles his administration of justice took the form of devilry and cruelty. One of them, Chalais, was executed at Nantes by an executioner so incapable that thirty-four blows of the axe were required to remove his head, at the twentieth of which the wretched man was still groaning.

It even served Richelieu's purpose on another occasion to charge the young Queen of Louis with wishing to bring about the death of her husband in order to marry his brother, Gaston of Orleans. And Gaston, feeble half-wit as he was, crawled into the Cardinal's presence promising to "love and bear affection to those who loved the King and the Queen Mother."

RICHELIEU could scarcely call himself one who loved the Queen Mother. He had forgotten his old benefactress. Her overtures to him were rejected with scorn, and Marie de Medicis experienced all the bitterness of unrequited passion. Her love experienced that not infrequent change to deep hatred, and, with a Florentine training behind her, she came out into the open as the enemy of the Cardinal.

It so happened that during a campaign in the south the King was taken sick. The Queen (*Continued on page 102*)

So *This* is Earth!



THE Martian called on me, looking very determined. Mars had picked Earth up on the wireless, it seemed, and sent him to find out what it was all about. They had heard one of those crooning tenors, and several American tunes, and a lecture, delivered by a maiden lady, on "How to Put the Baby to Bed," and they thought that full enquiry should be made about it, and how long it had been going on, and why. Fortunately he could not stay long.

"We heard that you had some Art," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "and no. It all depends how you look at it. I cannot show you any now, because it is the evening, and in the evening all the art galleries are shut because, in the evening, people could go to them. They are only open in the daytime, when people are at work."

"Why is that?" asked the Martian.

"I never know whether it is to protect the public from Art or Art from the public," I exclaimed. "Pictures are very valuable."

"Why?" asked the Martian.

"Pictures are valuable," I explained, "when dealers say they are. No one knows why it is, but the dealers know. It is not their size, or their weight, or their beauty, but just because the dealers say so. . . . Then we have Music."

"Yes, we heard some on a wireless set," said the Martian. "That is what brought me here. We wanted to know what it was."

"Music is said to be a universal language," I explained. "That is not so, because we hate Chinese music, and Japanese music, and Burmese music, and Indian music, and the wise Orientals hate ours. You have to get used to music. When anybody invents any new form of it, everyone throws things at him, and then, when he is dead, they all put a big stone on his grave. Some people say it is so that other people should know where he is lying, but I always think it is so that there will be no chance of his ever getting out of his grave again. They want to make quite sure of it."

"WHERE do you have music?" asked the Martian.

"We built a large place called the Albert Hall," I explained, "not to have music, but so that a Queen should not be able to forget her husband. Then, because it was a large place, we had to get large bodies of people, men and women, to come along and sing all at once. The larger the number of people who sang, the more the other people cheered.

"Women who were not allowed to sing singly in a suburban drawing-room, because the neighbours objected, come out once or twice every year and sing, all at the same time, so that the people who objected to hearing one sing would pay to hear the lot of them. Sometimes they all sing 'Hallelujah' at the same time, and, the more times they sing it, the more gloomy they look.

"Then, years ago, small boys used to whistle in the streets, but now you never hear them. There are no tunes for them to whistle."

"Why is that?" asked the Martian.

"Because there are no longer tunes which are worth remembering for more than two or three weeks," I explained. "It is now the fashion for everybody to listen to them for two or three weeks, and then forget them for ever. A few years ago, they had music in theatres, but now all the managers refuse to encourage tune, and all of them agree that noise is much better. This grew so terrible that somebody invented a machine by which it could follow you home. Hundreds of thousands of people bought these machines so that they could all hear the same tunes being sung by one man in a room, but soon the time came when nobody ever listened. This, the singers do not know. All England turns the wireless off and goes out, and no one has yet discovered this. If one person listened once, it would be stopped immediately."

The Martian made me take him to see a theatre, and, in that, he was horrified to find that if you sat in the front row where you had to hear more of it than if you sat at the back, it cost you more for sitting down than most working-class families spend on food for three days.

The programme interested him very much.

"Yes, they charge sixpence for this," I said. "It contains a list of the people who are acting in the play, but no one wants to know who they are because they know already. It already contains a list of the characters they play, but that is mentioned

Decorations by Eric Fraser

Hannen Swaffer

provides a *Visitor* from *Mars* with a *Cynic's* Guide *to* Knowledge, *and* puts him *wise* to the *strange* things we suffer *to be* done *in* the name of A*rt* and E*ntertainment*

music
singing
acting
society
war

in the dialogue. People really buy the programmes to see a reading from the stars, or an actress's birthday, or what beauty-cream an actor uses, or what theatre he likes best, by one of the players. Everybody knows none of the actors or actresses write this, but they still read it."

"Do not people write their own opinions, then?" asked the Martian.

"Very seldom," I explained. "In some places you read the views of actresses on politics, motor-cars, 'Is there a life after death?' and things like that, but everybody knows that the actresses do not write them. They are written by people called press agents."

"What are press agents?" asked the Martian.

"They are experts called in to explain to the public why a play has died," I replied. "The real reason a play dies, of course, is because people do not want to see it, but it would shock the public terribly if they were allowed to think this. So an expert has to be paid to tell the public that the play is coming on again after Easter, or when the Budget is over. Any reason except the truth is printed. No play is ever supposed to die because it is a bad play. People prefer to think it died because it is a good play."

"What else do press agents do?" asked the Martian.

"They lie very cleverly," I explained, "and the more they lie the more money they get. They arrange to have actresses photographed in other people's houses so that underneath people can read: 'Miss Peggy Wonkoff in her boudoir,' when everybody knows she hasn't got a boudoir; or they plan a scheme by which an actress is photographed standing near a motor-car, which everybody knows is not hers, although it says so underneath. This pleases everybody very much."

"I do not think that is very wise," said the Martian.

"If it were wise," I explained, "it would not be done. Earth is a place where people insist on believing anything except the truth. If someone proves a thing is true, ninety-nine people immediately begin to invent a reason for its not being true, although all the hundred know it is true all the time. This passes quite a lot of time which otherwise would have to be spent in doing something useful, and doing useful things is thought to be very stupid."

WE passed a dog show, where the Martian was very interested to learn that living creatures were carefully bred so that their appearance could be perfected as much as possible.

"We do not do this to human beings," I explained hastily, in case he got us wrong. "We insist on breeding the best horses and the best dogs and the best canaries, but when we want babies we just leave it to a lot of chance. This we call God's Plan, or Love, or Nature, or anything like that. It would be thought terribly indecent if babies were bred so that they were healthy and physically fit and beautifully shaped."

"Why, then, do you breed horses so carefully?" asked the Martian.

"Oh, that is important," I explained, "because we put money on. On a certain day, we have six races in which different horses all run at the same time towards the same post. The one that gets there first is called the winner, and then we go and get some money. Sometimes the man who has the money has guessed that we were coming, and so he has gone first.

"This encourages the breeding of horses, although nowadays we do not want the horses for any reason except for this. We call it 'love of animals' or 'being sportsmen.' We call it anything except the truth, which is that we want to get some money without working for it.

"Before they go to see the horses, people buy papers to see what is going to win. They have all learned from experience that the papers will be wrong, but they still go on buying them. They know they will lose in the end, but they still insist that they will win, in spite of that."

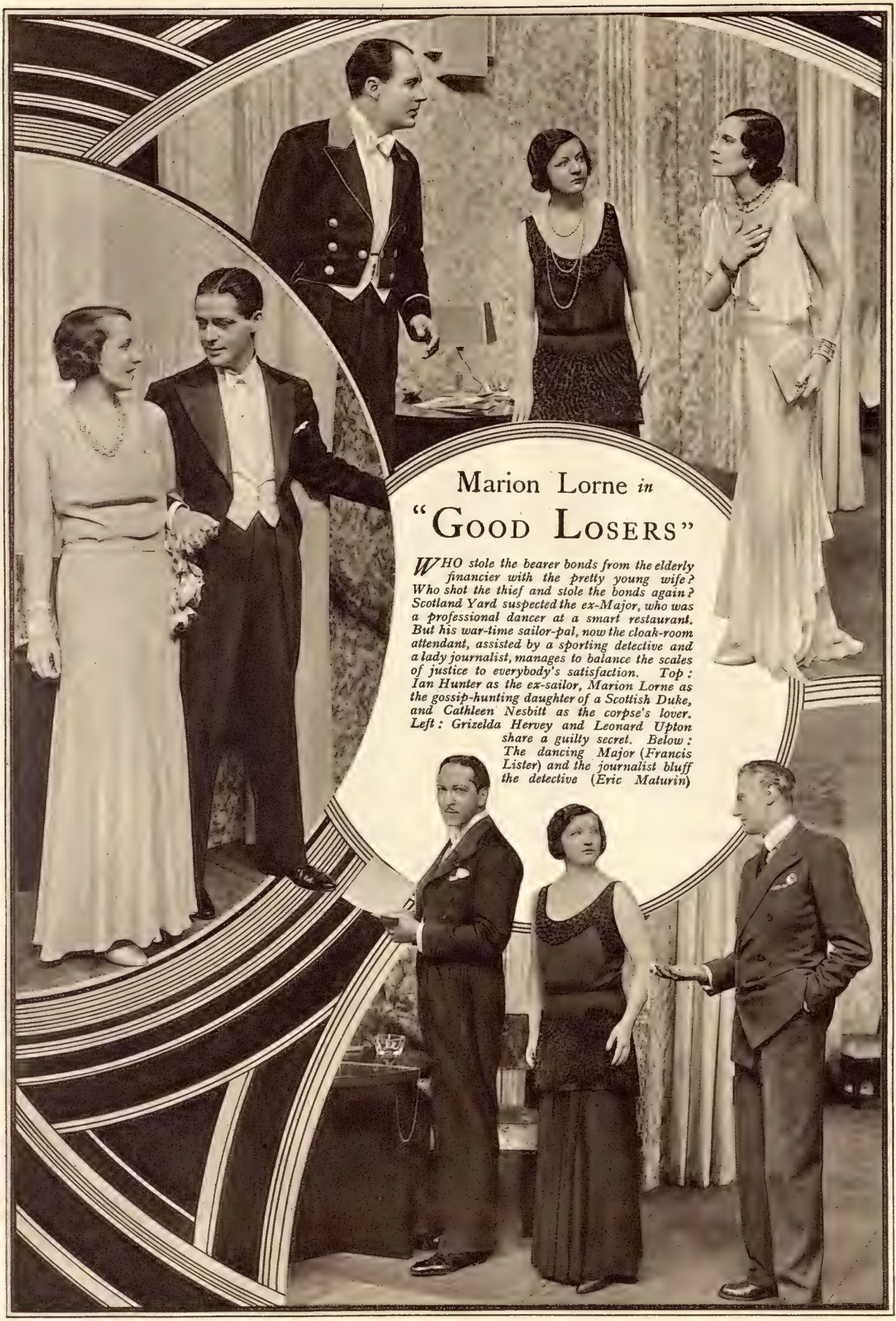
"Does this go on all night?" asked the Martian.

"No," I replied. "I suppose you could not trust the horses in the dark. Therefore, at night, you get money by watching a wheel go round and choosing a number. Or else you get fifty-two cards and imagine that five of them are more important than the five someone else has got. This also is called sport."

"What else do you do?" asked the Martian.

"We get drunk," I replied. "Years ago, gentlemen got drunk. It was the fashion for great statesmen to drink two bottles of port each night after dinner. Then there came a time when only the working-classes were supposed to get drunk. Now it has become fashionable again for gentlemen to do it.

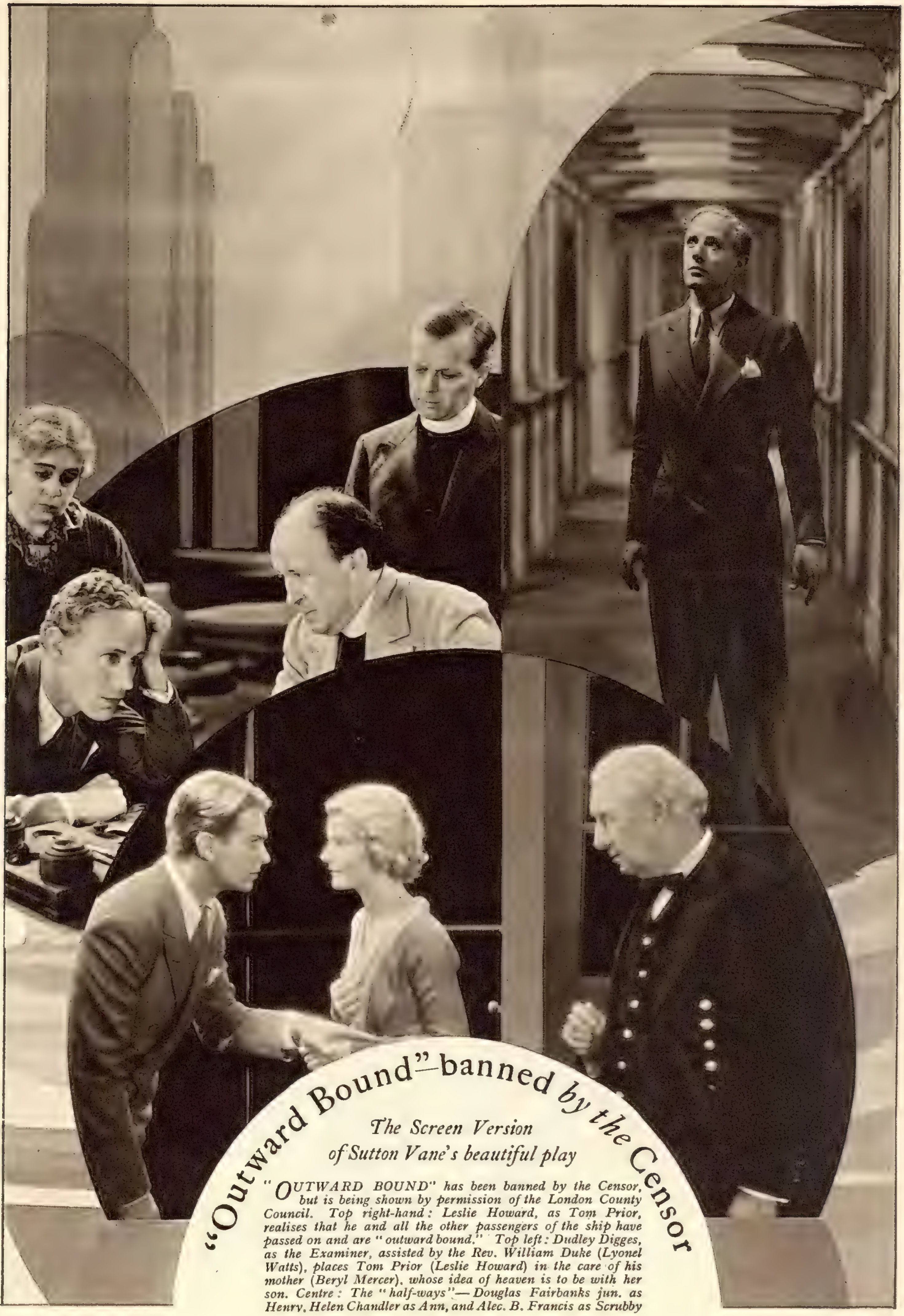
"Just when the day is getting dark, someone invites everybody he knows to go along and drink different-coloured stuff out of small glasses. They call this a (*Continued on page* 102.)



Marion Lorne *in*

"GOOD LOSERS"

WHO stole the bearer bonds from the elderly financier with the pretty young wife? Who shot the thief and stole the bonds again? Scotland Yard suspected the ex-Major, who was a professional dancer at a smart restaurant. But his war-time sailor-pal, now the cloak-room attendant, assisted by a sporting detective and a lady journalist, manages to balance the scales of justice to everybody's satisfaction. Top: Ian Hunter as the ex-sailor, Marion Lorne as the gossip-hunting daughter of a Scottish Duke, and Cathleen Nesbitt as the corpse's lover. Left: Grizelda Hervey and Leonard Upton share a guilty secret. Below: The dancing Major (Francis Lister) and the journalist bluff the detective (Eric Maturin)



"Outward Bound"—banned by the Censor

The Screen Version of Sutton Vane's beautiful play

"OUTWARD BOUND" has been banned by the Censor, but is being shown by permission of the London County Council. Top right-hand: Leslie Howard, as Tom Prior, realises that he and all the other passengers of the ship have passed on and are "outward bound." Top left: Dudley Digges, as the Examiner, assisted by the Rev. William Duke (Lyonel Watts), places Tom Prior (Leslie Howard) in the care of his mother (Beryl Mercer), whose idea of heaven is to be with her son. Centre: The "half-ways"—Douglas Fairbanks jun. as Henry, Helen Chandler as Ann, and Alec. B. Francis as Scrubby

Come-backs, Critics, *and* Crowd-Scenes

A P*ause* in the P*rogress* of Picture-making *gives* us Old F*avourites*, Old Scenes——*and* what next?

Harold Lloyd performing a hair-raising stunt on a sky-scraper in his latest film, "Feet First"

THE spring season in the film world has been notable for the reappearance of absentees. Chaplin, Lloyd, Chevalier (not so long absent), the Gaynor-Farrell combination, Jack Buchanan, and Ronald Colman (whose latest pictures I have already dealt with in these columns) have all put an established popularity to the test. There has been, also, Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer," but I have not seen this picture. It is interesting to note the result. The first thing that "jumps to the eye" is that the public has not agreed with the critics, has refused to be led or driven by the lash of publicity or to have their film fare forced on them from a *table d'hôte* menu!

Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat and Irene Dunne as Sabra Cravat going to the first church service held in Oklahoma. A scene from "Cimarron"

OKLAHOMA WIGWAM
YANCEY CRAVAT PROP. AND EDITOR
BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS

Having established a home and business Yancey Cravat (Richard Dix) leaves for fresh adventures. A spectacular moment in Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," a big-scale film of pioneer days in Southern America

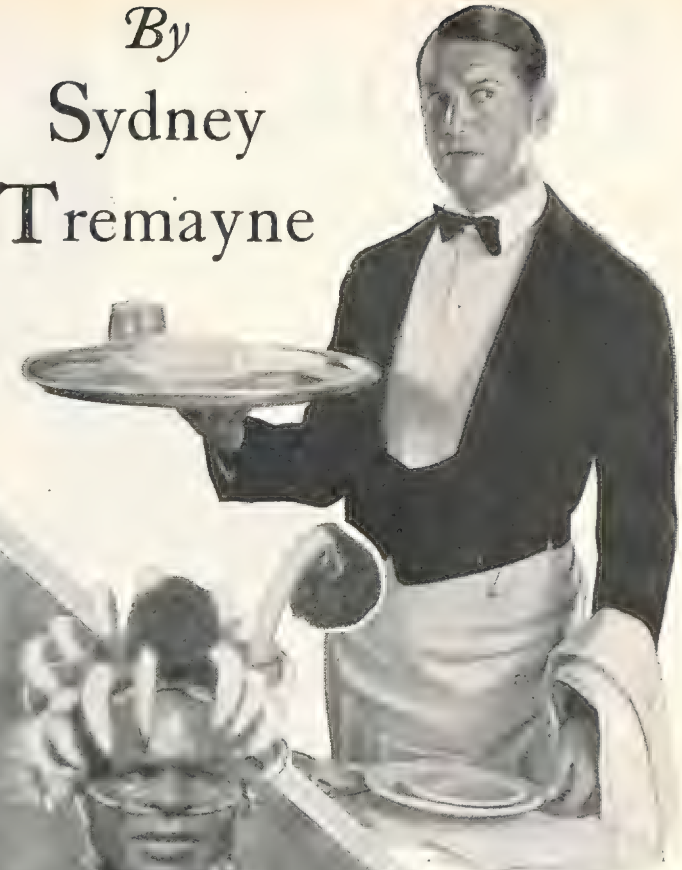
The other point about recent pre-release pictures which obtrudes itself is the reappearance of the large-scale, big-crowd, out-of-doors "spectacle" film, which the talkies temporarily eliminated. We have had a revival of "The Birth of a Nation"; Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," about the first settlers in the Indian territory of Southern (not South!) America, described as an "epic story"; and "Trader Horn," a film based on Aloysius Horn's romantic adventures, which was made in Africa and, apart from the white goddess *motif*, contains wild animal fights, native customs, and all the impedimenta of the travel and adventure picture. I shall have something to say about these films, but I want first to deal with the reaction of the public to its erstwhile favourites and to "critical" (?) opinion.

First, naturally and most significantly, there was Charles Chaplin's "City Lights." It is perhaps a little late to make any criticism of the audience at that phenomenal first night at the Dominion Theatre. One saw a famous Socialist philosopher, a well-known modern architect, and an authoress among the crowd of London's acknowledged Intellectuals bunched in the front of the stalls to wave, kiss hands, and vociferate their enthusiasm when Chaplin made his personal appearance in the circle, with Shaw, Lady Astor, and so on in attendance. But since the picture is still being shown in London and there has been a certain amount of publicity given to the financial squabble between Chaplin or his agents and the exhibitors, it is not, perhaps, inapposite to consider the preliminary publicity and the, almost, unanimous praise the picture received from the press in relation to the picture itself and events subsequent to that hysterical *début*.

City Lights is not the masterpiece it was proclaimed to be. This was the opinion of the less emotional members of the audience at its first showing. In this long-awaited film which *might* have shown up the shortcomings of the "talkies" in all their hideousness, which *might* have revolutionised sound film technique, Chaplin did nothing except exhibit himself in many of his old attitudes and situations, but without the verve and swift movement of his earlier, more spontaneous days. Nothing slows up comedy like self-consciousness; nothing dims the gleam of genius like self-importance. His "business" was the same as of old and not so funny. And the imposition of sentiment was at times bathological. The whole essence of Pagliacci's clown was that the broken heart *was* hidden by the motley.

By

Sydney Tremayne



MAURICE CHEVALIER, who plays the part of a waiter by day and a monied man about town by night, in his latest film "The Playboy of Paris"

EDWINA BOOTH as Nina the "White Goddess" in "Trader Horn," and a Kavironde warrior in his hippo teeth headdress

RATHER cruelly, perhaps, the Film Society, a few weeks later, showed, as a curiosity, an old comedy of Chaplin's called *The Count*. In it the spaghetti jest—resuscitated in *City Lights*—is used and used much more amusingly. This little slap-stick comedy was much slighter in texture and theme than the later masterpieces. Chaplin had not then realised the tragedy that underlies the grotesque. It was full of fun for fun's sake which is often so much more satisfactory and ultimately may be even more remunerative than Art for Art's sake (plus fifty per cent. of the profits). It was vulgar in an honest way; it went with the speed of spontaneous, expressive movement and there was no feeling that words were missing—indeed, they would have been amiss. In *City Lights* there was definitely a slowing up for the interpolation of captions.

HARRY CAREY as Trader Horn, and MutiaOmoolu as Renchers, his gunbearer

The reaction of the audience was significant. They laughed at *City Lights* and, I am told, some of them wept. At the little, old-fashioned fragment *The Count* they yelled and rocked with laughter.

It was the public not the publicists that made Charlie Chaplin. He amused the people. That is the office and the reward of the comedian. There were, virtually, no film critics then. And the fact that well-known professional reviewers now boost the exquisite moments of pathos, the soul-stirring genius which reveals the whole gamut of emotion with one look (from painted eyes under a be-wigged head) makes little difference to the queue—in spite of their fidelity and affection for a "distinguished" grey-haired "gentleman" with a "well modulated" English voice, if Charlie, the ridiculous little figure on the screen, falls short of the brilliant standard of *entertainment* which he himself has set.

And that, my friends, is why the big booking corporations, with their fingers on the pulse of the public, have said that *City Lights*—for all its unprecedented "send off" and in spite of its gloriously funny interludes, notably the boxing match and Charlie's experiences as a road sweeper—is not worth the money Chaplin, or his agents, asked for it, not because it was a silent film but because it was not actually such good entertainment as some of his earlier pictures. Excessive praise before introduction does a man or a film a disservice.

THEN we had Harold Lloyd in *Feet First*—another favourite silent comedian who succumbed, without so much as doing one of his acrobatic funny falls, to the talkies. His voice and the verbal humour have little to commend them, however, in this his latest film. But in some of the so-called silent sequences when he is having hairbreadth escapes on a skyscraper or attempting to get rid of a pile of incriminating papers over the windward side of a ship, for instance—are very funny and enthusiastically received.

The critics complain that all this is Lloyd's "old business." But listen how wayward and incon-

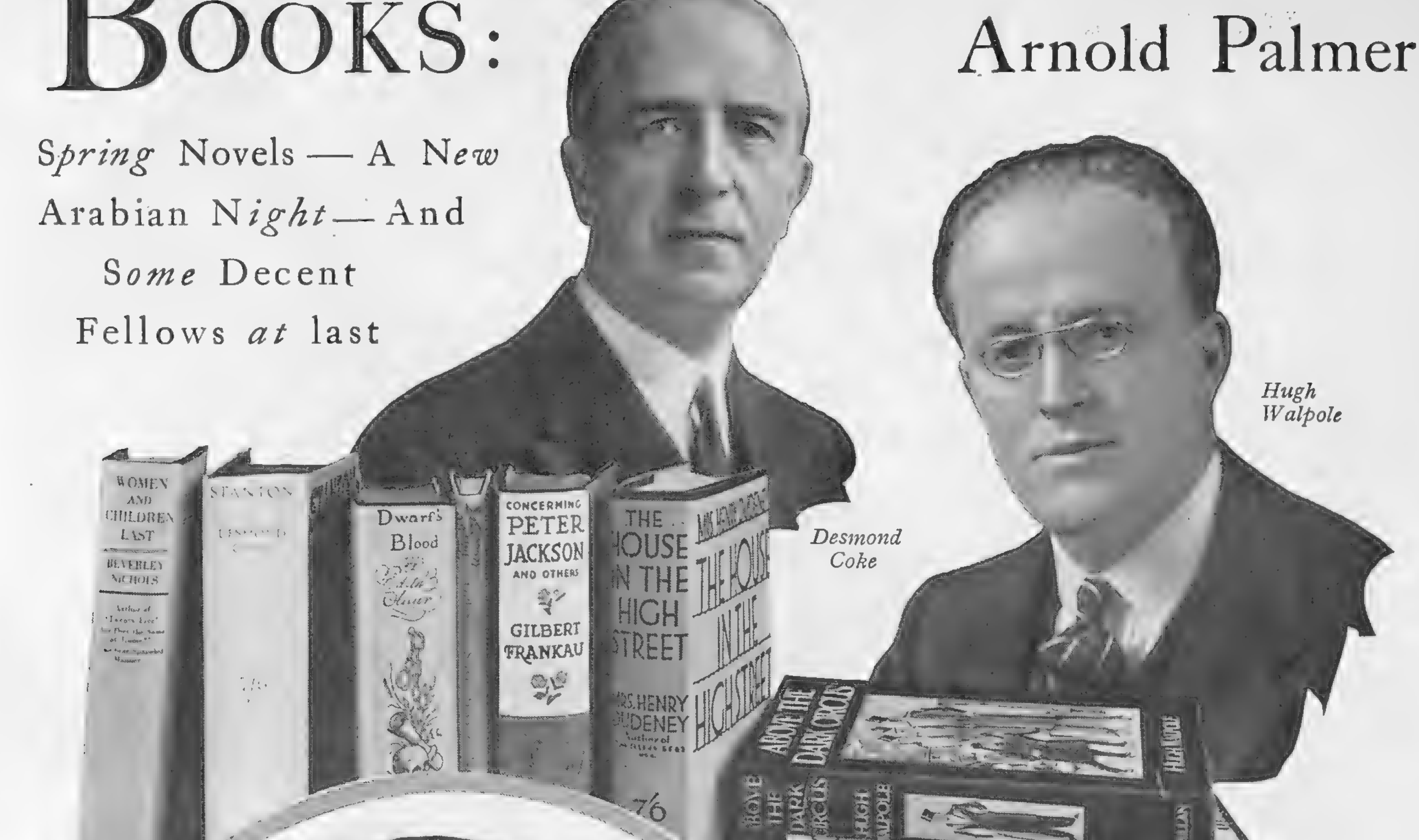
(*Continued on page* 130)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

Spring Novels — A *New* Arabian N*ight* — And S*ome* Decent Fellows *at* last



Desmond Coke

Hugh Walpole

EVIL, there is no doubt of it, abounds. As a result of an innocent question in a bookshop I once glimpsed such villainy in the bookseller that strong and cynical men blanched when they heard my tale. Being by nature a busybody I reported my discovery to the publishers and also warned the public in the pages of the periodical for which I was then working. I don't suppose I did much good—nobody does much good—yet letters reached the and proved that a few people, at least, had taken notice. But yesterday I heard of a fresh outbreak of wickedness, this time on the part of a publisher. He has just issued a *seven and sixpenny* novel, of which he has great hopes; but before supplying the Press with review copies he is stipulating, in advance, for notices of not less than a certain length. I would not have believed the story had I not had it from the lips of an editor who had himself been the recipient of this insolent demand. Needless to add, he did not encourage the new practice.

The publisher, besides being a very wicked, must be a very stupid man, for he will certainly estrange all editors and reviewers. What will he gain? He will economise on review copies at the expense of reviews; further, his terms will be accepted by those papers which don't matter at all, while his publications will be ignored by precisely those papers which, on account of their honesty, influence public opinion. If the novel in question is as good as he thinks it, it will be given all that love and care which, in a dull season like the present, reviewers are dying to lavish on something. He is doing his author, then, and all authors on his list a curious service in using them as counters with which to obtain free advertisement. Would he, I wonder, be willing to give a copy of the novel to any

Flowers and Gin

"Opus 7": *by* Sylvia Townsend Warner

(*Chatto & Windus, 2s.*)

THIS narrative poem, some fifty pages long, tells the story of old Rebecca Random, of Love Green. Her cottage garden on the highway was always a blaze of beautiful flowers, and she sold the flowers well, and with the money they fetched she bought beautiful bottles of gin. Flowers and gin filled her life. Flowers and gin. . . . That the old girl enjoyed her gin there is no doubt. What I would like to know, though, is whether she loved the flowers she grew, or what she felt about them. In estimating Rebecca's character, the point is an important one. Unfortunately, Miss Warner ignores it. Rebecca had a knack with flowers; she had "a green thumb," and they grew for her. But (although mystics will be distressed to hear me say so) I am not convinced that flowers always grow best for those who love them best.

It seems natural to discuss the "psychology" of this poem, whereas in discussions of *Dauber* or *The Everlasting Mercy* I cannot recollect the subject ever being mentioned. I suppose one might argue from this that Miss Warner is a novelist who can also write poetry, while Mr. Masefield is a poet, no matter how many novels he writes. But the argument implies qualifications I am not willing to admit. It implies criticism of *Opus 7*, whereas the first, and the last, thing to be said about it is that it is a lovely poem. It is a lovely poem, full of lovely passages; and yet, when I look for some lines to quote, to show the quality and material of the whole, I find the work so economically constructed that nothing can be dislodged. In long narrative poems there are almost always rhapsodic asides, sometimes called "purple passages" by the irreverent. But though *Opus 7* is full of exquisite pauses, of lyrical breath-takings, they are calculated parts of the design, not detachable ornaments which can be taken down, examined, and hung up again on the first convenient hook. Rather than quote inadequately, I will not quote at all. Instead, I ask you to take my word for this—that, if ever poetry has delighted you, at any time in your life, then you may safely risk two shillings here.

Gilbert Frankau, author of "Concerning Peter Jackson."

member of the public who promised to talk of it for not less than five minutes? The panorama widens. . . .

I have called the season dull, and I mean it. Usually, this is the time of year when there are so many books which simply demand to be read that one doesn't know where to turn. But, at the moment of writing, I am conscious of languor stealing o'er me as I survey the new books. I thought that perhaps Mr. Hugh Walpole's murder story, *Above the Dark Circus* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) would stir my pulse, but it barely fluttered. Let me add that the story is a good one, well contrived and told with gusto. But in spite of all the energy pumped into it, the thing refuses to come to life. That curious artificiality which marks so much of Mr. Walpole's work is here apparent, turning characters into puppets and scenes into arrangements. The idea of an adventure begun and ended in one night in Piccadilly Circus is excellent. But it invites comparison, and I could never forget that a similar idea had been used already—and rather better!—by a consumptive, long-haired Scot, called Stevenson. It is greatly to Mr. Walpole's credit that popularity has not made him careless or perfunctory. His failure to achieve complete success does not come from haste or from disinclination to take pains. On the contrary, the crackling noise that accompanies each step in the story is due to the fact that the floor is littered with sketches and drawings copied from the best masters.

MISS EDITH OLIVIER is the author of one or two books which I have not read, and of a very charming, unusual little story which I well remember called *As Far as Jane's Grandmother's*. I began *Dwarf's Blood* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) with an eagerness which, at first, the author did nothing to nourish. Instead of simple fantasy I found an improbable story with striking anachronisms—not quite the same thing. But the book improves as it goes on, and the second half is so good that I advise readers to persevere. I think that Miss Olivier sat down to write her book before the picture in her mind was fully sharp and clear. Not only does the reader come to know the characters gradually; the author, too, seems to be feeling her way from acquaintanceship to intimacy with the actors in her drama. After struggling through a hundred pages, I was on the point of laying the book aside. But I continued, and I am glad I did so, for now I can recommend a novel which, though not a great one, is quiet, genuine, and entirely out of the common.

Quiet, genuine, and entirely out of the common also is *Congo Gods*, from the Danish of Otto Lutken (Constable, 7s. 6d.). The book holds certain minor surprises. I don't understand why the very competent translator should be left to languish in anonymity, and I don't understand why a book should be printed in London N.W.1 and yet employ American spelling. Has England been absorbed during the night? If so, I shall probably settle in Belgium in the hope of meeting Lucien Dubois, the mild and lovable hero of *Congo Gods*. Lucien, a Belgian edition of Strube's Little Man, is a clerk, first of all in Brussels, and then in the Congo, and then in Brussels, and then in the Congo, and then in Brussels. With his *fiancée* in the Rue Neuf he is kind, correct and humble, and he is kind, correct and humble with the primitive beauties of Africa. He is all for peace and quiet, and yet astonishing adventures insist on seeking him out. The story of these adventures is told in a frank and matter-of-fact way which will delight many and must surely disarm even those who believe that white men never weaken. There is not a lewd or salacious sentence in the book. But when you lay it aside you will understand exactly why some ill-mannered foreigners declare that we are hypocrites. Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Concerning Peter Jackson* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) will also help to make this point clear to you. In each of his short stories Mr. Frankau takes an ordinary, familiar situation with dramatic possibilities, and in each he slides blushingly away to

(*Continued on page* 104)

Revue

"Women and Children Last"

By Beverley Nichols (*Cape, 7s. 6d.*)

FROM the publisher's tactless reminder that *Twenty-Five* is already half a decade old, one begins by deducting, with a shock, that the author must now be thirty—or more. One goes on, amused, to reflect that the evergreen Mr. Nichols must already strike some of the young ladies with whom he dances as quite an elderly bug. And one ends by noting, appreciatively, that the writer is maturing, that he is interested in the people he was content, once upon a time, to try to shock.

Women and Children Last is a volume made up of short stories, newspaper articles, and various essays and sketches. Such volumes generally make an ill-assorted whole, but this is Mr. Nichols's best book. It is more than that—it is, in spite of the recipe from which it is concocted, the most solid and individual of his books. Of the mixed ingredients, the best is precisely that one over which young authors are most liable to err—the section devoted to essays entitled "Mainly About Women." In his foreword, Mr. Nichols expresses fears that these essays will arouse the fury, and subject him to the shrill abuse, of the sweet, the auburn, the loveliest fillies, as well as the plain. Possibly he will receive indignant letters, since (as even a reviewer knows) dissatisfied readers are all magnificent correspondents, whereas the satisfied ones cannot be induced to put pen to paper. That is why, contrary to the general belief, even the most popular authors live in a constant stream of vilification. Their books sell by the ten thousand, and yet, to judge from the mailbag, arouse repugnance and loathing in all. So, as I say, Mr. Nichols's breakfasts may sizzle with outraged spinsterhood for months to come. But I believe that the majority of women, though they won't bother to write about it, will admit with pleasure and sincerity, yes, and with relief, the truth of what he says and the justice of his ideals. Women, he complains, are always acting. Like actresses, they adore publicity, and this is what he gives them.

Beverley Nichols

Madam, *did you* Know...?

THERE is a heat-regulating switch attached to this new type of copper kettle. Price 42/6

HERE is a paraffin stove with which you need have no smoke, smell or soot. Price 27/-

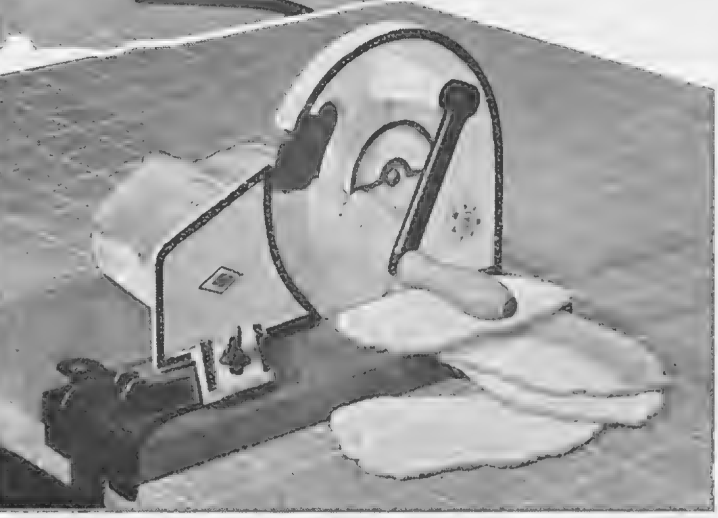
A HEAT-REGULATING switch is attached to a new electric copper kettle, so that when it boils the current need not be cut off, but regulated to a lesser intensity? By this means the water can be kept hot under boiling point and, with the aid of the receptacle provided, the combination makes an excellent porringer. A simple adjustment lowers the handle and there is a thumb-rest attached: the flat lid of the kettle furthers its utility, for objects can be placed on it to keep warm. The price is 42s. 6d., and the capacity is over three pints.

YOU need have neither smoke, smell nor soot with a paraffin burning stove. The difference is that the stove in question burns the gas from the oil, instead of the actual oil itself. It has an intense heat, and, as well as being clean, is also most economical, a pint of oil lasting about seven hours of cooking. The illustration shows a new safety model stove which is particularly useful for holiday cottages, the safety being that it is absolutely rigid. There is also a kitchen range which is entirely new and which has all these advantages, as well as others, over the old types. Single stoves can be bought for 13s. 9d.; the one shown costs 27s., and the kitchen ranges are £5 7s. 6d. and £6 15s.

THERE is a bread-cutting machine with a stainless steel blade which costs only 17s. Of course, it will cut bacon and meat as well, and an easily adjustable thumb-screw controls the thickness of the slices. Besides being stainless, another point about this new blade is that it is protected round three-quarters of its circumference. The machine can be rigidly fixed to a table and folded into a small space when not in use.

A GRATER which protects the knuckles and which costs only 9d. would be welcome in any kitchen

THERE is a most ingenious new fork which would be a real acquisition for the tea table. Cakes, éclairs, and anything that is easily damaged by handling or which soils the fingers, can be taken and put on the plate by using a small fork with a bar projector. When you press the fork top a small bar slides down between the prongs and pushes the cake on to the plate. The smallest size costs 1/9 and the largest 3/3, but a more elaborate one with an enamelled handle and a gilt fork costs 4/6.



THIS bread-cutting machine has a stainless steel blade and costs only 17/-

KNUCKLES are protected against being scraped on this new kind of grater shown in the photograph on the left. The substance to be grated is not held in the hand, but placed in the "box" and the whole moves up and down in the same way as the old models but without fear of injury. It costs only 9d., and the kitchen is sure to welcome it.

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption

By Elsie Collins

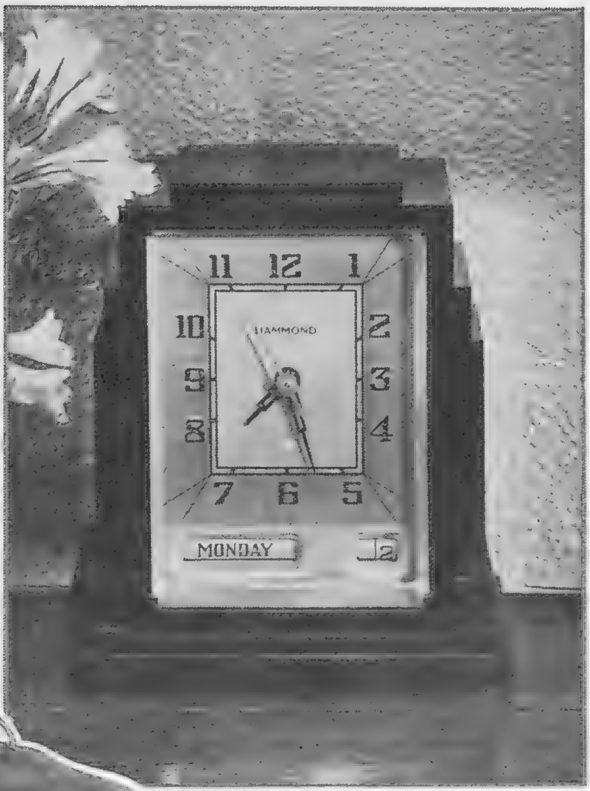
VEGETABLES, meat, fish, soups and all kinds of fruit are sterilised as well as preserved in the utensil illustrated. With the aid of this preserving outfit it is as easy to have fresh out-of-season food as it is economical, for every housewife knows the saving in buying and storing commodities when they are cheap. The system is very simple, jars are fixed on to the stand by springs, and the whole is put into the receptacle, which is half-full of water. A thermometer is provided which plainly shows the correct temperature for each kind of food. The jars are made air-tight by the following ingenious automatic method. As the water gets hot, the air inside the jar expands and forces up the lid; as soon as all the superfluous air has escaped, the spring which holds the jar in place forces the lid down again. It is impossible to remove the lid unless the lip of the rubber band is pulled out, so letting some air into the jar. The rims of the jar and glass covers form a perfect hermetic sealing, and the sterilised food will be preserved for years. The price is 18s. 3d. for the set complete; the jars are bought extra from 12s. a dozen.

THERE is an egg-whisk which makes one egg go as far as two. It is most useful for making egg custards, mayonnaise, or even ice-cream. The cylinder is so planned that by pumping a partial vacuum is created and the ingredients whisked up. Price 4s. 6d.

CREAM that is *real* cream can be made in two minutes from butter and milk, with the aid of a simple machine. The initial outlay of £5 5s. is saved after fifty pints have been used, for the cream made by this machine costs less than one shilling a pint. All that has to be done is to heat equal parts of fresh butter and milk, and put this mixture into the container attached to the machine. This is then pumped through the delivery tube as pure cream. It will also make margarine cream for cake fillings, if that substitute for butter is used.

A COMPLETE set for sterilising and preserving costs 18/3, *while separate jars can be bought from* 12/- *a dozen*

HERE is an egg-whisk which precludes any splashing or wastage, makes one egg go as far as two, and costs the modest sum of 4/6



THIS electric clock not only keeps perfect time, but also registers the day and date. £4 . 12 . 6

AN electric calendar clock has just been placed on the market which sells at the comparatively low price of £4 12s. 6d. Besides the time being kept with perfect accuracy, the day and date, which is at the foot of the dial, changes automatically at each midnight. The clock is $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, the silver finished dial being $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., and the black bakelite case is of modern design. This clock operates from an alternating current 200-250 volt 50 cycle and the current consumed is one five-hundredth part of a unit in an hour—which is practically negligible.

THERE is a new Sunlight Lamp that is portable, yet safe both electrically and mechanically. Although summer is coming, there will be many days in which artificial sunlight is needed, and 19 guineas will buy this complete outfit.

It has been especially designed for home use and would be most suitable in the morning-room and nursery. Constructed to operate from A.C. mains of 100 to 250 volts (40-50 cycles), it can be used in exactly the same way as an ordinary floor standard lamp.

The whole outfit is portable and consists of the base, which comprises a transformer in a cast iron case that holds the cable for connecting the mains, a stand divided into two parts, and a reflector with a holder. It has a smooth silvered finish, and nothing of that fearsome look about it which characterises some scientific apparatus, and, unless you look right into the light, no glasses are needed.

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, *Strand, W.C.*2.

The New Cooking

whether by means of Electricity, Gas, Oil or Coke, deserves our attention because it appreciates the needs of a modern household

By Len Chaloner

The Regulo control on this gas stove enables the oven-heat to be set at the exact level desired. Radiation Ltd.

HOW many women realise that by automatic regulation a stove can cook a five-course dinner in, say, an hour and a half without any attention at all?—the complete meal being put into the cooker at one and the same time, and emerging perfectly cooked ready for serving.

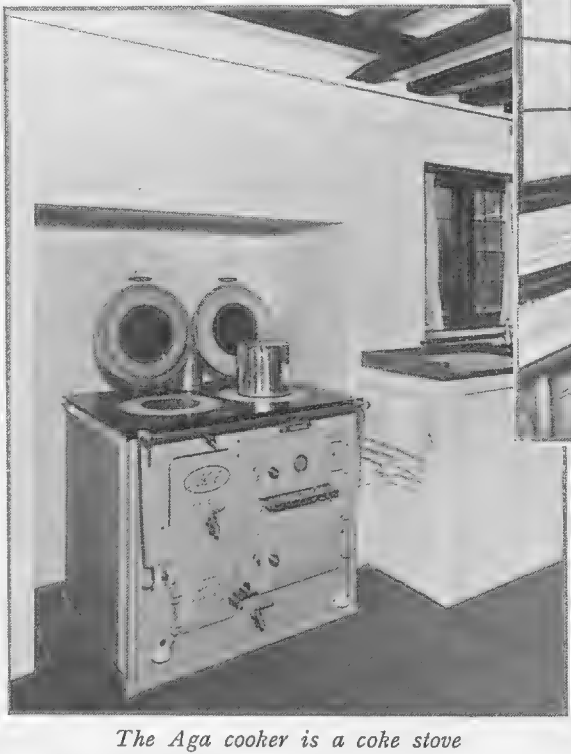
Here is precisely such a menu in detail: time 1 hr. 15 min. Tomato soup, halibut, chicken with bread sauce, peas and potatoes, and fruit caramel pudding. It is taken for granted in such a case that the fish is placed on a layer of chopped vegetables and is cooked in a fireproof dish, while the chicken and baked potatoes are roasted in a meat tin in the usual way. There is no risk at all of the dishes acquiring the flavour of each other in the process of cooking at the same time.

This miniature Tricity cooker is invaluable to the bachelor girl and costs only £2 15s. 6d.

Some of the gas stoves so regulated are designed with only one burner at the back, thus providing for different heat levels in the stove, and enabling different dishes to cook at varying temperatures at one and the same time. Automatic regulation is now possible when cooking either by gas or electricity.

Another aspect of the new cooking, however, comes in the form of storage heating. Storage heating spells economy plus efficiency, for in spite of greatly increased fuel economy the stove is ready immediately for cooking.

Two notably different methods of achieving stored heating are by coke and electricity.



The Aga cooker is a coke stove designed by a Swedish specialist which costs only 2d. a day to run

A coke stove that costs but 2d. per day with coke at £2 per ton sounds like a householder's dream, particularly as it does the cooking for twelve persons. It is, however, a very practical reality, designed by an eminent Swedish scientist.

It has a hot oven for roasting, with a cooler one beneath for the purpose of finishing foods cooked in water having been started on the hot-plates on the top, and can be left in the cool oven on the haybox principle.

When the stove is not in use the air supply is just sufficient to keep the fire burning. By this organisation it is easy to roast, boil, fry or simmer dishes at one and the same time.

Electric heat storage cookers are new in that they utilise heat stored in a block of cast iron situated in the heart of the cooker and thoroughly insulated against heat losses. A constant input of 500 watts continually replenishes the quantity of stored heat which can be used as and when required by the hot-plate or in the oven. All operations are carried out exactly the same as with any ordinary cooker, but the consistent limit of 500 watt consumption ensures predetermined cost of operation, that is to say that careless usage does not make the bill go up. Yet in spite of this economy the hot-plate of the new cooker will boil two pints of water from cold in less than three minutes, and any desired temperature for cooking can be obtained quickly by opening the shutters and switching on the 500 watt booster element.

This well-equipped kitchen boasts a Baby Belling electric stove which has two heat regulators

The efficient housewife would do well to acquaint herself with the various new models obtainable.

Plan your Kitchen like a Workshop

THE real saving of labour lies more often in small things than large ones; the retracing of steps, the bending over, the reaching up, are responsible for half the day's fatigues in a domestic round, and for a surprising amount of time taken per job.

The industrial psychologists have sifted it all down to seconds, multiplied by energy wasted. In a nutshell, however, an immense amount of efficiency can be added to a home when the kitchen is planned like a workshop. In a modern workshop the raw material comes in at one end and goes out machined and assembled at the other. Its various intermediary processes take it in a steady march through the intervening sections.

We should plan our kitchen as far as possible on the same basis, admitting that work cannot go through in quite so automatic a fashion, and that sometimes doors, windows and chimneys, even in a new home, may not always be arranged just at the most convenient place for our particular scheme.

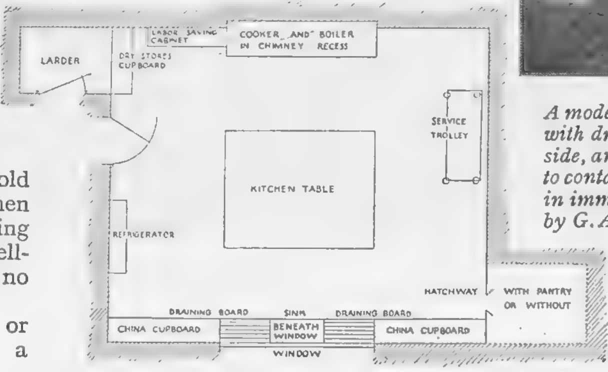
The tradesmen will bring the "raw materials" to the door and from this should lead the storage departments; larder and store cupboards, whether just inside or outside of the kitchen door. If we have a labour-saving kitchen cabinet this will be the next stage for our food, or the bulk of it, in its preparation. On the other hand, if the kitchen table is used for preparing food, then it will not matter so much if the cooker or stove comes directly next on that particular wall, though it is undoubtedly still in the best sequence.

A glimpse of a pantry and hatchway that provides quick and efficient service to the dining-room without duplication of work. Designed by Douglas Tanner, F.R.I.B.A.

The next stage will be that of service to the dining-room. Ideally the dining-room wall is against one of the kitchen walls, so that along the next wall we may plan a serving pantry and hatch such as the one illustrated.

The shelves in this particular pantry are trays, that can pass straightway into the dining-room without double work.

A less elaborate hatchway, even without a pantry, would still be a great saving, and it might be added that the modern service hatch is fitted with double doors on each side, the opening of one set automatically controlling the closing of the other. Thus the old drawback of seeing into the kitchen from the dining-room or hearing sounds of dishing up and smelling the savours of cooking no longer exists.



If we have no serving pantry or hatch, then we must have a service table or trolley on wheels to use straight from the stove. (In these days of glass and earthenware oven-proof vessels, dishing up has been greatly simplified.

A WHOLE wall may be devoted to the service from the kitchen, and this will bring us to the third wall, opposite to the stove, where we will plan for two good draining boards with a sink beneath the window. Correct height is an important point here. Most sinks are placed too low for comfortable work.

Some arrangement for holding refuse should be near to the sink, ready to be filled and at once incinerated on the stove or else consumed by a convenient hot water boiler, or else removed to an outdoor container as soon as the washing up is completed.

If a refrigerator is included in the equipment this should be on the fourth wall, if possible, near to the left hand of the tradesman's door, handy for the arrival of milk, fruit, etc. By the same planning we have also further option in the placing of the larder, and find ourselves back again at the point from which we started; our meals have been stored, prepared, served, washed and cleared away in the circuit.

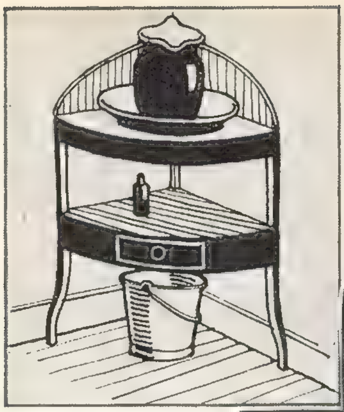
IF in consideration of the many little jobs that go to the preparation of a meal we add to our kitchen equipment a high stool on wheels, we are already saving an important percentage of fatigue. Too many small items of work are done standing up that could be just as well accomplished sitting down—at the right height. In our final effort at efficiency we should never forget the importance of artificial lighting in the kitchen. It is very deliberately that we have planned the sink beneath the window. Lighting points to help washing up and cooking are vital, and contrary to general practice we shall have ivory paintwork and light walls!

A modern planning of the sink, with draining boards on either side, and glass covered dressers to contain china and glass within immediate reach. Designed by G. A. Fortescue, A.R.I.B.A.

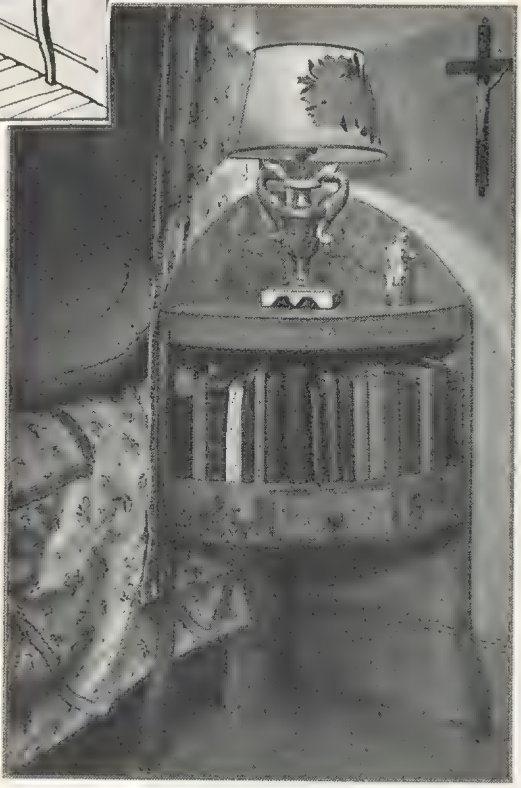
Rejuvenating Furniture

How to transform discarded pieces of furniture into attractive additions to the home

By Mrs. Frank Bennett



Here is the old-fashioned corner washstand before it was rejuvenated



This charming bedside table has been made, with very little trouble and negligible expense, from the antiquated and ugly corner washstand shown above

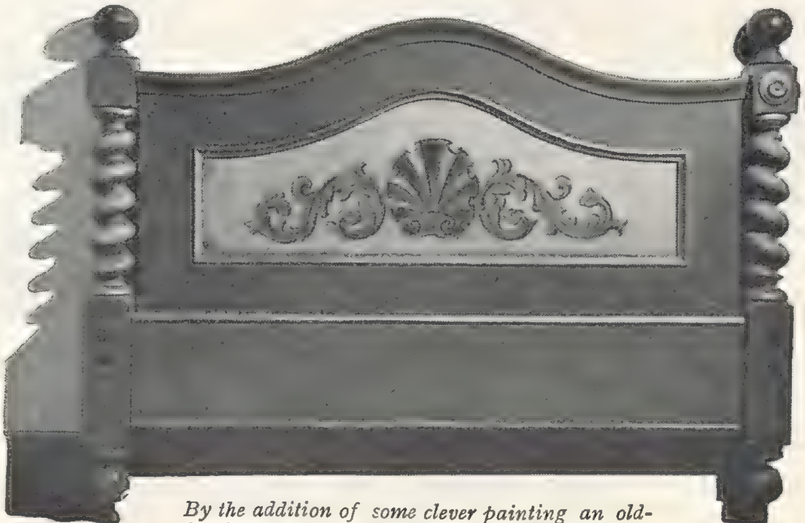
WHAT can be done with the family horrors — the relics of a period now despised and jeered at? How can those discarded, out-of-date pieces of furniture which find their way into junk shops, where they can be bought for a few shillings, be rejuvenated?

A great deal can be done with these pieces. They can all be painted.

Pickling is a favourite form of rejuvenation, but much overdone. Really it is a treatment only suitable for badly-used antiques which need rescuing. Poor shape and indifferent carving, the characteristics of the later Victorian furniture, merely become emphasised if the stain and varnish are stripped off. The best method is to paint the furniture in attractive colours and to decorate it with simple designs, such as arrangements of garlands, scrolls and flowers, or shells and cornucopias. These can be easily adapted and copied from good antique furniture.

There is little difficulty about the painting. Three coats are always necessary: an undercoat of flat white is preferable to a first coat of colour; this will go straight on to a varnished surface and remain a sound basis for the next two coats of the chosen colour.

The bed-end shown at the bottom of the page was originally a ponderous piece of mahogany, a hideous red-brown in colour and highly polished. Nevertheless, the shape, a dull one in varnish or plain wood, suggested something interesting —it suggested a Florentine treatment, so a Renaissance shell with a heavy leaf scroll on either side was painted on it in shades of blue-green and yellow-green with touches of gold, and the side columns marble-ised in keeping with the Italian character. The knobs are not too fine in shape and decorative urns might well take their place.



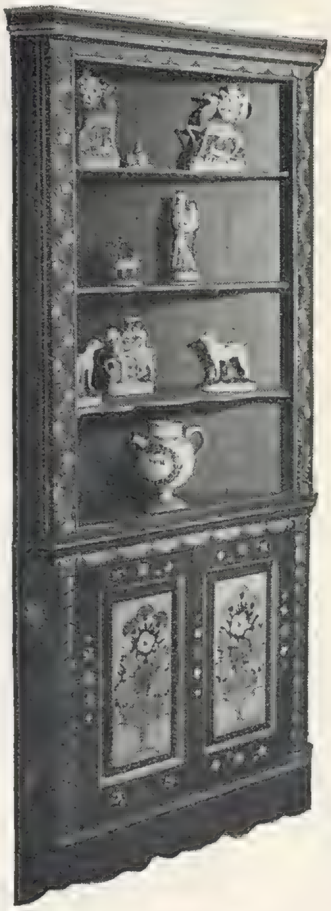
By the addition of some clever painting an old-fashioned mahogany bed has been converted into this attractive piece of furniture. Once a hideous red-brown in colour and highly polished, now it is decorated in soft tones of blue and green

It is a good idea to dismantle a Victorian bed and use the head and foot as head-pieces for two modern divan beds.

THE corner cupboard, crudely "grained" in a particularly revolting colour, was extracted from a pile of rubbish at the Caledonian Market, but the wood was good and solid, the mouldings hand-made and the shelves, although partly hacked away, were pleasantly curved.

Gay painting of a peasant type resulted in a piece of furniture which, if not valuable, is at least decorative and useful. The inside was painted a bright red, and the shelves a light blue-green, deep blue with red and white flowers decorate the front, and the barley-sugar columns are in yellow ochre.

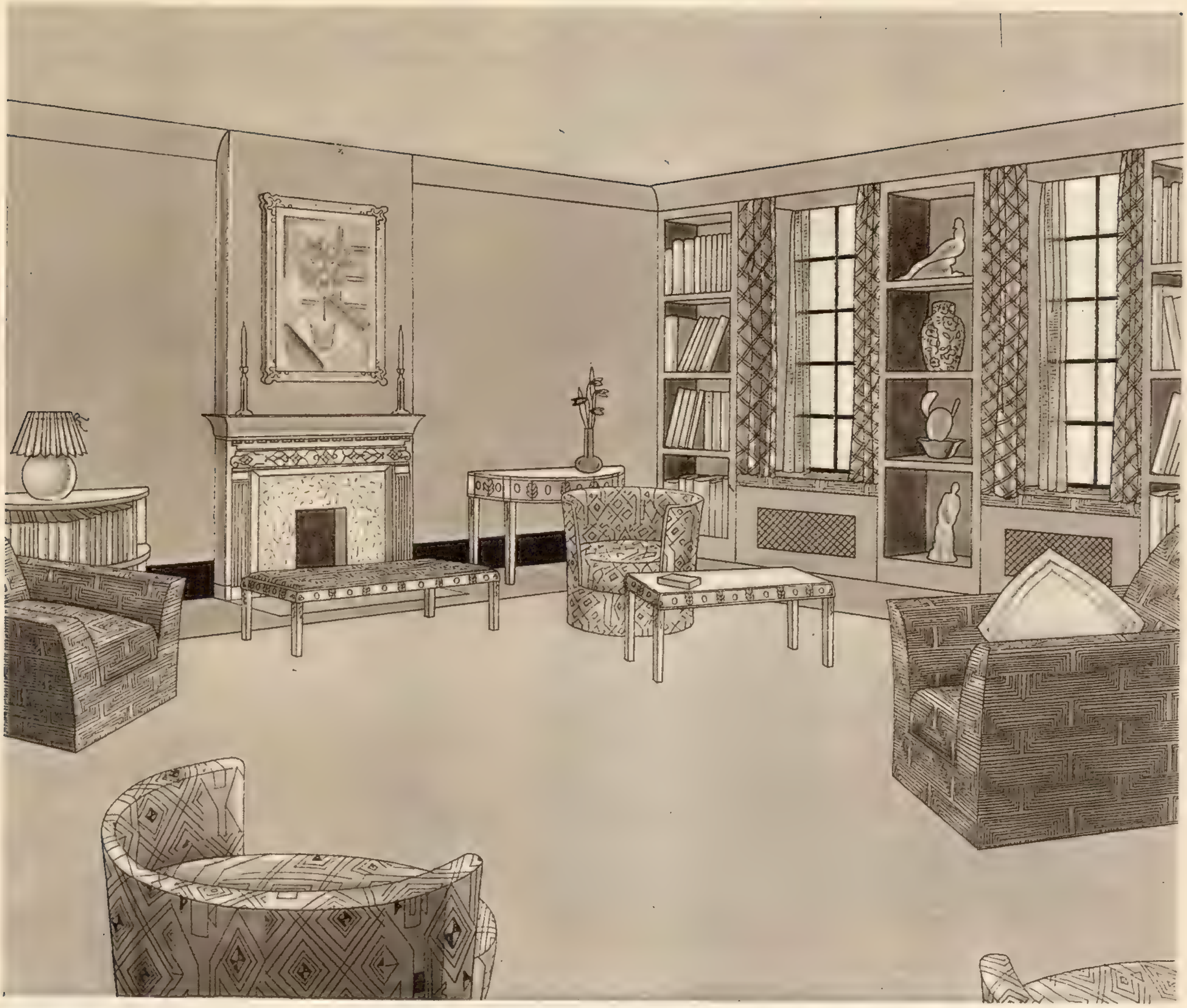
The very ordinary little washstand, of a type which may be picked up in almost any second-hand shop, was easily transformed into an article of furniture of quite another character. The basin hole was covered in and the shelf portion backed up; it was painted a pleasing colour and decorated with a delicate design of flowers and ribbons. A museum piece of similar shape and painted with pink carnations on a grey ground gave the idea for the finished design. In addition, the mellow and rubbed-down appearance of the original, caused by years of human contact, was also reproduced.



This decorative corner cupboard was once crudely grained and was picked up for a few shillings in the Caledonian market

A VICTORIAN dressing-table can be cut in two and the mirror and chests of drawers used separately. The marble top of a wash-stand and the leather covering of chairs take paint quite well. The Victorian overmantel is more difficult to handle because its side pieces have to be cut away. The mirror itself, however, remains and if an extra moulding is run around it the effect can be quite modern.

Tables, chairs and chests of drawers of the heavy mahogany type may appear to be a difficult proposition at first, but it is surprising what a little courage and some pots of paint will do.



A *Colour* Scheme *for* a *Living* Room

AN attractive harmony carried out in buffs and browns enlivened by soft tones of coral-pink and yellow

By Ronald Fleming

THE living-room as sketched here shows an essentially simple and inexpensive treatment, and depends mainly on colour for interest. The scheme is worked out in buffs, ranging from nigger to string colour, relieved with yellow and with stronger notes of light aubergine and coral.

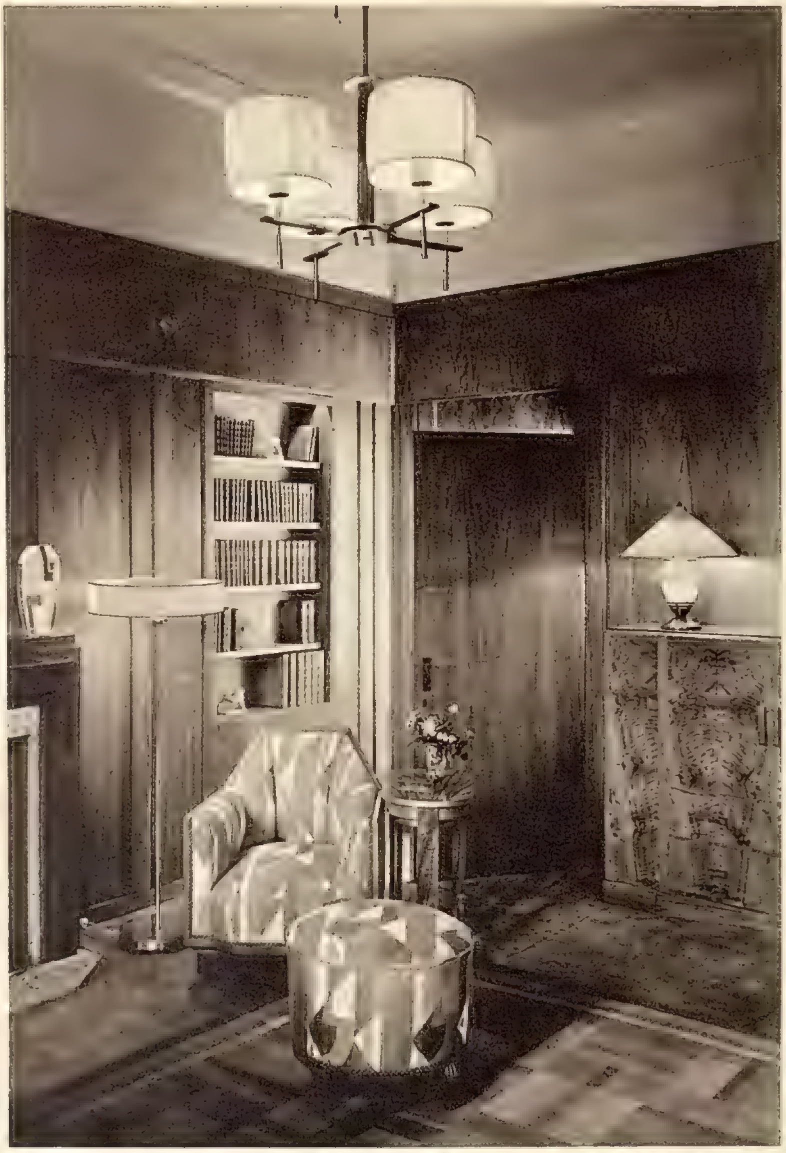
The fireplace is a modern low-burning grate, with a plain unpolished composition oatmeal stone surround, and a simple eighteenth-century design chimney-piece, carried out in waxed pine. The walls are painted (which is always an eventual economy) in buff yellow with the brush marks showing straight down. A white lead paint is used, mixed with tube stainers to the desired tone, always a satisfactory method. The walls are subsequently varnished, intensifying the tone and giving protection and interest in reflection. The ceiling is treated a tone lighter than the walls and the skirting is painted black, which is both effective and practical. The floor is brought to a pine colour like the chimney-piece and then waxed; and the door, which has always hard wear and soon soils if painted, is also left in waxed pine. Pine book-shelves are built on either side of the windows, on a line with the simple casing covering the low radiators, which are then useful as window-seats.

Gold silk net is used for the inner curtains, and the outer curtains are made of plain yellow percale—costing a few shillings a yard—quilted across in a diamond shape with a double coral thread. They hang straight down from runners behind the cornice covering the book-shelves. Flat window-seat cushions are made in a modern design of coral and buff.

The furniture is essentially comfortable and consists of easy chairs of different sizes, a long fire-stool, and a comfortable settee. A plain pine book-case is on the left of the fireplace and a small half-round painted card-table is on the right. The cream bowl-lamp has a coral colour shade. A screen in a modern paper of buffs and yellows covers the door opening and completes the comfort of the room.

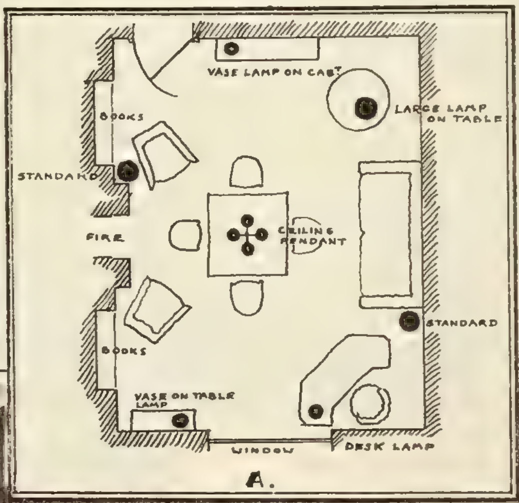
The easy chairs are covered to the floor with loose-fitting covers in modern designs of buff and yellow, with plain yellow moiré cushions piped with nigger braid; and the fire-stool repeats the coral of the window-seats. The settee on the wall opposite the fireplace is covered to the floor in plain yellow moiré piped with nigger braid, with two aubergine and one coral-coloured cushions all piped with yellow. Beside it stands a plain wood standard lamp coverd with coral material and with a gold shade; this also lights the baby-grand piano in waxed pine which stands against the fourth wall. Four small bridge chairs have seats of gold buff bound with yellow braid. The additions of flowers, pictures and books, etc., can be freely colourful, and heighten the general cheerful tone of the room.

Planning *your* *Lights*



A centre light for general use, a side lamp for decoration, and a well-placed standard reading-lamp illumine this comfortable room

Here is the plan of the room showing the exact disposition of the lamps



Lamps placed at different levels lend variety and interest to a room; care should be taken that the light never shines directly into the eyes

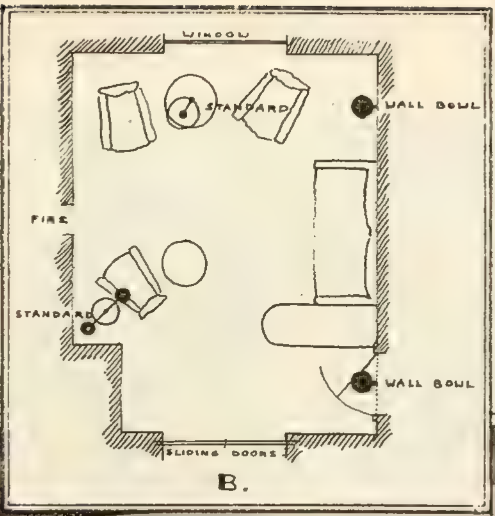
It is neither possible nor desirable to speak of lighting for domestic use in technical terms, or to enumerate the endless possibilities of its application.

Electricity, because of its facility to adaptation, has been much abused by the ingenuity of designers. The function of electric lighting in a private house is very different from that of public buildings such as cinemas, restaurants, and shops. It has no display problems or dramatic qualities and should be considered as essentially comfort-giving.

For normal purposes the increased eye-comfort of indirect lighting is out of the question, because of its greater expense. Long runs of hidden lights are expensive to install in the first place, and more expensive to maintain because confined—*i.e.*, inadequately ventilated lamps have a shorter life. Many units of small candle-power give far less light than one unit equivalent to their total—for instance, a one 150 watt bulb will give 25 per cent. more light than ten 15 watt

Practical advice to those who wish to save their eyesight and their money, but who do not wish to economise in beauty

By S. Chermayeff



This room is lit by wall lights placed opposite the fireplace and by two standard lamps

bulbs. Long runs of small units require regular cleaning and constant attention to maintain their efficiency.

For these reasons alone, when an equivalent effect may be obtained by less complicated means, I strongly advise it.

The general lighting of a room is one problem: the reading and working lights are another. In the first case the light should be no stronger than that which is sufficient to read large type, such as newspaper sub-headings, with ease. The position is a matter of distribution determined by the plan and purpose of the particular area, and an important consideration is that the light should not shine directly into the eyes. The practice of placing points of light on the chimney-breast in living-rooms is passing, for the obvious reason that people are normally gathered round the fireside, facing it to reap the full benefit of the zone of warmth, therefore the source of light must be either adequately obliterated or be behind the person or persons so placed.

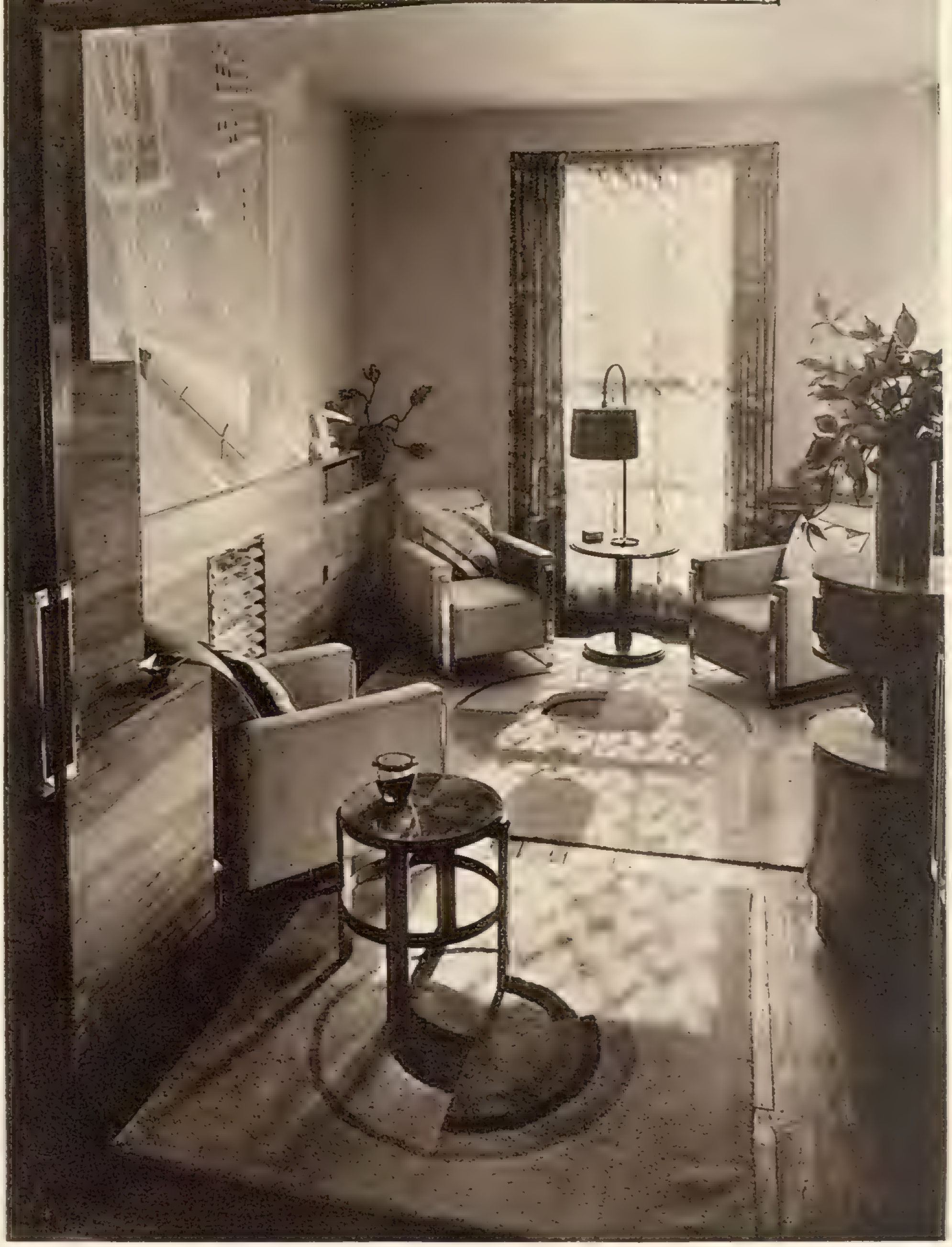
Reading or working lights should invariably be well shaded, and the shades have large mouths and a lining calculated to increase reflection and give even diffusion. The best surface for this purpose is a dead flat white, and not a shiny surface. For normal use anything under 40 candle-power is too weak for healthy reading and over 60 too strong. In our time exhaustion from reading is, I believe, more often caused by the glare of reflected light on the printed page than by straining the eyes because of inadequate lighting.

A tranquil and attractive effect is more easily obtained in the intimate surroundings of a room through variously placed sources of light than by an even distribution of light. For instance, two wall lights or a decentralised ceiling light can be balanced by a floor standard and a table lamp provided that they are of equal tone and volume.

In considering, therefore, the question of room lighting one has to envisage two different problems: first, general use, and second, specific purpose. For reading the light must be thrown on the object to be seen, but for dressing and washing a strong reflection is necessary. In either case, the principal consideration, apart from a sufficiency of light, is the position of the source of light, which must be conveniently placed out of the direct line of sight.

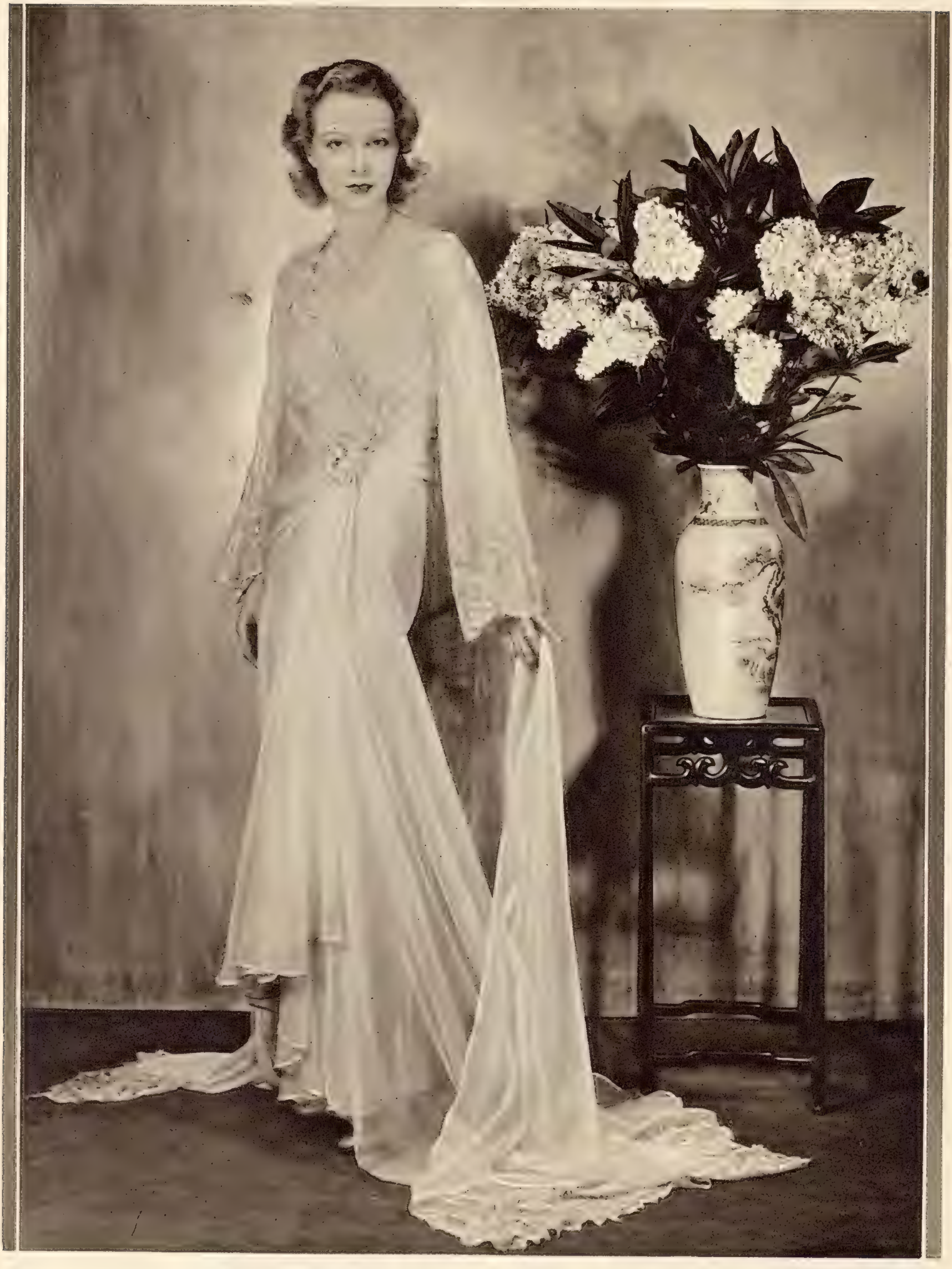
To avoid monotony, especially in moderately-sized rooms, a variation of levels should be adopted—as, for example, on one side two wall brackets at 7 ft. above the floor, which is the best level for the average room of between 9 and 12 ft. in height; and on the other a standard about 5 ft. in height and a table lamp about 1 ft. 6 in. above the normal table height of 2 ft. 6 in.

These simple principles which I have briefly outlined are clearly illustrated by the plans and photographs of the two rooms, one a study and one a living room, reproduced on these pages.



A standard lamp which is an integral part of a small table is a practical notion. In this room it is so situated that the position of the furniture does not require readjustment after the daylight has faded and the lamps are lit

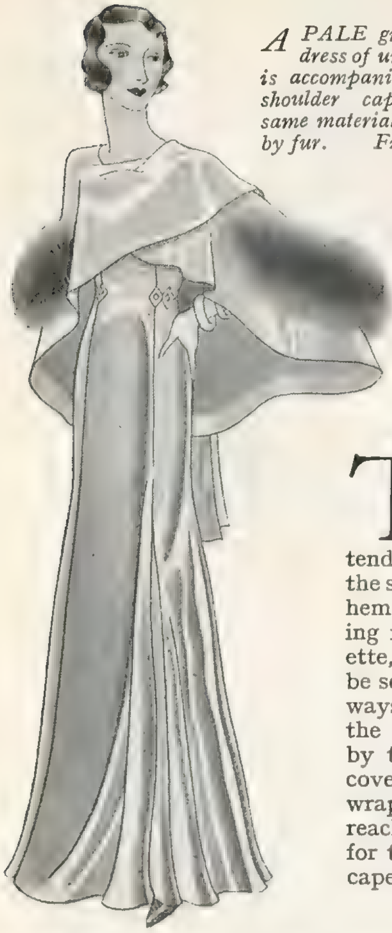
MISS JEAN BARRY POSES IN A TEA-GOWN



Photograph by Maurice Beck

THIS famous dancer who, with her husband, Dave Fitzgibbon, is one of the principal attractions of "Ever Green," first came to London three years ago. She appeared in "The Girl from Cook's" and made such a success that C. B. Cochran engaged her to dance in "This Year of Grace." Her exceptional slenderness and pale-gold hair are shown off to advantage by this lovely tea-gown of orchid-mauve chiffon and lace which comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

EARLY SUMMER FASHION NEWS



A PALE green satin dress of unusual cut is accompanied by a shoulder cape of the same material weighted by fur. From Isobel

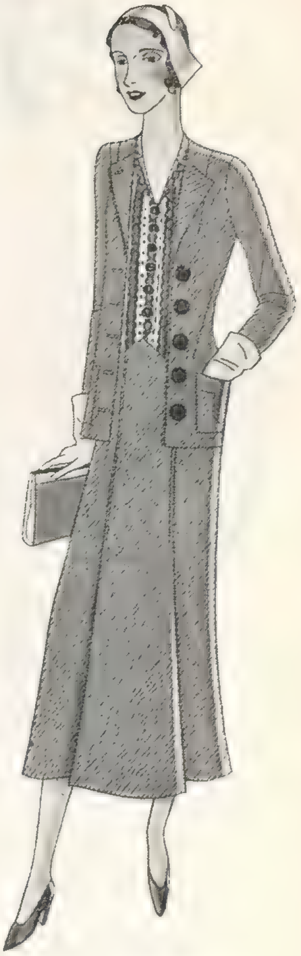
Contrasts—both in colour and in material—are of great importance this season

By

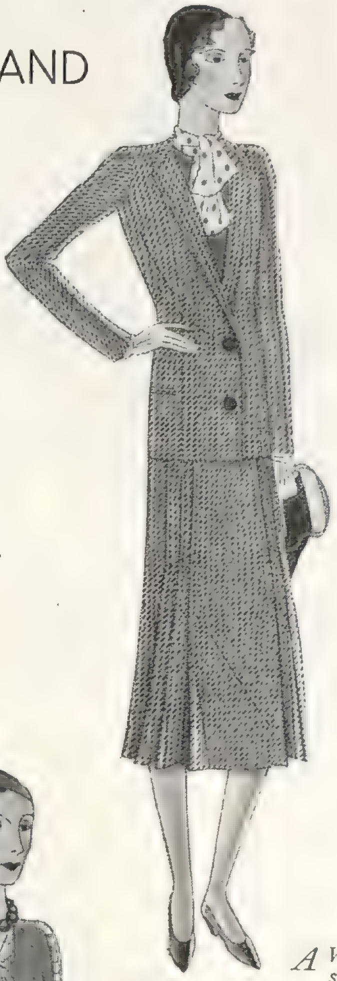
MADGE GARLAND

Woman Editor of "Britannia & Eve"

THE evening silhouette remains long and slender with the waist at the natural line. There is a tendency towards a slight flare in the skirts between the knees and the hem. A favourite method of obtaining fullness is pleating, and georgette, chiffon and even lamé are to be seen pleated in a dozen different ways. An important novelty is the broad shoulder line achieved by the suspicion of a cape which covers the top of the arms. Evening wraps are either very short, barely reaching to the waist, or very long: for the summer the short bolero or cape will be triumphant.



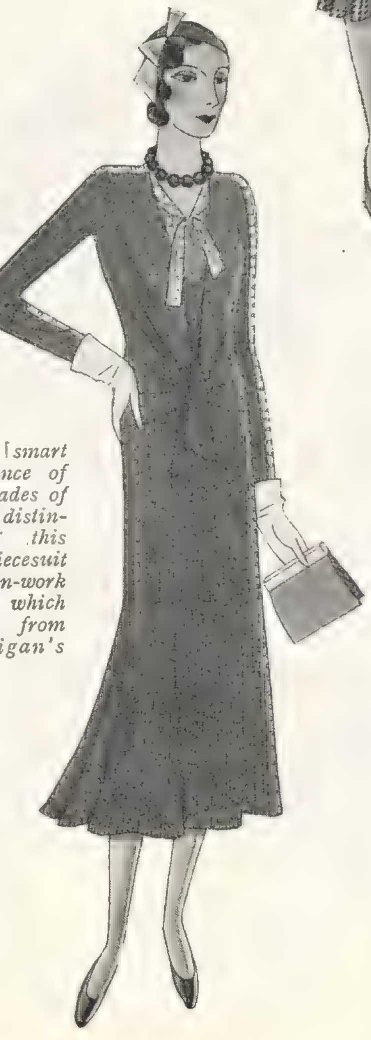
A JANE REGNY suit in tweed has a short, tight-fitting jacket and an unusual waistcoat of black and white fancy striped woollen jersey. From Finnigan's



A WELL-CUT coat and skirt with a single-breasted coat is carried out in a new black and white check tweed material. From Studd & Millington

THIS is a season of novel fabrics, and the simplest morning costume or jumper is rendered interesting by the weave of its material. First favourite amongst the new fabrics is broderie anglaise, which is to be seen utilised not only for garden-party and race frocks, but for blouses and, more surprising still, for evening gowns. Its influence is apparent even in our woollens, and several new jersey cloths are to be found pin-pricked *à jour*; silk jersey of a similar weave is used both for afternoon and evening gowns. An excellent use of the woollen jersey *à jour* is shown on the right. This costume is made of dark green jersey and has a flared skirt and a becoming short coat which ties in front. With it is worn a pale green blouse of the same material with deep cuffs of the dark green reaching almost to the elbow. This, and the Jane Regny suit sketched in the right hand top corner of this page, are only two of a large selection of French costumes to be found in the new model gown department at Finnigan's, whose huge new building at the corner of Bond and Clifford Streets is one of London's latest architectural additions.

Our jumpers this summer really deserve a more euphonious term, for they are very far removed from the sombre shapeless woollen garments to which this name was originally given. Some of the newest models are loosely knitted in a fine openwork lace stitch, and boast large hand-embroidered initials in contrasting colours; others are made in Irish crochet stitch. One attractive model was of navy blue wool in an Irish crochet pattern with a yoke and half sleeves of pale blue; another had the fashionable short sleeves and was finished at the neck by a garland of flat crochet flowers.

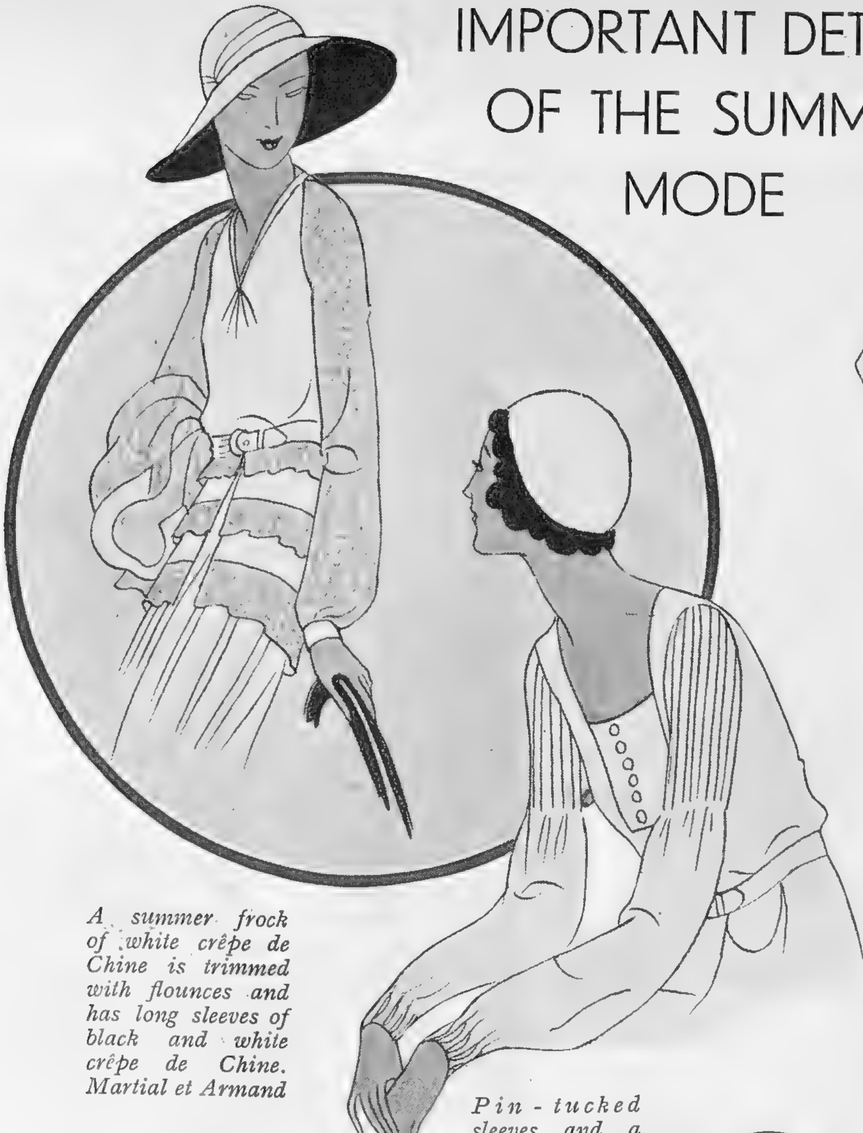


THE smart alliance of two shades of green distinguishes this three-piece suit of open-work jersey which comes from Finnigan's

CONTRAST in materials is much affected. For instance, a cloth or jersey dress will have a shantung coat; an evening gown of satin looks smart when allied to a short coat of velvet, and an attractive afternoon ensemble consisted of a blue printed crêpe-de-Chine dress accompanied by a long coat of blue velveteen.

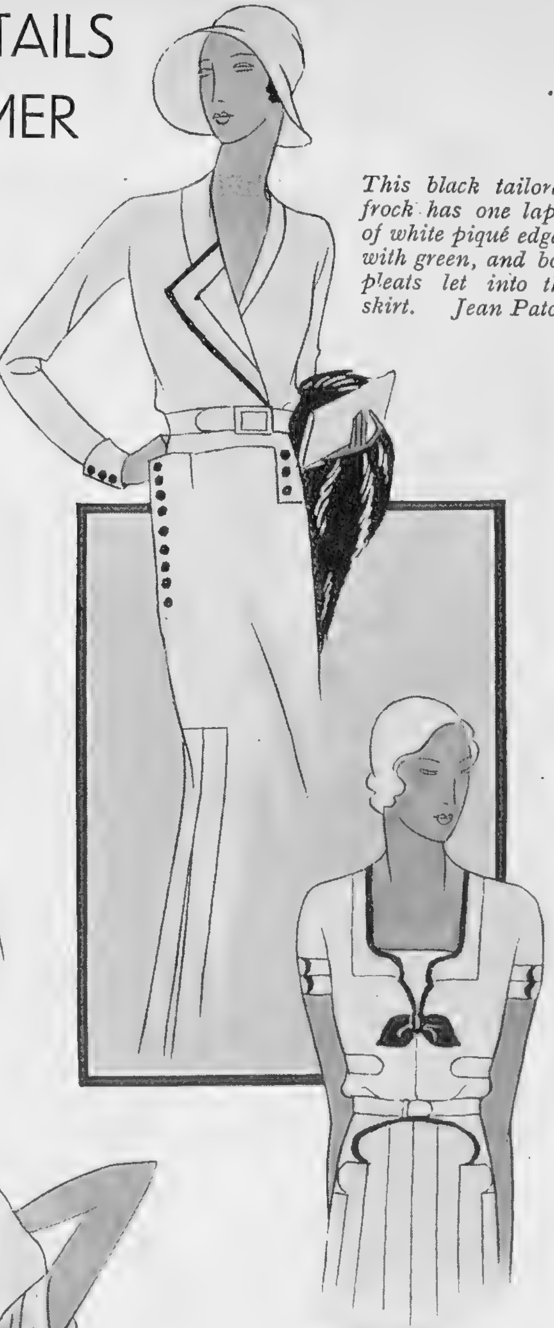
Contrast in colour is equally important, particularly in our coats and skirts and morning costumes, and a dark skirt and short light coat look very smart especially when worn with dark gauntlet gloves. One patriotic costume allied a navy blue skirt, a white blouse and a scarlet coat; a more conservative one consisted of a brown dress, a short green coat, brown gloves and a small green turban trimmed with a flat brown feather. There is a tendency towards wearing a light coat over a dark dress, one smart afternoon costume consisted of an oyster white coat worn over a black dress, another of a pale blue woollen coat over a darker blue dress.

IMPORTANT DETAILS OF THE SUMMER MODE



A summer frock of white crêpe de Chine is trimmed with flounces and has long sleeves of black and white crêpe de Chine. Martial et Armand

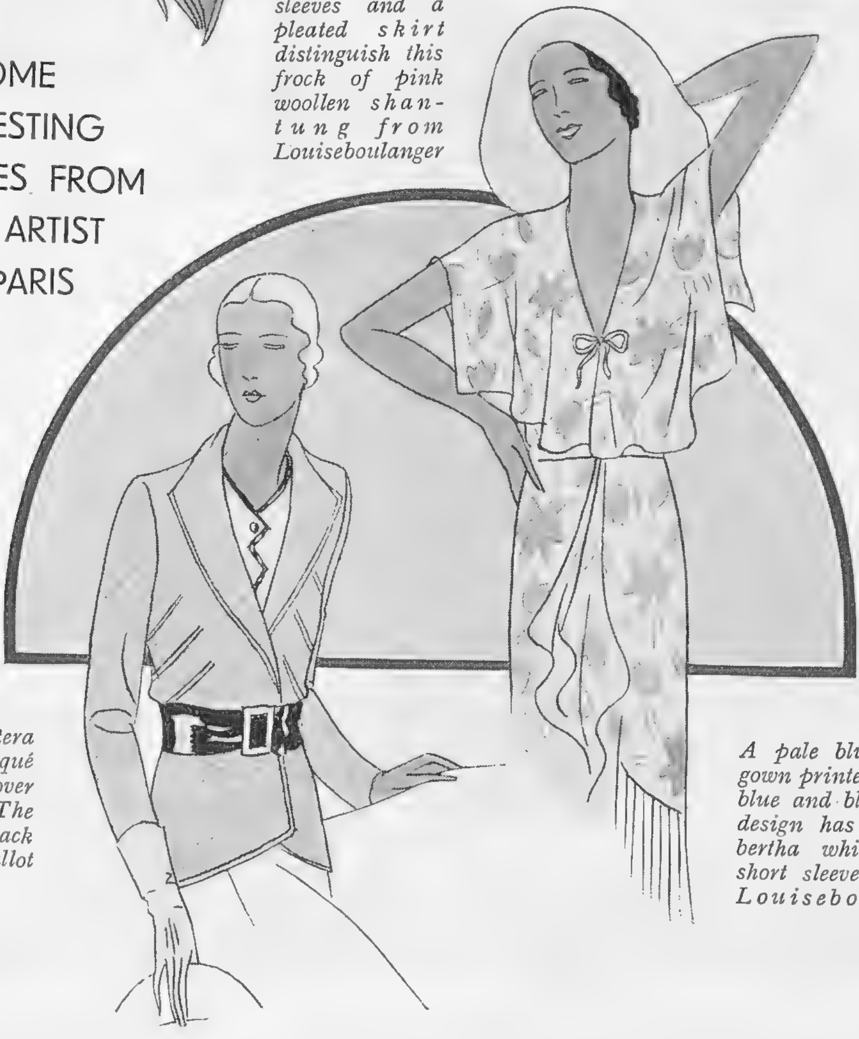
Pin-tucked sleeves and a pleated skirt distinguish this frock of pink woollen shantung from Louiseboulanger



This black tailored frock has one lapel of white piqué edged with green, and box pleats let into the skirt. Jean Patou

A sports dress of red jersey has short sleeves, a pleated skirt, and lingerie touches of white piqué. Model from Jean Patou

SOME INTERESTING SKETCHES FROM OUR ARTIST IN PARIS

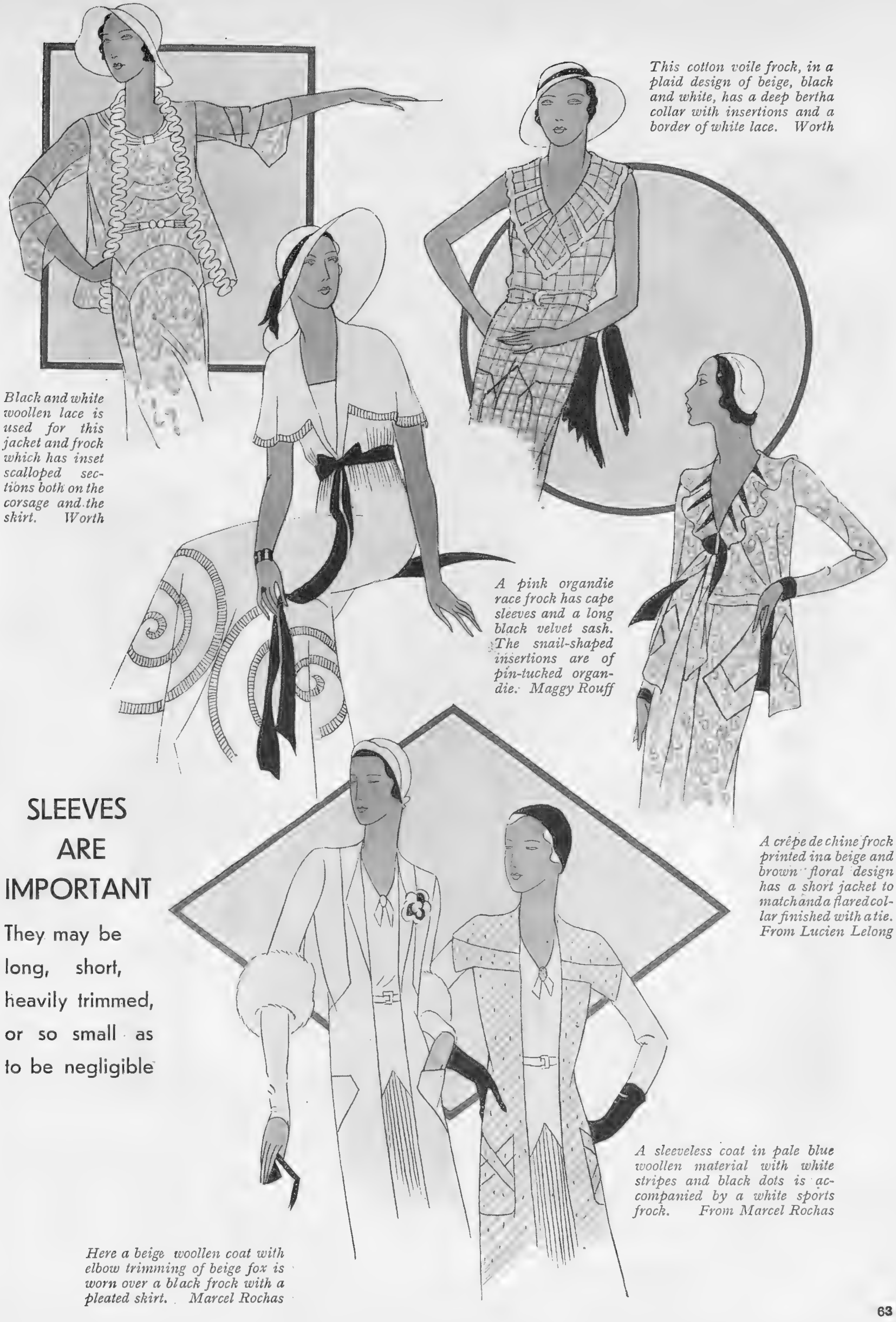


An amusing etcetera is a yellow silk piqué jacket to wear over sports frocks. The broad belt is of black patent leather. Callot

A pale blue chiffon gown printed in a red, blue and black floral design has a chiffon bertha which forms short sleeves. From Louiseboulanger

SLEEVES ARE IMPORTANT

They may be long, short, heavily trimmed, or so small as to be negligible



Black and white woollen lace is used for this jacket and frock which has inset scalloped sections both on the corsage and the skirt. Worth

This cotton voile frock, in a plaid design of beige, black and white, has a deep bertha collar with insertions and a border of white lace. Worth

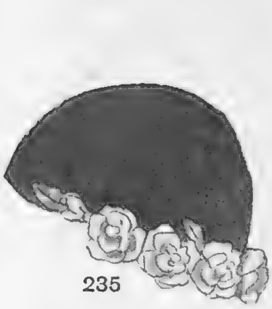
A pink organdie race frock has cape sleeves and a long black velvet sash. The snail-shaped insertions are of pin-tucked organdie. Maggy Rouff

A crêpe de chine frock printed in a beige and brown floral design has a short jacket to match and a flared collar finished with a tie. From Lucien Lelong

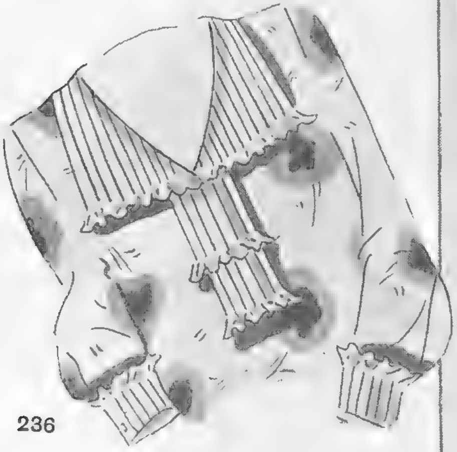
Here a beige woollen coat with elbow trimming of beige fox is worn over a black frock with a pleated skirt. Marcel Rochas

A sleeveless coat in pale blue woollen material with white stripes and black dots is accompanied by a white sports frock. From Marcel Rochas

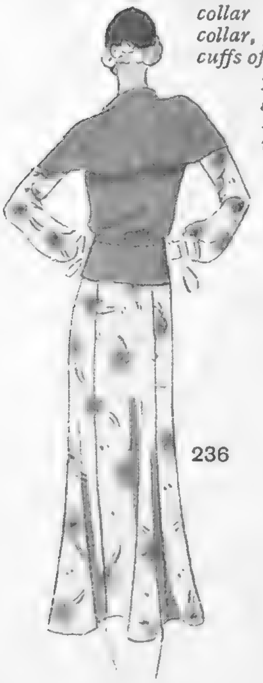
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE


235

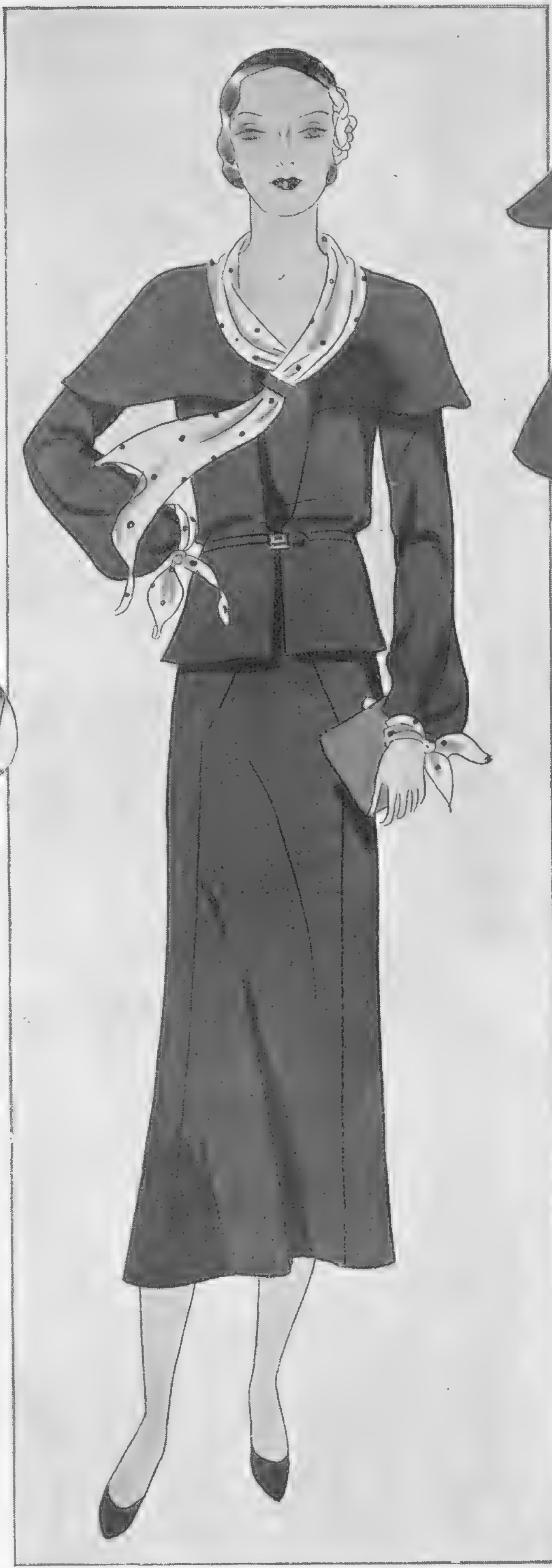
235. Most becoming little black knitted cap. Requires 2 ozs. of wool and No. 11 bone needles. Slightly draped to one side and trimmed with a spray of small white gardenias. Could also be trimmed with any colour flower to match the colour of the ensemble. Full instructions, price 1/-.


236

236. An alternative to the scarf collar is this collar, jabot and cuffs of tucked or pleated georgette. Included in pattern 236.

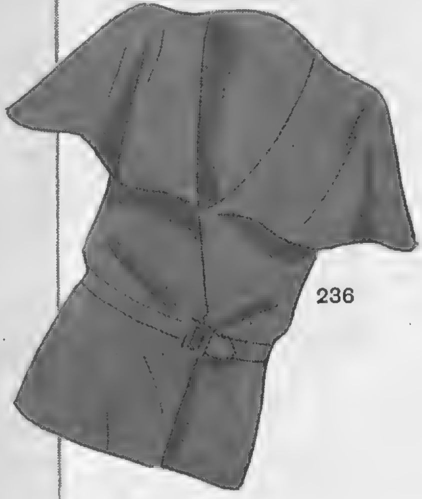

236

236. The short coat of dark material would look equally well over any printed crêpe de Chine or chiffon summer frock. It could also be used as an evening wrap

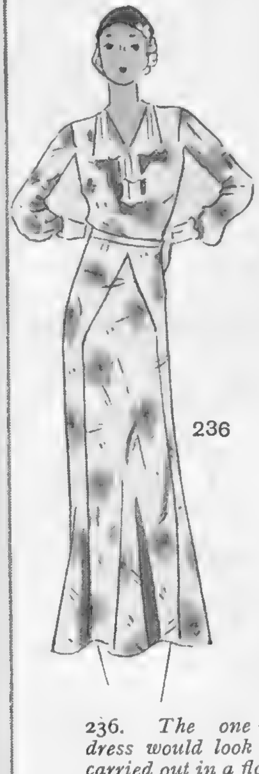

236

236. This pattern includes the one-piece frock, two different sets of collars and cuffs, and the short, sleeveless coatee. The dress requires 4 yards of material, the coat 2¼ yards. The price of the entire ensemble is 2/-

236. The short coatee has a shoulder cape which does duty for sleeves. Requires 2¼ yards of material. Included in pattern 236


236

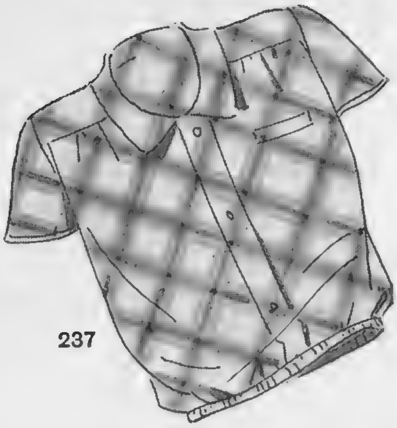
The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 ins. larger in each case. Dress patterns 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each. Costumes 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2


236

236. The one-piece dress would look pretty carried out in a flowered material, or two dresses, one plain to match the coat, and one of a patterned but matching fabric might be made alike

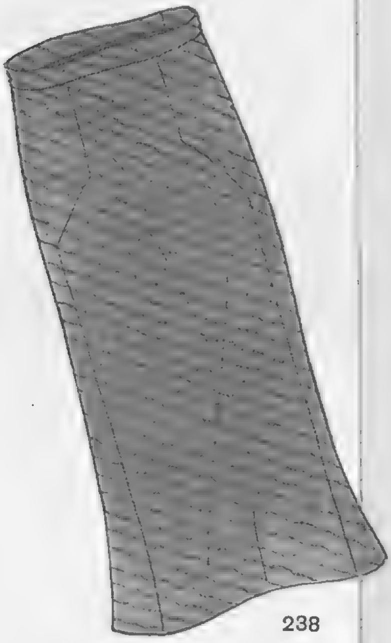
FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Two practical and easily-made summer ensembles together with their attendant accessories



237

237. *Shirt blouse which may be worn buttoned high in front or left open as in the centre sketch. Instructions for both long and short sleeves included in the pattern. Requires 1½ yards for short and 2 yards for long sleeves.* *Price* 1/-



238

238. *Useful skirt, slightly flared, mounted on belt of its own material. Would look equally well in tweed or washing silk. Requires 1¾ yards of* 54-*inch width material.* *Price* 1/-

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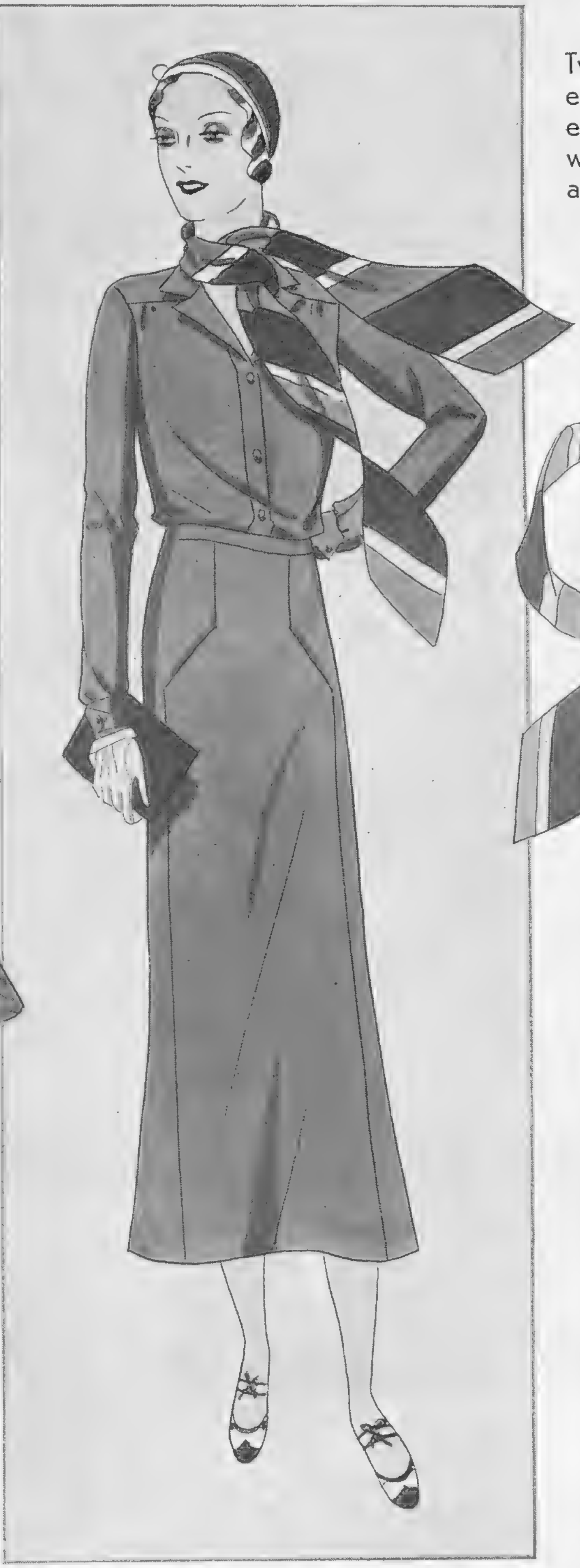
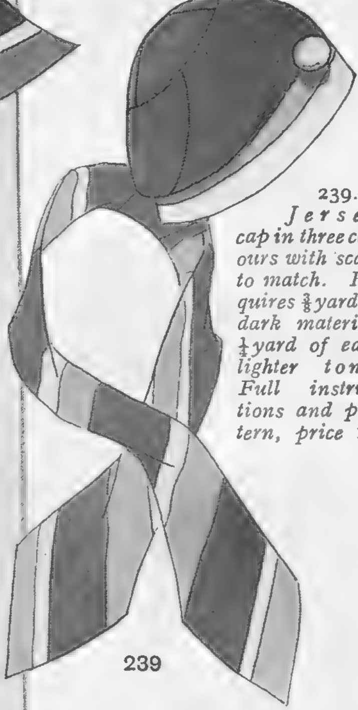


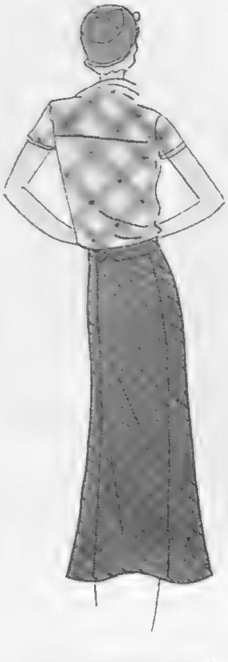
237-238

237 and 238. *These two patterns, if carried out in the same material, make a charming and practical sports dress. The neck may be worn open or shut, and both long and short sleeves are included in the blouse pattern. The price of each pattern is* 1/-



239

239.—*Jersey cap in three colours with scarf to match. Requires ⅜ yard of dark material, ¼ yard of each lighter tone. Full instructions and pattern, price* 1/-

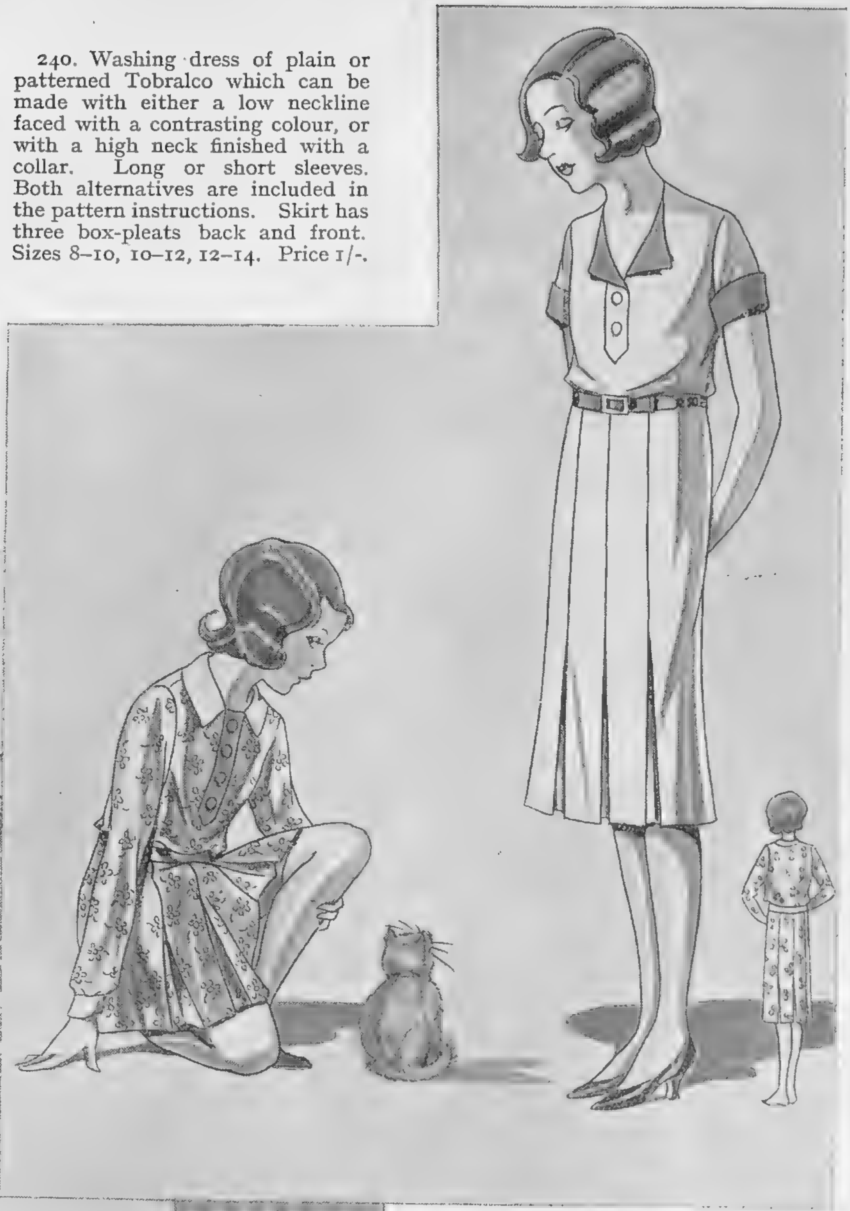


Another method of using the two patterns, 237 *and* 238. *A blouse in check silk would look very smart with a tweed skirt*

Summer Suggestions *for the* Younger Generation

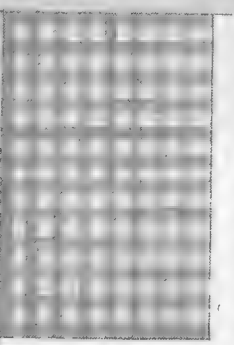
Simple
Patterns which
will help to
solve many
Nursery Problems

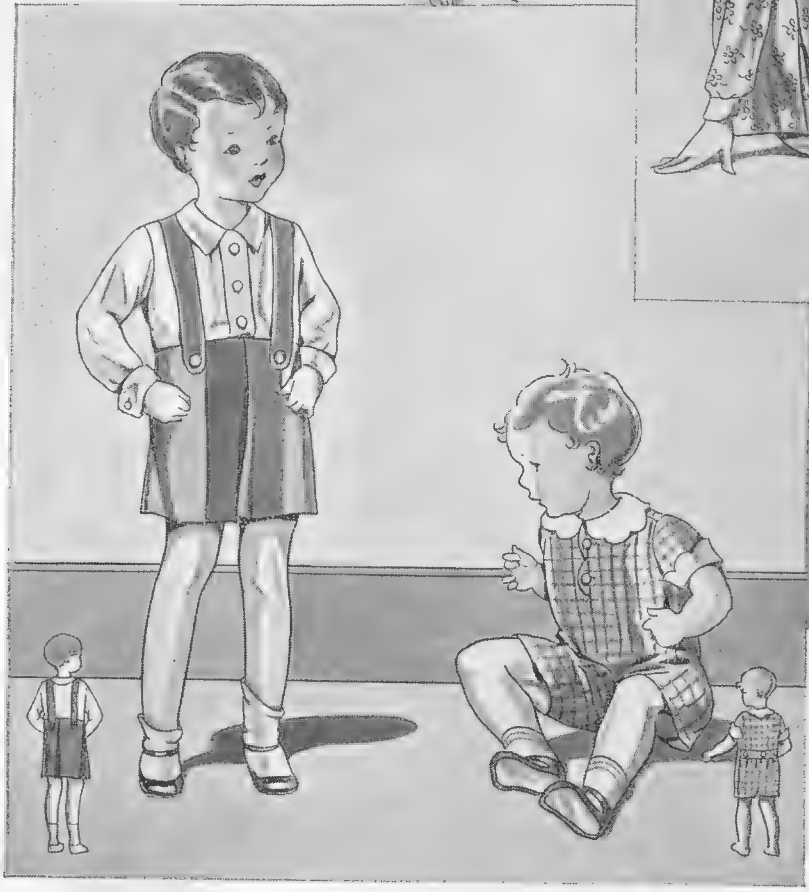
240. Washing dress of plain or patterned Tobralco which can be made with either a low neckline faced with a contrasting colour, or with a high neck finished with a collar. Long or short sleeves. Both alternatives are included in the pattern instructions. Skirt has three box-pleats back and front. Sizes 8–10, 10–12, 12–14. Price 1/-.



240 240

240. For an older girl of 12–14 this dress would look charming in white Tobralco without a collar and with short sleeves faced with yellow, and with a bright yellow belt to match. Instructions and patterns for alternative necklines and for both long and short sleeves are included in the pattern. Sizes 8–10, 10–12, 12–14. Price 1/-.





241 242

241. Practical two-piece costume for small boy. The blue Tobralco trousers open down the sides, and are supported by blue shoulder straps. The white Tobralco shirt has a turn-down collar, and fastens with buttons down the front. ¾ yard of blue, and 1 yard of white material, 38″ wide, is required. Ages 2–4. Price 1/-.

242. This simple romper is carried out in check Tobralco with white collar and cuffs. It is both easy to make and to launder. It is cut in one piece, fastens down the front with buttons, and has a back opening. Requires 1½ yards of 38″ material and ⅜ yard of white linen for the collars and cuffs. Ages 1–2. Price 1/-.

Our Pattern Service

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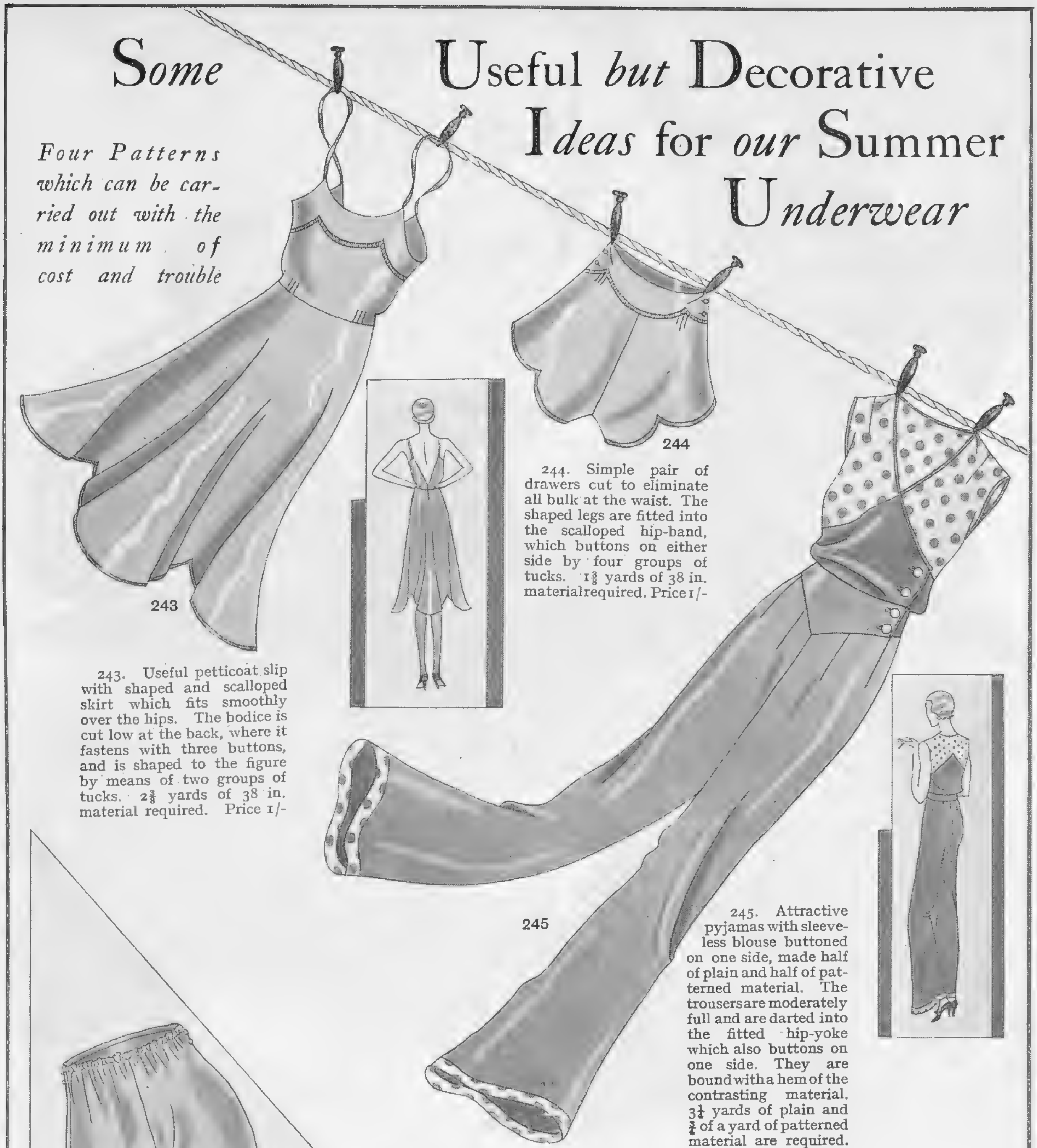
Some Useful *but* Decorative Ideas for *our* Summer Underwear

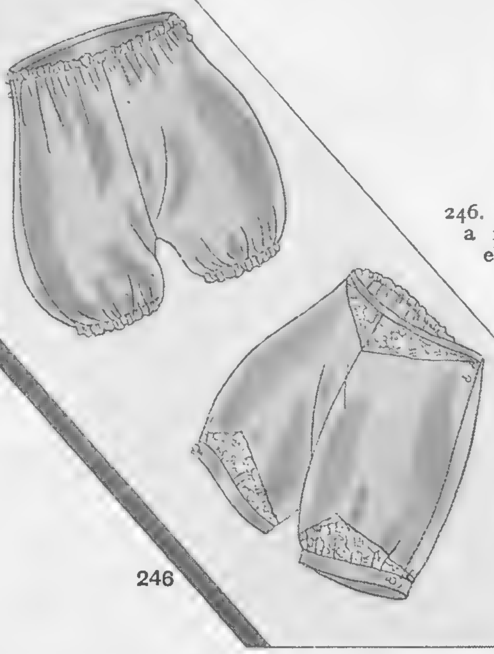
Four Patterns which can be carried out with the minimum of cost and trouble



243. Useful petticoat slip with shaped and scalloped skirt which fits smoothly over the hips. The bodice is cut low at the back, where it fastens with three buttons, and is shaped to the figure by means of two groups of tucks. $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 38 in. material required. Price 1/-

244. Simple pair of drawers cut to eliminate all bulk at the waist. The shaped legs are fitted into the scalloped hip-band, which buttons on either side by four groups of tucks. $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 38 in. material required. Price 1/-

245. Attractive pyjamas with sleeveless blouse buttoned on one side, made half of plain and half of patterned material. The trousers are moderately full and are darted into the fitted hip-yoke which also buttons on one side. They are bound with a hem of the contrasting material. $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of patterned material are required. Price 1/-



246. These closed drawers have a flat yoke in front and an elastic at the back. Fastened by buttons on either hip. Can be made either with the legs gathered into an elastic or darted into a lace cuff and finished with a band of the material buttoning on one side. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material required. Price 1/-

Our Pattern Service

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 *and* 42 *ins.; Hips,* 4 *inches larger in each case. Dress patterns,* 1/6 *each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks,* 1/- *each; costumes,* 2/-. *Please remit to* BRITANNIA & EVE'S *Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

The Robot Woman

Left: *Members of a women's commune discussing social problems*

Below: *Comrade A. Nesterova, a member of the board of directors of the Moscow Co-operative Association. She was formerly a tram conductor*

A recreation room in a co-operative workers' house

КРЕСТЬЯНКА

A peasant woman of the new Russia reading a newspaper specially prepared and published for peasants

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

describes the lot of the Russian woman to-day

SINCE man first was, in the most trying circumstances and divergent climates, Eve has always contrived for herself an effective setting. The South Seas beauty with her tropical fruit and flowers, the little Esquimau in her snow hut, like the most modern mondaine, will arrange a domestic background so that the most emancipated mind instinctively associates woman with home.

The busiest, the most successful amongst us keep a special niche where we can indulge our thoughts, spread our wings and preen our feathers—grey or gleaming—until the very atmosphere, saturated with our individual reactions, intensely influences the male. A place of one's own, harried womanhood's immemorial cry, finds an echo in every female heart.

Stripped of her domestic privacy, with its tiny and precious personal things, forced to adopt a social standardisation which covers the most intimate details—what will poor Eve do?

That is the question which haunted me continually when I was recently in Russia.

Home as we understand it is no more in the Russian cities; the mother is no longer mistress of her household, concerned with the comfort of the family, the arrangement of the meals, the entertainment of the guests. She is to-day a unit in a vast machine and lives, not in her own domain, devised for her use and pleasure, but in a specific area of breathing space, allotted by Government on a basis of so many cubic feet per person.

Uniformity is the ideal set by the Soviet, and any apartment that varies the drab standard endured for generations by the poorer classes is viewed with suspicion, as evidence of counter-Revolutionary sympathies. The level enforced on the middle or professional classes is that found in the general labourer's home all over the world, with the same painful lack of privacy, the same heart-rending inability to think, even to weep, by oneself.

Eve can no longer devise colour schemes which delight the eye with their light and shade and subtle touch of individuality. Invariably utilitarian, with monotinted hangings and stark lighting this living place offers no inducement save as a shelter wherein to sleep.

A WIFE has always been inclined amiably to grumble at the trouble of ordering meals, studying the tastes of her husband, remembering what he likes and dislikes. But what a blank is left when she no longer has the power to choose, when all the little individual shops have gone. For with the destruction by the Soviet of private ownership there have come into existence vast Government co-operative stores, where the same goods at the same prices, with the same wearying monotony of display, force a sickening and unsatisfying routine.

There is no chance nowadays to give a charming little dinner, as in the time of old Russia. The only meals taken in the house are breakfast—with the universal menu of rye bread, apple jam and tea—and supper with the same articles of diet. The bread and tea, sugar and jam are bought on ration cards, as is everything else, clothing and fuel included.

Her midday meal, like her husband's, is taken in the club attached to the Government store, office or bank at which she is employed, while the children eat at the State school.

At first sight she will joyfully acclaim an existence which relieves her either from the trouble of managing servants or doing the work herself. But she only exchanges domestic ties for Government responsibility, and at the end of the day there is no cosy little nest to return to, but only the big club with its standardised menu of soup, meat and an indifferent sweet, for which she must wait hours on end. It is no use for her, tired with the rush of the office, to complain of bad service—the only alternative to the club is the public restaurant, also under Government control, where you may sit and beat your spoon upon the plate in hopeless hunger. She is powerless to upset the machine of which she is a part. Useless to appeal that you are in a hurry—you cannot be swifter than the Government which up to the present is unable to arrange a system under which you may hope to get your meals in a reasonable time!

"Saychass," says the waiter or the waitress—"Saychass—presently," that dreadful word impedes your progress in innumerable directions.

THE saddest thing to me is the disappearance of feminine vanity from the Russian woman. In the city she is uniformly drab—not that she wears an official garb, but the almost total lack of new material has forced her to adopt sad-hued raiment, dyeing her old garments mud coloured that their shabbiness may be concealed. Fashion there is none, all those charming little feminine foibles—the dainty neckwear, the coloured handkerchief, the touch of scent, the pretty gloves, that make an ordinary toilet individual, are tragically lacking. Very few women use cosmetics, and silk stockings are a dream that is past. The beauty parlours in the Government stores are rigidly unalluring. It is difficult to get more than one shade of powder and you must wait hours on end for a shingle or a haircut.

But even if a woman contrives in some wily fashion to evolve a pretty frock, a smart costume, she has little opportunity to revel in her finery. She may call on herself the displeasure of the Soviet. She is attempting to assert her ego against the consensus of opinion.

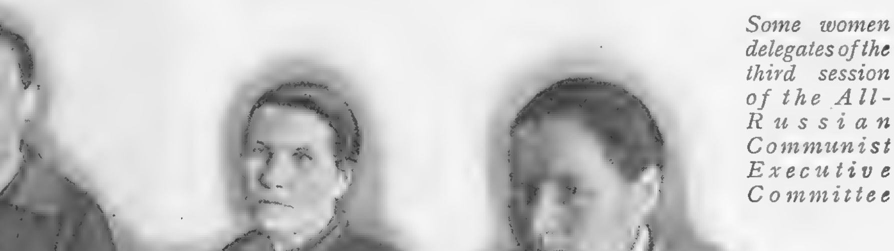
Of social entertainment as we know it there is none. Congresses have taken the place of tea-parties; Communist meetings at the trade unions' halls, proletarian rallies, have supplanted balls and other festivities. You cannot arrange a "rag" at the club—the rank and file must not be incommoded for the convenience of a group of members. Moreover the proceeding would be regarded as waste of energy, mental and physical. There is no time for play until the Five Years' Plan, which is to bring prosperity, comfort and luxury to Russia, has been accomplished.

IN her teens and early twenties the Russian girl, like a healthy tomboy, revels in Communist life. As the Bright Young People of our own country the youth of both sexes go about in hordes without, however, any class distinction. Released from the High School or the University, they eat together, talk—oh, how they talk!—hold meetings, preach Communism and finally go to sleep in Government lodging houses, student hostels or the place of any friend who will put them up.

Communism and all it implies is to them an ecstasy. To sacrifice for the Cause is in itself a compensation for mortification of the body or spirit. It is after the first flush of adolescence that the shoe begins to pinch. Friends and comrades have gone on their separate ways—doctors, typists, agricultural experts, there are a hundred choices to make—but whether in her public career or in her private existence a woman is only a tiny part, an infinitesimal spoke in the giant Communistic wheel.

A tragic acceptance, an almost listless acquiescence falls on the Russian woman when she turns her thirties. She has reached a time when in most countries she would have stabilised her life, looking forward to a certain measure of attainment. There is no such vision of fruition for the Russian woman of the professional class. If she be the head of a department she will enjoy a salary which will ensure the

(*Continued on page 91*)



Some women delegates of the third session of the All-Russian Communist Executive Committee

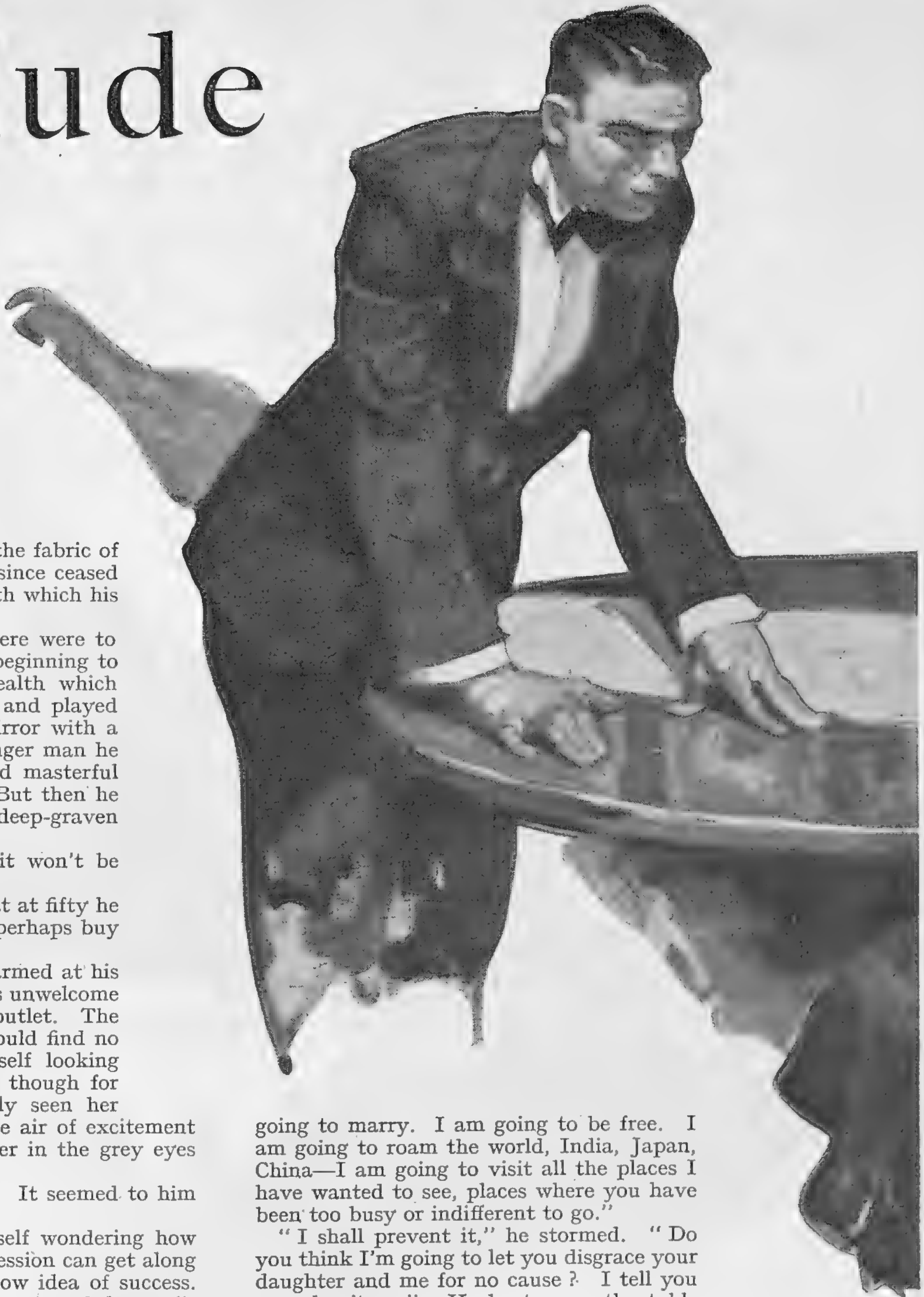
Taking a rest after dinner. The children are walking to their open-air beds in sleeping sacks

Comrade Vorobyova, a co-operative director examining the book of complaints at a co-operative store

Russian peasant women listening in to a radio programme given in the workers' club

Postlude

A Drama of Rebellion and Reunion



SUCCESS had become so woven into the fabric of John Huntly's life that he had long since ceased to value the exquisite smoothness with which his household machinery ran.

As he dressed for dinner he was glad there were to be no guests. At eight and forty he was beginning to experience those little symptoms of ill-health which come to men who have worked too much and played too little. He gazed at his face in the mirror with a more vivid interest than usual. As a younger man he had been proud of the strong jaw line and masterful nose, conqueror marks of the successful. But then he had had a clear skin and there were no deep-graven lines.

" I look sixty," he muttered. " Well, it won't be long now."

Huntly had determined, years before, that at fifty he would begin to play. He would golf, and perhaps buy a country estate.

He went down to dinner still vaguely alarmed at his appearance. And there developed from this unwelcome emotion an irritation which sought an outlet. The dinner was so well chosen and served he could find no reasonable fault with it. He found himself looking critically at his wife. She was dressed as though for an elaborate dinner party. He had rarely seen her wear so many jewels. There was a strange air of excitement about her, a heightened colour and a glitter in the grey eyes which served to exasperate him.

" I seem to amuse you," he said acidly. It seemed to him there was a smile on her face.

" You do," she admitted. " I find myself wondering how it is a man who has done so well in his profession can get along with so few ideas. It gives me rather a low idea of success. Fortunately my inefficiencies won't annoy you much longer."

" Why not ? " he snapped.

" I'm going away to-morrow."

" Well, what about it ? You often do go away."

" This time I'm not coming back."

This, then, was the secret of her excitement. Poor, foolish Ruth ! She had caught some of the emancipatory talk that fell so glibly from the lips of her daughter's friends. No doubt she saw herself a heroine fighting for the right to express herself in terms of the new freedom. Anger gripped him. He bent upon her the look which had quelled rebellion ere this. There was no doubt that he was a man of marked dominance, physically and mentally.

" I absolutely forbid it," he cried. " You talk like a fool ! "

His scowl deepened when he saw that the power to intimidate her was gone. She even laughed a little.

" Father used to say," she returned, " that you had no sense of humour and would therefore make a lot of money. I have never realised how true that is until now. You absolutely forbid me to leave you after twenty years of domestic service, and call me a fool for proposing it." She laughed her low, musical laugh.

Never before had Huntly been aware that his power over her was fled and his gestures impotent to command obedience.

" I am going away," she said, " and I shall not return. You can divorce me for desertion if you like."

" So that you can marry some other man ? " There was the ring of jealousy in his voice. " Not if I know it ! "

" It doesn't matter in the least," she replied. " I am not going to marry. I am going to be free. I am going to roam the world, India, Japan, China—I am going to visit all the places I have wanted to see, places where you have been too busy or indifferent to go."

" I shall prevent it," he stormed. " Do you think I'm going to let you disgrace your daughter and me for no cause ? I tell you you shan't go." He beat upon the table with his clenched fists. " Joan hasn't been married a month and you calmly propose to do this damnable thing."

" Joan knows all about it and approves. I waited until she was married and didn't need me so much. As to preventing me from going—isn't that rather a silly thing for a lawyer to say ? "

HUNTLY experienced the dismay of one suddenly awakened from peaceful contemplation of a perfectly arranged existence to find that treachery had flourished all about him.

" If Joan thinks she is going to finance you out of my allowance," he snarled, " she'll find she is in error. I'll withdraw it. Have you any idea how much money it will take for you to travel all around the world ? Do you realise what your clothes cost and the value of those jewels you are wearing ? "

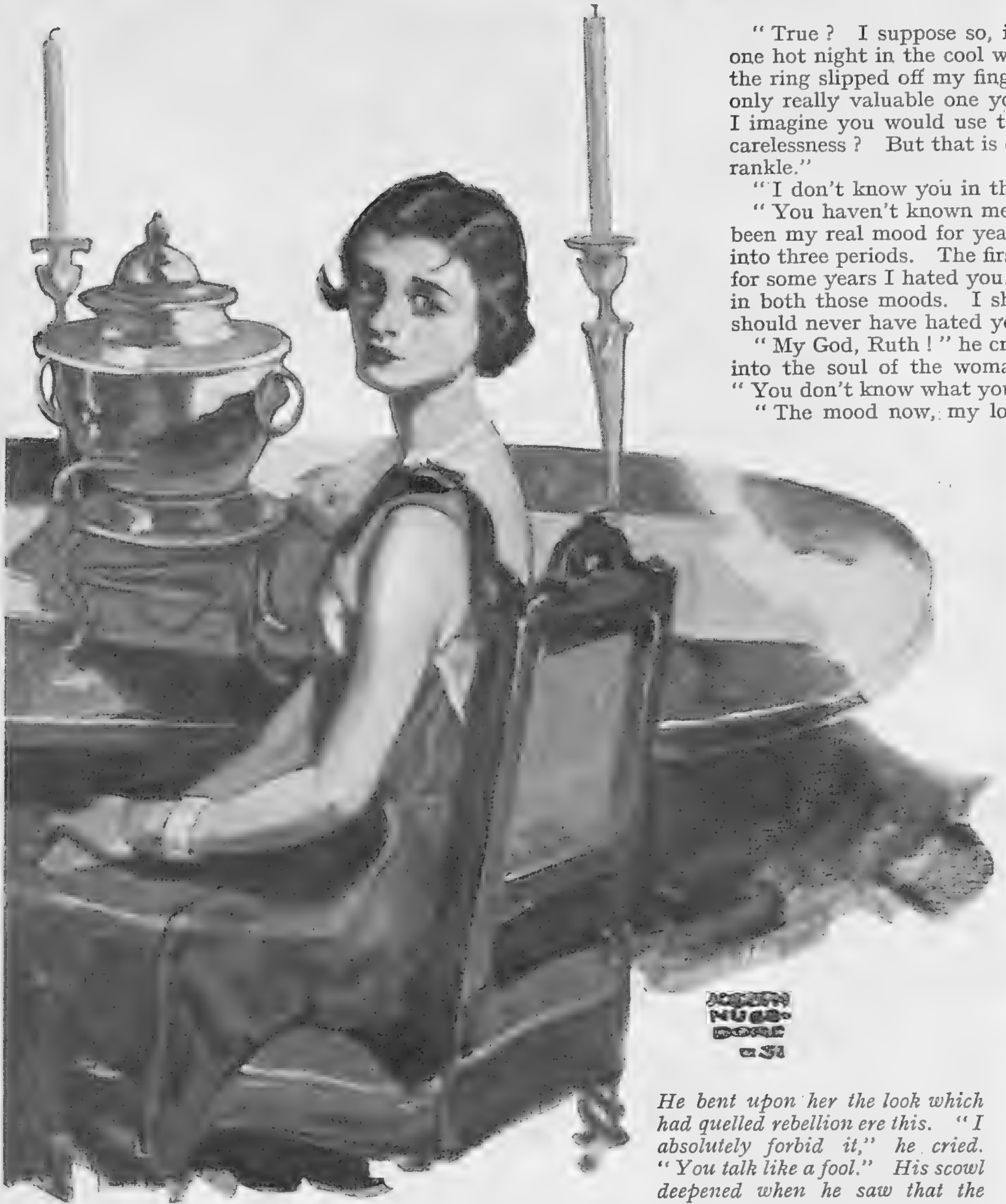
" Neither you nor Joan will pay for it. Aunt Janet's estate was far richer than we supposed. I have enough to dress as I want to and travel as I choose. As to these jewels," here she smiled, " Have you ever made a secret of what you paid for them ? "

From her firm, white throat she took a string of pearls.

" These," she went on, " you bought in the *Rue de la Paix* a dozen years ago for twenty thousand francs. Pearls have gone up since then." She pushed the necklace across the table to him. " You made a good investment. As to these rings," she stripped her fingers bare, " Most of them can be sold at a profit. I don't think they are quite good enough for Joan. You were more generous to her."

By Wyndham Martin

Illustrated by Joseph Nussdorf



He bent upon her the look which had quelled rebellion ere this. "I absolutely forbid it," he cried. "You talk like a fool." His scowl deepened when he saw that the power to intimidate her was gone

John Huntly looked at the heap of glittering things aghast. It was not merely her rebellion which startled him now. It was the complete success of it which amazed him. He found difficulty in imitating her coolness, in bringing his voice to the unemotional pitch of hers. He pushed one of the rings back to her.

"That's your wedding ring," he said.

"I know," she answered, and made no move to take it. "If you noticed, I took that off first. The rest of the things you gave me you will find on your writing table. The only one I can't return is that wretched emerald. Poor John, my going will rob you of your emerald anecdote, won't it ? "

"I don't know what you mean," he asserted.

"Oh yes you do. Whenever there were strangers here or we were dining with new people, you only waited for the mention of jewels to say: 'Talking of precious stones, after winning a case for the State of New York against the Niagara Power Company I bought my wife an emerald which she liked so little she cast into the sea.' Surely you remember that, John ? It also served to enable someone, perhaps pitying my embarrassment, to ask you about the celebrated case."

"It was true, wasn't it ? " he retorted. He had never thought of his wife as one gifted with mimicry, and yet it had been as though he was listening to his own voice.

"True ? I suppose so, in a way. I was trailing my hand one hot night in the cool water of the Thames at Sonning and the ring slipped off my finger. I loved that ring. It was the only really valuable one you had ever given me. How could I imagine you would use the loss as an eternal attack on my carelessness ? But that is only one of the hundred things that rankle."

"I don't know you in this mood," he said coldly.

"You haven't known me for years," she answered. "It has been my real mood for years now. My moods can be divided into three periods. The first period when I adored you. Then for some years I hated you. As I look back I see I was wrong in both those moods. I should never have adored you and I should never have hated you."

"My God, Ruth ! " he cried, startled at this sudden glimpse into the soul of the woman he thought he knew absolutely. "You don't know what you are saying."

"The mood now, my logical mood toward you, is one of indifference. It is a reflection of your own. There is even some touch of friendliness in it."

"Spare me that," he said angrily.

"One doesn't choose one's moods," she explained. "They are the effects of certain causes. You are a cold, hard, and ambitious man. I thought you the handsomest and cleverest man on earth. I had never been to college, as you used to point out whenever I tried to think for myself and disagreed with you. I suppose you've forgotten how you used to sneer at my young attempts to learn something of literature and arts ? The positions are reversed now. I know something about books and pictures and music. You know no more than you did when you left college. You don't know the difference between Monet and Manet, or Millet and Millais. As you have a caustic tongue and the reputation success gives, people think you remain superior and aloof because you disapprove of new art and music."

"I do," he said vehemently.

"The reason you do is that you know nothing about books or pictures or music at all. I've seen your limitations for years now. I realise that your habit of calling me a fool if I disagreed with you was dictated by a fear of finding me your superior."

She could see that he was still bewildered at the spectacle of her revolt. He was a man unaccustomed to defeat and he was determined not to be vanquished now.

"I don't want you to disgrace Joan."

Ruth dared to be amused.

"You don't want your world to know your wife has left you," she corrected. "Very wise of you, John, but quite useless now. I have never been one for compromises. I have not brought this up because I want a better understanding between ourselves in the future. I am merely stating that I am going. I have been a reasonably good wife and housekeeper for twenty years, although you have never admitted it. I owe you nothing. You owe me nothing. We cancel our indebtedness one to the other."

"You don't understand me at all," he protested. There was the uneasy feeling that fear of success brought with it.

"In some ways I admit I don't," she said. "I don't understand why after finding out I was going away you didn't instantly want to know why, why, why. A woman would. Instead you began by forbidding me to go. Then, when you sensed that attitude was stupid, you said I couldn't afford it and you would make Joan suffer if she gave me money. Last of all you pretend that you don't want Joan to be disgraced."

"And that's true," he declared. "I see plainly that you are full of fancied grievances which can be adjusted."

"Not this side of the grave," she replied.

He flushed. People were rarely contemptuous of John Huntly.

"I have been a good and faithful husband," he exclaimed.

"Faithful? Yes, perhaps you have, but that is not everything. Sometimes I think that the men who have been less faithful are more kind. You are essentially a harsh and critical man. And I have tried so hard to please you. It is the women who try too hard who are offered up as sacrifices. Because I did not fight back you grew more and more unkind."

"Unkind?" he cried. "That's a damned lie!"

"You old-fashioned men think unkindness only takes the form of physical cruelty. In that way you have not been unkind. You have never struck me; but you have looked as though you could have killed me. Those blows that convention and training made you hold back are what hurt. After the first few years, which were beautiful years to me, you overlooked me because of your tremendous ambition to succeed. Well, you gained success, John, and lost me. It is quite a usual thing, I find. I might have turned to other men—some of your closest friends gave me the opportunity—but I distrusted all men because of you." She shrugged her shoulders. "It wasn't worth it. I am not going out into the world as a broken spirited woman." She looked about the splendid room. "I have been the wife of a man the world calls great. I have had houses, servants, luxuries. I shall not regret them. If Joan needs me she will know where to send. But you won't miss me. You have said a thousand times you married, too young, a wife who could never be your equal. Here is your chance to marry some perfect hostess, some placid woman who will listen enraptured to your prosy stories of how you won this or that celebrated case. You will always have the emerald story to fall back on."

"God!" he cried, "How bitter you are."

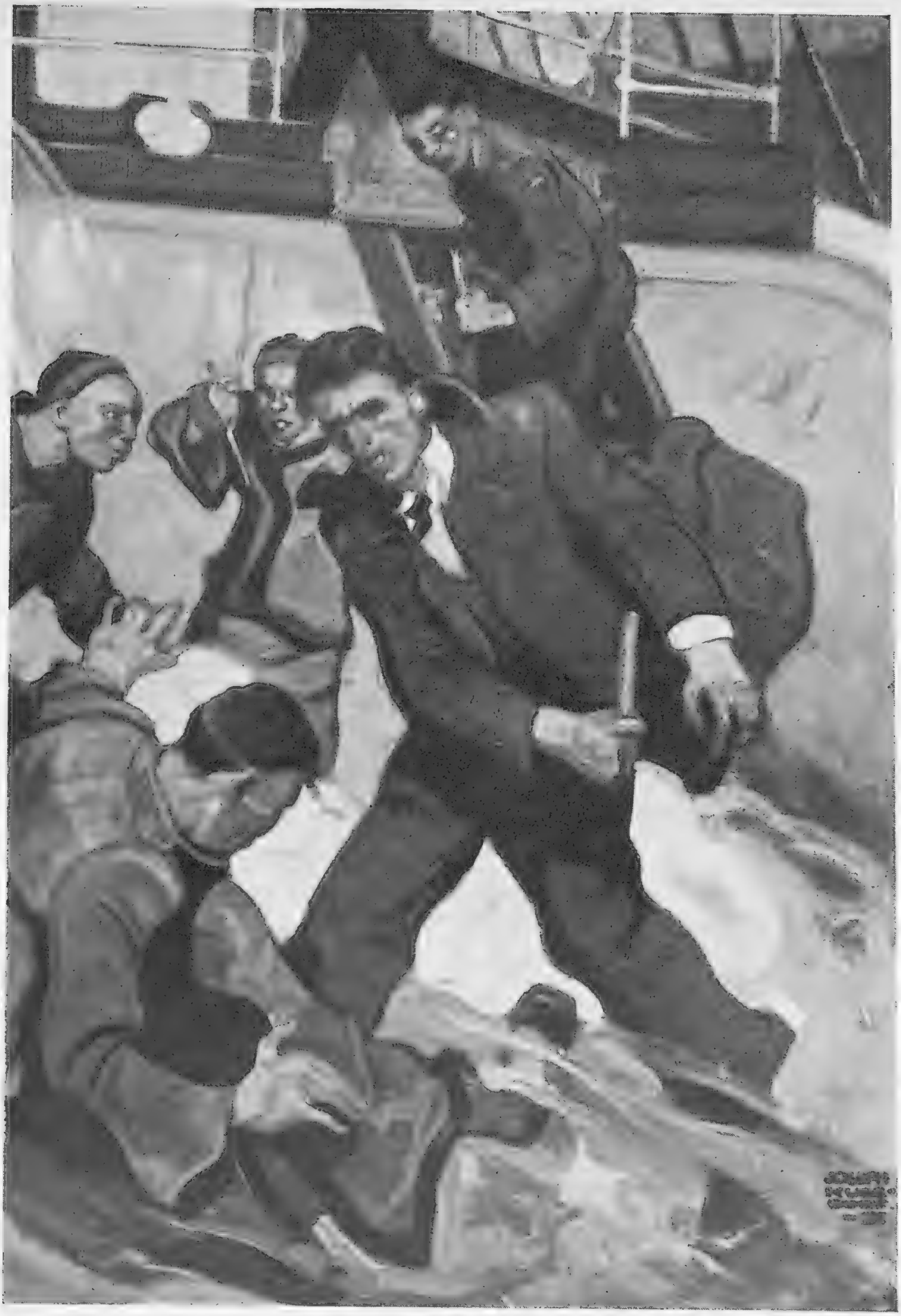
She rose from the table and came to his side. "Good-bye, John," she said, and put one hand on his shoulder.

He did not reply. It was as though he had not heard her words nor felt her hand. He looked straight before him, seeing nothing. With the bitterness of unaccustomed defeat was mixed a dread of the future, the dimly-apprehended sense of unhappiness.

So he sat for a long while. It was almost midnight when he rose to his feet. He knew, now, that much of what Ruth had said was true. It was her interpretation of the facts that was wrong. He had permitted his lust for success to bring him to a point where he had become a machine. He had worked so hard that there was no energy left for play. She should have known that he was working so that at fifty they might roam the world and recapture youth together. In the morning he would present his case for her consideration.

As he looked at the trinkets of which she had spoken he was impressed with their small value. Because she had never asked him, he had not given. There was the engagement ring which looked so pitiful now. And yet he had got into debt to get it. It was certainly not because he was penurious that he had given so little as compared with what husbands in his own sphere of life had bestowed upon their women.

He was now less certain of the justness of his cause. The value of the whole heap was not ten thousand dollars, and for some years now his income had been in six figures. He locked the jewels in his safe and walked up and down the floor of the big room. Had Ruth's accusations been true ones? Had he proved himself unkind? He fought against an admission which would condemn himself. It was not Huntly's way to employ his time with introspection. Yet to-night he reviewed his life in its relationship to Ruth. She was a lovely girl when



WITH a belaying pin he did dreadful execution, shouting, kicking, cursing, receiving here and there a blow, but never for a moment abating his efforts

he married her. She was a gracious and beautiful woman now. He was surprised to find that in the main he agreed with her strictures. He told himself he had been no more occupied with his profession than a hundred other men he knew; but that was scarcely an excuse.

It was almost two in the morning when he knocked timidly at her door. He felt he must talk things over with her. She must not go away believing him indifferent to her. He knew now that he had failed in the quality he had prided himself upon—justice.

There was no answer to his knocking.

At breakfast the butler saw that his usually emotionless master was casting anxious looks at the door. The butler had no love for him. It was Mrs. Huntly to whom the household gave its respect.

"Mrs. Huntly will not be down to breakfast, sir," he said when his employer asked him to inform her that he hoped she was not ill. "She left the house at about ten o'clock last night."

It was not much after nine when John Huntly came to Joan's little house on W-Tenth Street. The maid said her mistress was out, but expected to be back soon.

On the grand piano was a photograph of Ruth. It was a new one, he supposed, for he had not seen it before. It was curious, he thought, looking at it intently, that she had not given him one or at least placed one in his own house. How well she looked. There was a fearless, courageous directness about her which the photographer had caught. She seemed hardly older than her daughter. He was sure, as he gazed, that it was her new style of hair dressing which had accentuated this. As he waited he found himself for the first time rather dreading to meet Joan. He remembered that Ruth had said she countenanced this revolt. In effect Joan had been plotting against him. Huntly was surprised that his usual irritable temper did not come to his aid so that he could meet the girl with an accusation. But Joan was more her mother's child than his. Joan, too, had that fearlessness and high spirit that was the heritage of the Enderbys.

JOAN came into her cheerful apartment unaware that he was waiting for her. When she saw him she stopped suddenly, her face hardening as though she were meeting an enemy. Then she smiled a little.

"Why, Dad," she cried, "What a surprise!"

"I want to see your mother," he answered. "I did not think she meant to go away last night."

Joan sank into a chair. She did not understand her father in this mood. She had decided that if he came he would come raging. Perhaps he was hiding his wrath to frighten her mother. There was a harder quality in the girl's voice than he had ever heard before.

"I have just seen mother's ship go down the river. You can't browbeat her now."

Huntly did not let her see how much her words had wounded him. His only child thought he had come to threaten, and Ruth had gone out of his life. There would be no opportunities for adjustment. While he had sat at the dinner table trying to make himself believe he was badly treated, Ruth had left his house for ever.

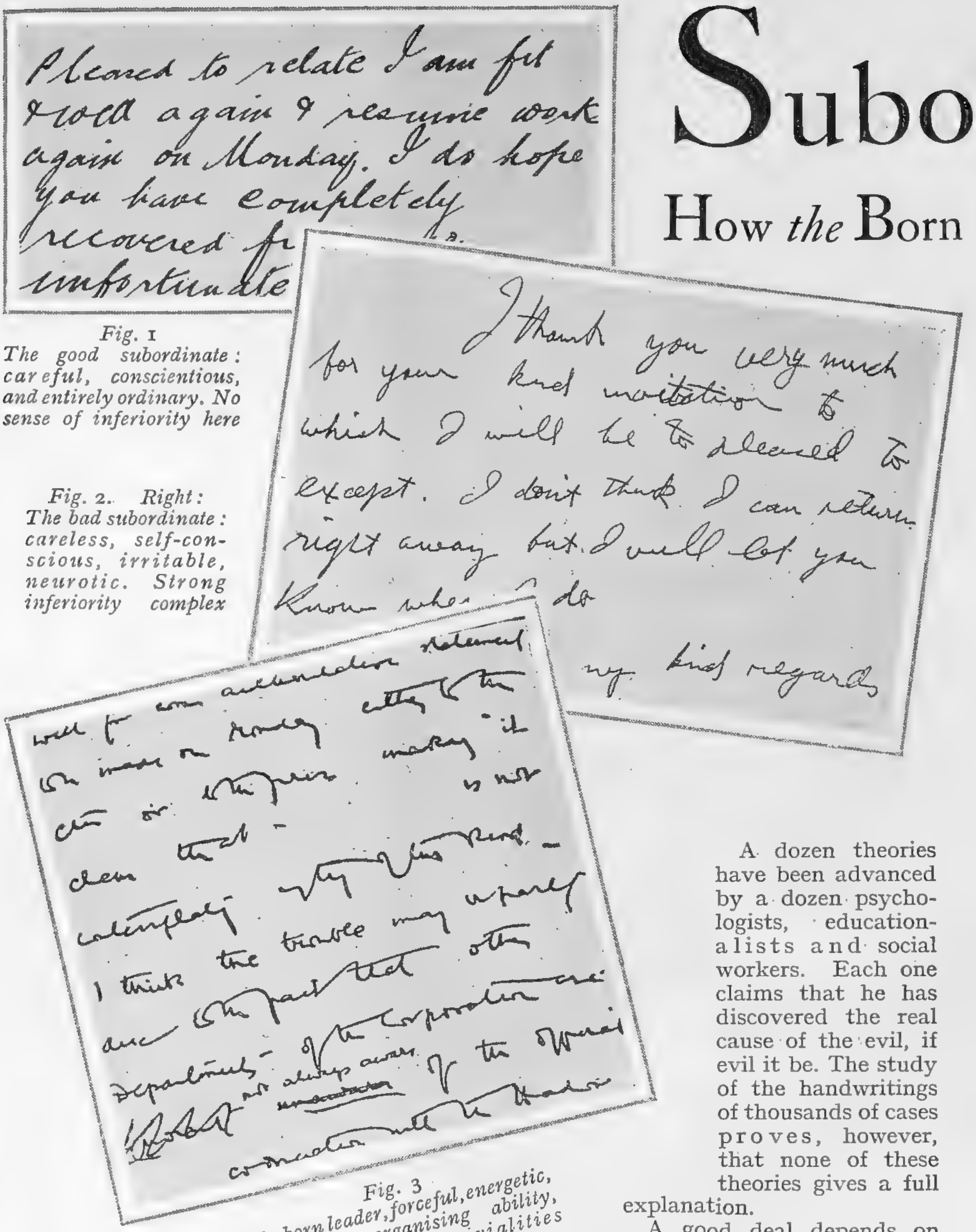
"You have plotted against me," he said, after a pause. "Have I ever done anything to you which merited that?"

"It is not a case of plotting against you. I have always been on mother's side and I had to help her. For years now I have sensed that she would go as

(*Continued on page* 124)

Subordinates

How *the* Born Leader *and the* Born to *the* experienced Character *from*



Pleased to relate I am fit
& well again & resume work
again on Monday. I do hope
you have completely
recovered fr
unfortunate

Fig. 1
The good subordinate: careful, conscientious, and entirely ordinary. No sense of inferiority here

I thank you very much
for your kind invitation to
which I will be so pleased to
except. I don't think I can return
right away but I will let you
know when I do

my kind regards

Fig. 2. *Right: The bad subordinate: careless, self-conscious, irritable, neurotic. Strong inferiority complex*

well for an accommodation statement
on more on Monday letting to the
[illegible] making it
clear or to the press. is not
clear that – [illegible] –
contemplating [illegible]
I think the trouble may be partly
due to the fact that other
departments of the Corporation are
not always aware of the special
~~[illegible]~~
[illegible] contractor will be [illegible]

Fig. 3
The born leader, forceful, energetic, with great organising ability, but impatient of trivialities

OUT of a thousand men and women who enrol as candidates for some minor post in the civil service, more than five hundred do so because they believe in safety first. They might dream of some great deeds, feel lured by the romantic idea of some great career, but they are not prepared to pay the price by taking risks.

They cannot stand the idea of an uncertain future, they feel happy only in the comforting idea that five years from now they will be earning so much, and five years later again a little more, and that there will be a pension ready for their old age. The feeling of their own inferiority makes them concentrate on their daily task and shapes them into conscientious and reliable subordinates.

There are others who would rather starve than face the idea of knowing what their exact position and income will be ten years hence. To them life without the chance of great possibilities does not seem worth living.

Why is it that certainly half, and probably more than half, the total number of adults take it for granted that they would never attain more than just a good average performance?

A dozen theories have been advanced by a dozen psychologists, educationalists and social workers. Each one claims that he has discovered the real cause of the evil, if evil it be. The study of the handwritings of thousands of cases proves, however, that none of these theories gives a full explanation.

A good deal depends on incidental circumstances, but without an inborn disposition there is no inferiority complex. The real subordinate is born as such. Favourable circumstances may place him in a director's chair, but the title does not make the man. He will sign the documents, he will address the general meeting of his company quite correctly, but neither the wording of the documents he signs nor the policy he puts before the board will be his. The assistant director is the real leader. He will tell his nominal chief how to weather the storm.

Neither education nor encouragement nor inherited social prominence can change a self-conscious and timid man into a real leader. Nor can discouragement and lack of schooling permanently keep down a man who, because of his courage, push, power of combination, quickness of decision, energy and enterprise, was born to be a leader.

Even those readers who have never heard or read about the psychology of handwriting will not suppose the writer of *Fig.* 1 to be a great, striking and original personality. The writing has all the good qualities you expect to find in a dutiful subordinate. It is legible, distinct, careful, and not too badly spaced. Besides, the writer evidently remembers to dot his *i*'s and cross his *t*'s, and does not allow himself ostentatious flourishes nor any other extravagance. But the style, as a whole, reminds one rather of some school copy. There is no personality in it. The writer is a born subordinate, a carefully conscientious worker, a good citizen, who would not dream of a great career.

Still, the writer is by no means self-conscious, but, quite on the contrary, self-certain.

THEY are the happiest who try to improve their position by easy stages, and do not attempt to climb the ladder of success by leaps and bounds. Their professional environments remain about the same throughout their lives. They are not ashamed of their past, and therefore show none of the conspicuous qualities of the snob. They form the conservative element among the lower middle class. They have no longing for foreign countries, no understanding of revolutionary ideas, their views are rather limited, but their judgment is practical and their character reliable.

Fig. 2 shows quite a different type. It is not steady, but loose, uncertain, ever-changing; the characters are not distinctly shaped, but slurred and sometimes even written with meaningless, vague, threadlike strokes. There are numerous mistakes in grammar and spelling, parts of characters are omitted, numerous characters are retraced and touched up, and the writing movement is repeatedly retarded. Self-conscious and fully aware of his shortcomings, he tries to conceal his timidity and pretends that he is quite certain of himself.

The *I*, the symbol of the own personality, is first written with a bold and vivacious movement. But this pretence soon breaks down, and we see how the size of the *I* decreases until, in the last line, it is hardly more than one-third of the original size.

THIS is a plain case of an inferiority complex. The writer's father has attained international prominence, and the boy feels that in spite of his great ambition he will never be able to perform anything really worth the public's attention. He cannot help worrying about the impression he makes on others, and is afraid of giving himself away with any written evidence, even if it is only a note with a few complimentary words. The corrections of letter-forms do not improve the legibility of his writing and, besides, are only applied in the conspicuous parts of the writing, whereas the mistakes in all inconspicuous parts are left uncorrected. While concerned with his grammar he forgets his spelling, and while correcting his spelling he does not pay heed to his grammar. We call this peculiar spelling "phonetic," because the

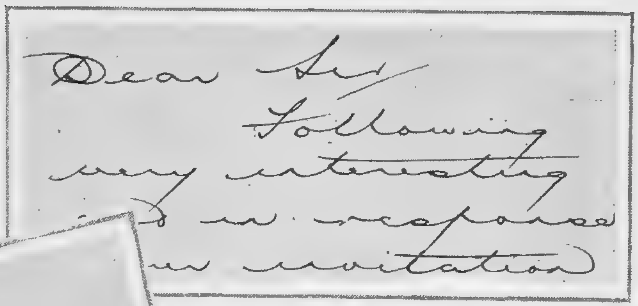
or Directors?

Inferior *reveal* their real selves

Reader *of* Handwriting

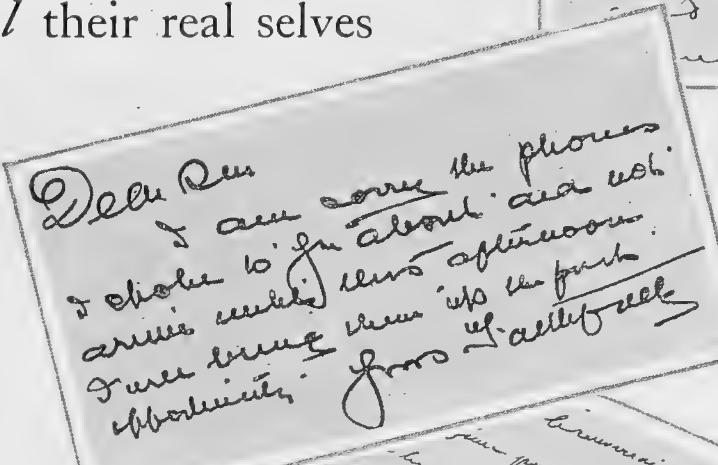
By Robert Saudek

The Well-known Graphologist



Dear Sir,
Following
very interesting
in response
invitation

Fig. 4
The ordinary person who tries to impress by showing off, but devoid of any real personality



Dear Sir
I am sorry the phones
I choke to you about aia not
armie until this afternoon.
I will bring them up the part
opportunity. Yours faithfully

Fig. 5
A worse type still — boastful, conceited, and overbearing to those under him

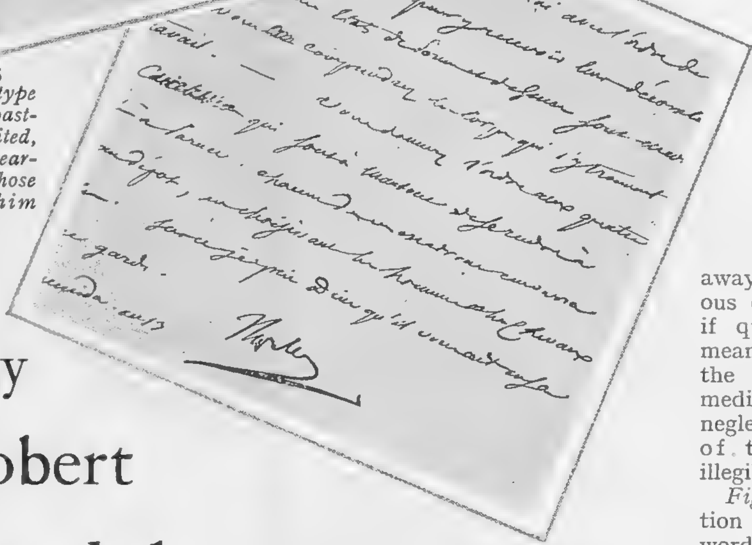


Fig. 6
Napoleon's handwriting, which has puzzled experts for a century

writer allows himself to be misled by the similarity of the sound of words with quite different meanings (*except* for *accept*).

From these few lines the expert reads not only the professional inadequacy of the writer, his lack of concentration and his neurotic self-consciousness, but also the fact that, when writing this letter, he was on the verge of a breakdown.

Fig. 3 certainly shows no signs of hesitation and uncertainty. The movement is quick, spontaneous, and impulsive; so quick indeed that the writer does not take the time to stop after each word, to lift his pen, and to put it down, a little bit further on, for the next word, but insists on going steadily on, linking up two, three, and sometimes even four words together.

True, the handwriting is not so legible as *Fig.* 1, but there is personality in this writing, quick decision, readiness of thought, power of combination, tempo, push and energy. The shape of the characters is simplified, and this again bears evidence to the writer's objectiveness and sobriety.

Such is the handwriting of a born leader. I would not go so far as to say that one should unconditionally rely on his leadership. As it often happens, there is also the other side to the picture. He is rather inclined to overlook and neglect details, his temperament somehow lacks perseverance, and his pronounced sobriety might induce him to neglect the purely human side of the issue.

Fig. 4 represents a type different from the three preceding writers. Here we notice quick tempo and vivacious activity. But neither the speed nor the fresh vivacity of the movement is due to inborn gifts or valuable mental assets. The writing is, in fact, only the result of routine and nothing but routine. The style is uniform and consistent, because the writer has deliberately practised this very style, which represents only a very slight alteration of a somewhat banal school copy. Vaguely he feels how much his writing lacks personality. To make good for this shortcoming he starts with some embellished form of the first capital, which happens to be a *D*. The performance is rather poor. Were it not for the context, from which we can guess that *D* is meant, we could hardly read it as *D*. Imagination and æsthetic sense are very poor with this writer, though he tries to produce something impressive by insisting on conspicuous and long *t*-bars which, instead of measuring an eighth of an inch, sometimes exceed two full inches in length. Inconspicuous characters like *i, m, n, r, u* are all written in the same uniform style, so that we cannot differentiate them from their actual shape but have to guess them from the context.

HERE we see a subordinate who would do quite nicely in a little post where definite orders were given him, where he could rely upon his professional routine and would not be expected to work independently or to shoulder responsibilities.

But born subordinates are by no means always uncertain of themselves. There are some who think themselves very important indeed, and take it for granted that they know better than other people. When penning a letter they would insist on using a broad nib and on applying strong pressure to make their writing more impressive and grand. They would start with flourished strokes and would draw rather than write their characters—in fact, shape them in some strange and hardly recognisable form and emphasise any conspicuous parts of the text.

They write a vulgar and boastful hand, and would be surprised how the way in which they treat the inconspicuous parts of the writing gives them away to the expert. Numerous characters are shaped as if quite different ones were meant, and the ratio between the size of small, long and medium letters is so much neglected as to make parts of the text practically illegible.

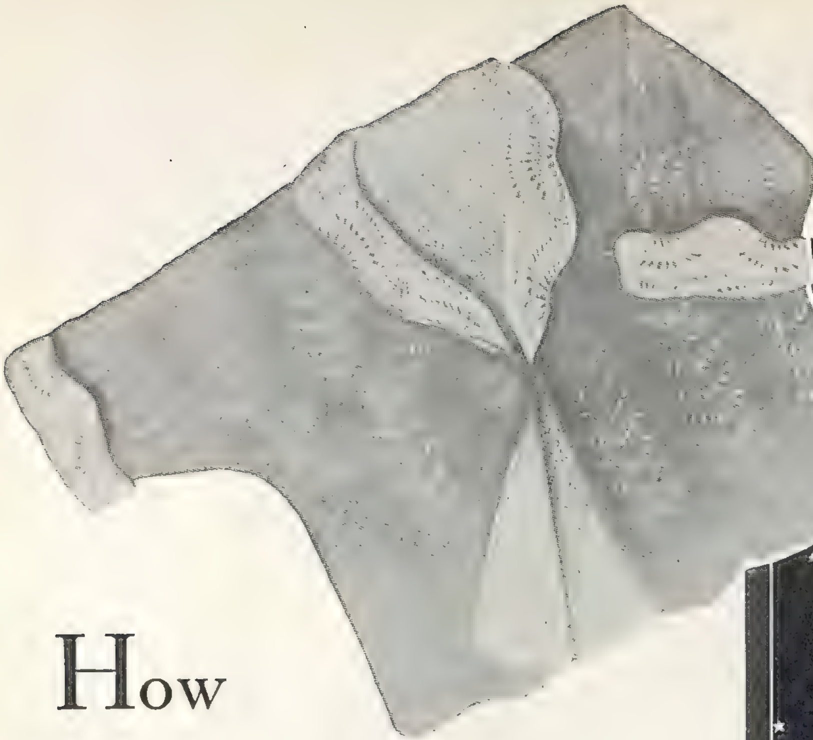
Fig. 5 is a typical illustration of this kind. The last word but one in the second line should read *did*, but *aia* has actually been written; the first word in the third line *armie* is meant for *arrive*; the second word in the second line is *choke* instead of *spoke*, and so on. This is the type of an office chief who bullies those working under him, and who would insist on spoiling the good work of others by "corrections," just to show that he knows better.

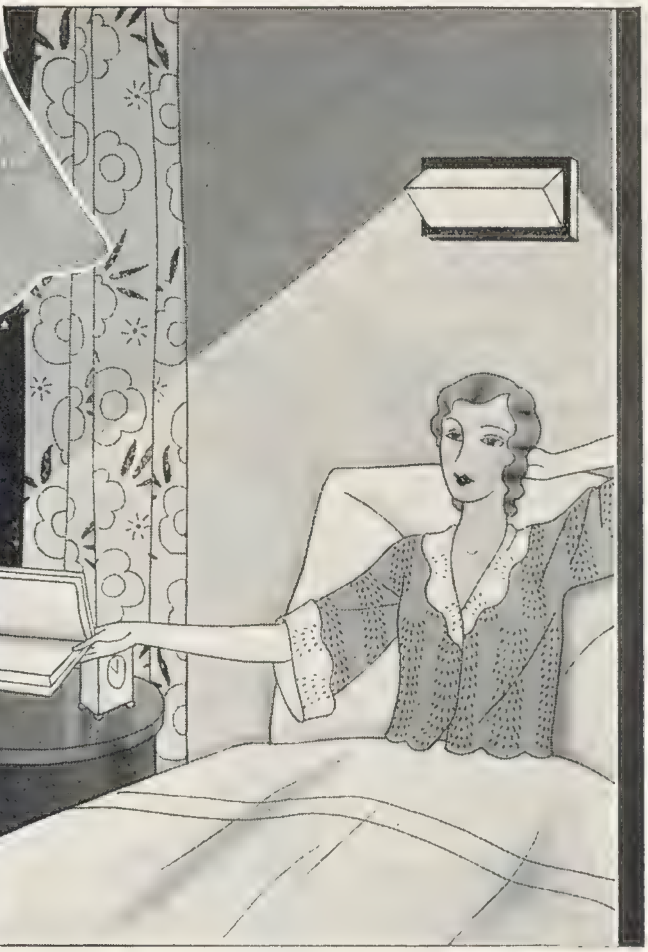
Fig. 6, though looking quite different, has various features in common with *Fig.* 3. Both writers proceed with quick, spontaneous and impulsive movements.

Both are so much concentrated on the subject about which they write that they do not stop at the end of the words but link two, three, or even four, words up into one unit. Both simplify the shape of their characters so much as to make them illegible, and both make good the indistinctness of the characters by distinct spacing.

STILL, there is this remarkable difference between them, that the English writer of *Fig.* 3, when carried away by his quick tempo, neglects details, omits *i*-dots, and slurs in a sluggish way even those characters which should be written distinctly to avoid misunderstandings, whereas the writer of *Fig.* 6 would not allow himself such omissions, or in fact any superficiality.

An inexpensive knittea Bed-jacket which can easily be made at Home





How *to* make this *attractive* Woollen B*ed*-jacket

THIS jacket is carried out in soft 2-ply wool. Two colours, 5 oz. of each—2 long pins, No. 2—1 yard ribbon.

The garment is yellow, lined with white, the collar and revers being white lined with yellow. The lace stitch used for the outside is obtained in the following manner :—

For back.—Cast on 121 stitches—Slip 1, Kn 2 plain—Kn : 2 tog : 4 times—* Bring wool forward Kn : 1 ; do this 7 times. Wool forward Kn : 2 tog : Knit 2 tog : 8 times.* Repeat from * until within 11 from end—Kn : 2 tog : 4 times, Kn : 3 plain (121 stitches on needle).

Row 2.—Purl.

Row 3.—Plain.

Row 4.—Purl.

Row 5.—Plain.

Row 6.—Purl.

Repeat these six rows until 62 rows are done.

Row 63.—Make 2 stitches at each end of needle. Do this at every other row another 4 times, continuing in pattern on original 121 stitches. The increased stitches are knitted plain.

Row 73.—Knit across back in pattern. Cast on 40 stitches for sleeve.

Row 74.—Purl back and cast on 40 stitches for other sleeve. Do 4 rows to finish pattern.

Row 79.—Kn : 7, Kn : 2 tog : 4 times, continue in pattern until 15 from end —Kn : 2 tog : 4 times, Kn : 7. Continue in pattern until 126 rows are done.

Row 127.—As 79th row.

Row 128.—Purl 92 stitches, cast off 37 for neck. Purl 92.

Row 129.—Plain for 92 stitches, the two fronts being worked separately.

Row 130.—Purl.

Row 131.—Plain.

Row 132.—Purl.

Row 133.—As 79th row until within 8 from end. Wool forward Kn : 1 4 times. Kn : 4 plain.

Continue in pattern until end of row 136.

Row 137.—Add one stitch on collar side. Do this every other row until 114 stitches on needle. Kn : added stitches plain. The rest in pattern.

Row 171.—Cast off 40 sleeve stitches.

Row 172.—Kn : 4 plain. Wool forward Kn : 1 three times. * Wool forward Kn : 2 tog : 8 times. Wool forward Kn : 1 7 times. * Repeat from * once. Kn : 2 tog : 4 times—Kn : 3 Kn : 7 Kn : 3 tog : continue in pattern.

Row 173.—Purl, casting off 2 at sleeve end.

Continue pattern, decreasing 2 every other row under arm, until 64 stitches on needle, and repeating row 172 for first row of pattern. Continue until end of coat (42 patterns altogether). Do other front to correspond.

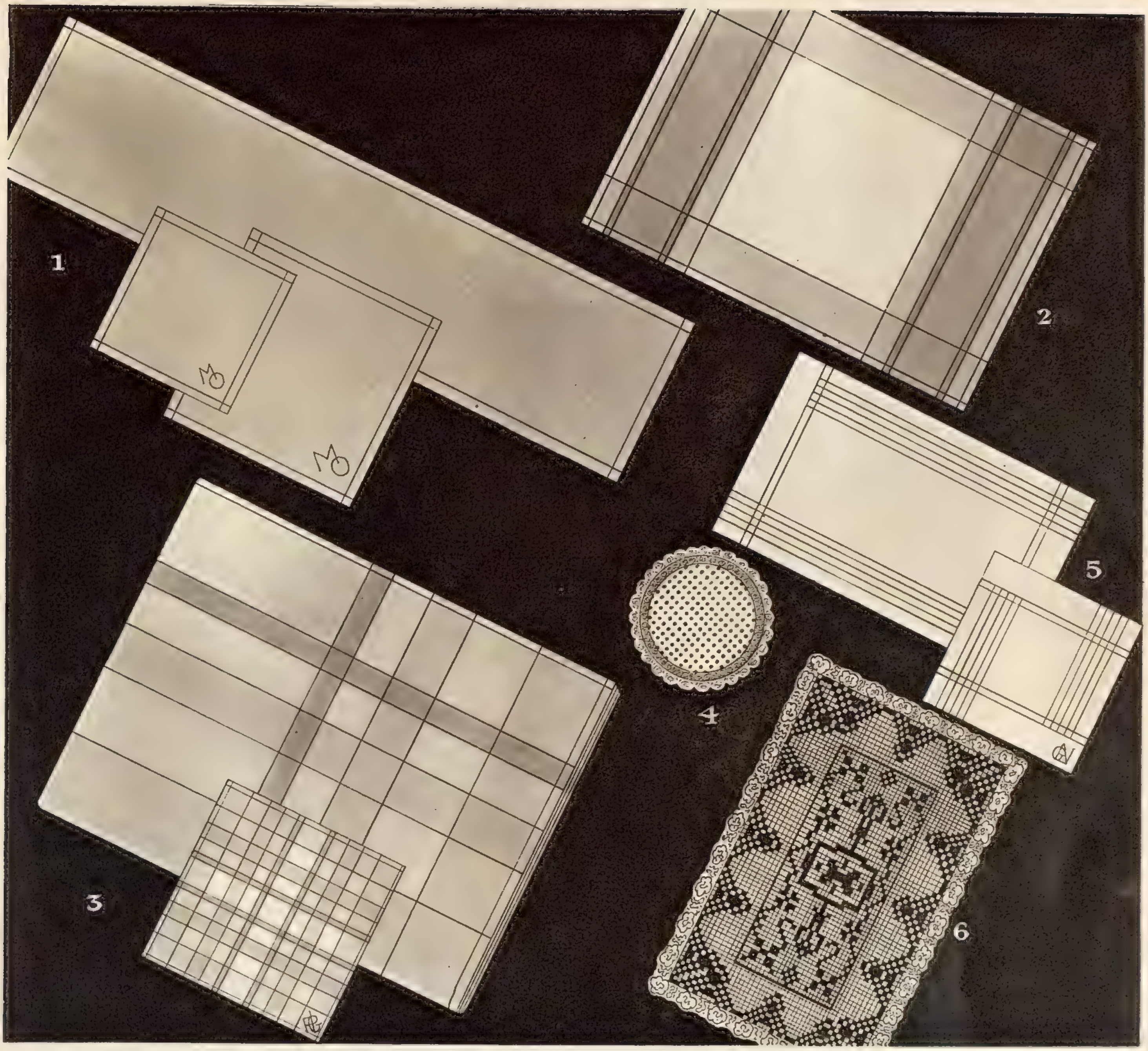
Lining.—This is done by same instructions, but in stocking stitch with the exception of 1st and last 18 rows, which are done in lace pattern. In 1st row of pattern, instead of bringing wool forward, make a stitch by knitting into stitch twice, to avoid open space.

For the collar cast on 167 stitches ; knit the lace stitch repeating the design 4 times. At the last row knit two together at every other stitch. The lining of the collar is made in the same way but without lace stitch.

For the revers of the sleeves cast on 98 stitches and repeat the design 4 times, making the last row the same as the collar. Follow above instructions for the lining of the revers.

Join together separately on the wrong side the seams of the outside and the lining. Pass a double thread of wool round the neck opening. Then wrap up the whole in a damp cloth. When dry attach the lining and the outside to each other by means of an invisible stitch.

The two parts of the collar must be stretched damp on a pattern. When dry again sew them each separately to the jacket and then join them to each other by the lace points. Proceed in the same way for the revers of the sleeves. Sew ribbon on corners of neck.



Replenishing the Linen Cupboard

Some novel suggestions which could be easily and inexpensively carried out at home

By
Wilma Buckley

1. Effective dressing-table sets can be made of light-coloured linen, hemmed and initialled with Trimstitch in a contrasting colour

2. Loudly-checked cotton material in gay colours makes effective breakfast tray-cloths or even tea-cloths for the country cottage

3. Basque linen is obtainable in large and small matching checks or stripes, and makes most attractive luncheon and breakfast sets

4. Spot muslin mats edged with narrow Valenciennes insertion and lace are simple and effective for the young girl's dressing-table

5. It is easy to make tray-cloths and napkins from cream linen, decorated with designs in several different colours of Trimstitch thread

6. Mats composed of filet insertion surrounded by another design and edged with Binche lace may be composed from remnants

I REMEMBER as a child that what one can call the lighter side of the linen cupboard held a great fascination for me—piles of elaborately-embroidered and frilled tray-cloths, dressing-table covers (called "Duchess sets") of various graded sizes, positively alive with whorls and spider-webs of drawn-thread work.

This fascination still holds good and, indeed, is increased by the fact that household linen is gayer to-day than it has ever been—and simpler to make. There is enormous scope for the imagination to work its will, in the choice of fabric and colour, on tray-cloths, dressing-table covers, and table-linen in all its aspects. All these things can be made at home without any difficulty.

For breakfast-table cloths in country homes, and as an accompaniment to "cottagy" furniture in town ones, I would suggest a visit to the furnishing drapery department of some good store, where one may find those gaily-coloured linens in bright checks of varying size. The table-cloth should have table-napkins to match, and, in the case of a large family, the initials of the respective members might be embroidered on the corner of each napkin. Initials of white linen, to be used as padding, can be bought for a few pence; these are tacked into position and then covered with a coloured embroidery-silk by a simple over-and-over stitch. The silk should be chosen to match the predominating colour of the checked fabric.

Then table-mats—nothing looks more appetising than plain-coloured linen of heavy weave; the mats should be about 12 inches square, and there can also be smaller ones for the side-plates and tumblers. The shade decided upon should depend on one's table-glass. It would not take long to make several sets and ring the changes on them. Sideboard-cloths ought to be made to match.

The new Trimstitch thread recently put on the market by J. and P. Coats is an enormous help in these matters, for it permits one to easily and quickly machine-hem the linen, or to decorate it in several contrasting colours, all of which are guaranteed fast.

Once a
Coach-house,
Now a very up-to-date
London Home

A clever transformation effected by Mr. and Mrs. Benson in Carlton House Terrace

Described by Mary Sharpe

One of these book-cases is not what it pretends to be, for the left-hand shelves conceal a wine cupboard

LONDON'S most up-to-date home has come into being in Carlton House Terrace, and is the enviable possession of Mr. and Mrs. Benson. It is difficult to believe that this attractive little house was once the coach-house belonging to Lord Lonsdale's imposing mansion across the road. Outside it has newly-painted yellow walls bravely defying the smuts and grime, and once inside the front door there are untold mysteries to be revealed.

The hall has no furniture other than a semi-circular black-and-white marble rest for the card-tray. Downstairs all the walls are panelled in waxed pitch-pine, and the floors are of polished pitch-pine instead of parquet.

Great wonders are worked behind those panels all day long, for they conceal thermostat electric heating, a new invention which eliminates the lighting of fires and many other laborious details of housework. The cool air from the room is drawn in by suction near the skirting-board, heated, and blown out through small holes in a carved fresco at the top of the panelling.

No two days have exactly the same temperature out of doors, but with this system one is able to regulate the heating in accordance by merely turning a dial in each room to the number of degrees Fahrenheit required.

Another secret of the panels are the cupboards. Even a cigar-cupboard is cunningly hidden where you would least expect to find it, and one of the

The drawing-room is panelled in pitch-pine and has sofas and cushions covered in red and blue Italian velvet

In the panelled dining-room the wall behind the sideboard is covered with panes of mirror in which are reflected the scarlet velvet chairs twin sets of book-shelves on either side of a window in the drawing-room conceals a wine-cupboard. The third book-case—a genuine one—is near the couch in a little alcove where you can read in comparative seclusion. A little shaded light over each book-case can be turned on when you are looking for a book and saves you from having to peer at the titles or take them out to read the larger letters on the front cover. The walnut furniture tones beautifully with the pitch-pine walls, and the chairs and sofa are upholstered in blue or red antique Italian velvet.

No one dreams of keeping extra pieces of furniture in a 1931 home: there is exactly what is needed and no more.

IN the dining-room, besides the dining-table there is only a sideboard, but this is made to match the panelling and has an entrancing mirror of cut-glass squares at the back. Another mirror, with a decorative design in cut-glass around the top, is set over the drawing-room mantelpiece and makes the room look longer by its reflection. The dining-room chairs have copies of crests in the Victoria and Albert Museum embroidered on their red-velvet backs.

Both the downstair rooms are lit by concealed flood-lighting of a delightful "sun-rest" colour, which diffuses a soft glow from the walls and ceiling and which is supposed to have the harmless beams of day-light. When it shines down into a bow-window at the end of the dining-room it looks like real sunlight coming through the window.

This compact wash-basin is part of the built-in wardrobe fitments in the bed-room

Many built-in cupboards and concealed lighting add to the attractions of this well-arranged dressing-room

The large bed-room is panelled in bird's-eye maple, though the walls are partly covered with silk of the same tone. Again the panels are far from innocent, some hide wardrobes and one, when it is opened, reveals a toilet-basin in black and brown marble.

Another bed-room is panelled in Australian black beam, and the spare room has attractive painted furniture. The landing is also a dressing-room, with a writing-table fixed in the window and intriguing cupboards lit inside by electric light which automatically switches on as the doors are opened. One perfectly-equipped bath-room is lined with green vitrolite, another with cream, and they both have rubber floors patterned to resemble marble.

A peep into the kitchen reveals the latest kind of electric-cooker, with a switch-board so clearly labelled that the most careless cook could handle it successfully. The kitchen is down a short staircase below the first floor, but is as light and airy as though it were above street-level.

No one with the most destructive criticism could find fault with this charming transformation of an old-fashioned coach-house, which has been converted with taste and discrimination into a luxurious and up-to-date home.

The walls in the principal bed-room are partly covered in silk to match the panelling. The beautiful dressing-table is lit from below as well as by a wall-bracket above

The World *moves* on *apace*—

but does *the* Teacher *stand* still ?

A survey of existing conditions in the Educational world, together with some constructive suggestions for both parents and teachers

By Amabel Williams-Ellis

A WIT once said that every army in peace time is busy preparing for the last war. If this is true, is it true only of armies ?

What about schools ?

Are the schools to which we all patiently send our children, preparing them for the world of to-day, or for the world of yesterday ?

Now let us quickly give the teachers their due—let us throw them an immediate bouquet ! They have done wonders in the last fifteen years in everything that has to do with method. What they teach they teach well. The schools to which our children go are twice as good as the schools to which we went ; I think even a pessimist could include some of the most traditional schools in this. From Eton to the latest stunt school, or the humblest country elementary school, the teaching is vastly better than it was.

Quite suddenly, teachers have caught a new knack. The secret of interesting children in their lessons has been learnt, and now we have the spectacle of Tommy and Jane of nine and ten working away, lecturing to their classes, getting up essays, doing their little bits of research and generally co-operating with the school. All that is splendid, and an absolutely necessary foundation. Indeed, till I got some personal experience of schools through my own children and their friends, I at least did not realise that to have done this was not to have accomplished everything.

I WONDER how many other parents are bothered by the point which is bothering us ? Consider what it is that a school sets out to do. A school sets out to help us parents to prepare our children for the world. There is the task. So the problem of education falls, it seems to me, into two parts. The teacher surely ought to ask himself or herself two questions. What is the child like, and what is the world like ? My own experience seems to suggest the disquieting thought that, although modern teachers know an amazing amount about the child, it is thirty years since they took a glance at the world.

Is it for an obsolete world, a world that has slipped away into the irretrievable past, that our children are being prepared ?

Consider what the world used to be like, and you, my dear fellow parent, will see the reason for some of the ways in which your young are being educated. Thirty years ago there was no cinema, save "the animated pictures," the motor car was a curiosity, and the push bicycle the speed king of the road, it was almost fast to have a telephone, the Wright brothers kept their secret from all but people "in the swim," Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's almost alarming new venture, the *Daily Mail*, was making money, but would it last ? Only a few scientists had ever heard of wireless. In short, the modern world had scarcely begun its soft humming prelude.

Now at that time teachers thought that one of their chief functions was to broaden children's minds. They were right. The disastrous part of it is, however, that they are still at it now, with—outside the school—a different world at work on the child. The child who looks at a picture paper with illustrations from the ends of the earth, the child who goes twice a week to the cinema, the child who listens-in to Madrid, Paris, Munich and Moscow, who reads the historical sketches in the magazines, is still having its poor wretched little mind broadened at school ! Why can't the teachers see that this very necessary function of broadening has been taken over by the Press, the screen and the amplifier ?

Heaven knows I am not suggesting that there is nothing for the modern teacher to do—there is more than ever—there is everything to do except this one particular thing. But the teachers have learnt to "broaden," and "broaden" they will, till our poor little sons and daughters are in danger of being spread to the thinness of wafers. Teachers ought to look at the world about them, and see, that it demands new virtues, and a new attitude of mind. Yet, at dozens of schools in this country and abroad, you still find teachers priding themselves on giving this broadening. The school prospectus still murmurs proudly, phrases about an "all-round education."

WHY do most observers differ about the cause but agree about the fact of the existence of so many unhappy young people ? The Young Poor may be unhappy for very obvious and sufficient reasons, but the reason for the unhappiness of the Young Rich (equally well established) is a little more obscure. Is this "all-roundness" partly to blame ? Does the modern school so cleverly show the advantages of this, that, and the other, to its boys and girls, that they end by being unable to choose anything, or stick to anything ? I suggest that our children are being turned out with all their corners rubbed off, and I ask if to do this may not be to make them nothing less than predestinate rolling stones ?

I wonder if, under modern conditions, the help our children want from us, in this most bewildering world, is not something quite different. Don't they really need to be taught to say No, to be taught to stick genuinely to whatever it is they really like ? Don't they, above all, need courage, power of discrimination, a certain amount of self-confidence, and the experience of having seen some one thing done properly and thoroughly ? As it is, the schools weigh the scales so evenly, advocate everything so well, that the unfortunate child can decide on nothing.

Teachers, I suggest again, have been so occupied in considering children, that they have not thought about the world for which they are supposed to be fitting them.

AND here we come to a crucial point. It is very hard to get any sensible advice from a school master or mistress as to what professions are really going to be impossible by being hopelessly overcrowded. Surely here, if anywhere, we need some sort of rationalisation. I am afraid I am sentimental enough to be thinking not so much of the silly material waste, of thousands being prepared for a profession where the demand is going to be for hundreds, and of hundreds prepared for another profession where the demand will be for thousands, what worries me is the thought of the diffidence and unhappiness of the children themselves, who grow up and cannot find a niche in the world.

When we see our riotous young—full of noise and nonsense and self-assertion—it is just as difficult as it is necessary, to remember that all this bounce hides a great deal of sensitiveness. We are all sorry for an unloved unwanted baby. But isn't it just as unkind, perhaps more so, to loose into grown-up life a boy or girl so badly equipped that the world doesn't want it ?

The present writer a month or two ago shocked an audience of professional educationalists by the following scandalous suggestions : That children should be allowed to specialise from the age of eleven. That we should admit that a great many boys and girls, when they grow up, will only do repeat work (maybe amid the mahogany and parquet of the manager's office, and maybe at the worker's bench) and that we ought to see that their education will not help these children, and need not help them, in their work. I suggested that what these children want is to know how to enjoy and employ their leisure. They want training for their life's play, not their life's work. They need to be trained to use their leisure actively and vigorously, say, organising politics or football, playing in an orchestra, or doing amateur research. But we ought to grasp this and see that passive work and passive play will make them robots or murderers.

Boys and girls of higher ability will, however, now, as always, want preparing for professions where skill is demanded. Now the demand is for more skill and more knowledge. Here, as was suggested above, teachers, or anyhow the pundits who plan our school systems, need to study the world not merely as it is to-day but

(*Continued on page* 130)

To Stay or *Let Yourself* Go?

The Reappearance of Corsets in the World of Fashion raises many questions: does it herald a return to the hour-glass figure and the exaggerations of the past?

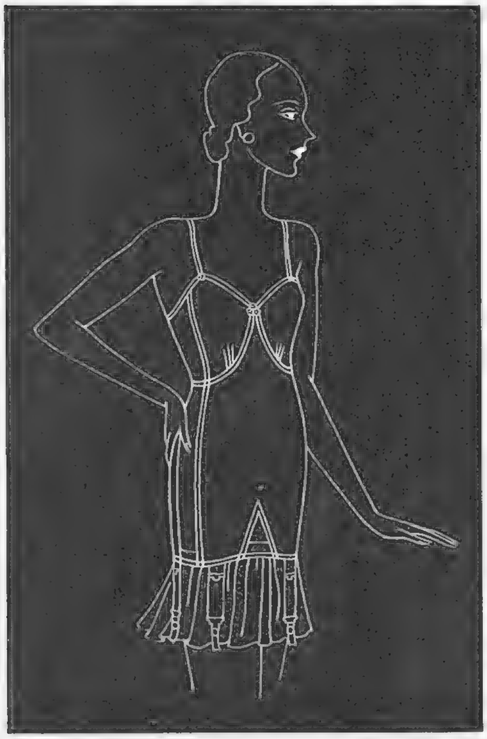
FASHION is a strange and insidious thing. The long skirt came slowly, but now is most surely established, and a natural sequence has been the disappearance of the "straight line" silhouette and the re-establishment of curves as an ideal of feminine beauty.

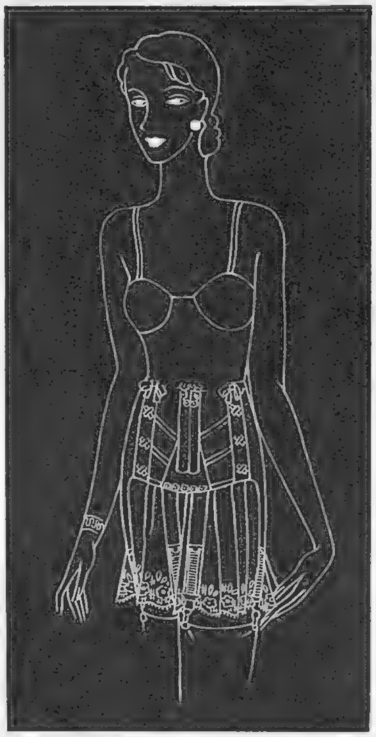
This is as it should be, but inevitably we hear rumours of the return of old-fashioned stays and that women are about to endure the martyrdom suffered by their mothers.

In their present guise, corsets are innocuous and æsthetically attractive, but we are barely a generation removed from what I have called the "Whalebone Era." My own mother boasted, at one time, a fifteen-inch waist, and among my earliest recollections is that of seeing a maid straining at the laces of a contraption of brocade and whalebone which compressed her slender body into the shape then ordained by fashion.

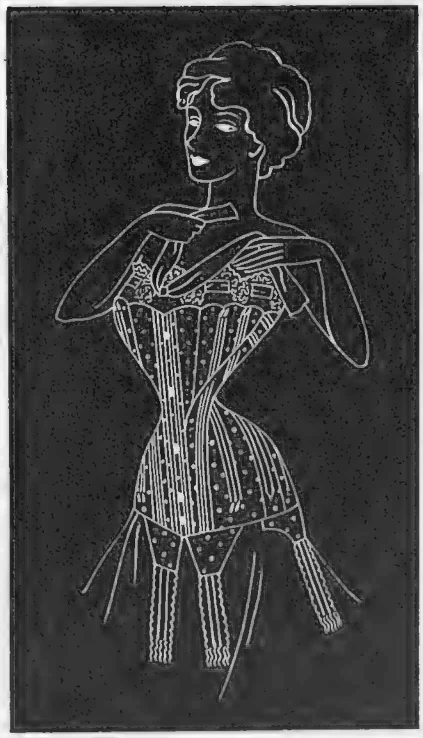
The present-day manifestation of the corset is quite a different matter. It is made, as a rule, of some supple and pliant material or a combination of elastic and silk and follows the natural lines of the body. The activities of the modern woman would make her reluctant, if not unable, to adopt the constricting contraptions of the past.

THE trouble began in the Restoration period, when the ladies of Charles's Court copied the clothes then in vogue at Versailles, where the fashionable beauties had, in their turn, borrowed sartorial ideas, including steel and whalebone corsets, from Spain after the marriage of Louis XIV with the Infanta. (Curiously enough, I am writing this article in La Maison de l'Infante at St. Jean de Luz, where Louis and his Spanish bride spent the first days and nights of their married life!)


Contrast the normal healthy line of this Royal Acta garment, which joins corset and brassière in one, with the old-fashioned type of heavy stays


The Royal Acta slender belt permits the modern woman complete freedom of movement and yet gives her all the necessary support

To return from the historical to the pathological aspect of this insidious, reiterative and long-lived fashion, there is no doubt that stays, in their severer forms, were deleterious to health. The inevitable compression of the internal organs led to all sorts of ills, the most obvious and general being the long and painful confinements which were common during the last century. "Vapours" and fainting fits were attributable to the same cause, as well as various types of internal adhesions and functional inactivity.


The once fashionable hour-glass figure which was achieved by a monstrous and health-destroying contraption of brocade and whalebone

Apart from such serious results, it is obvious that muscles continuously supported cease to function. A body in really good physical condition should have a natural "corset" of muscle, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of the health as well as the beauty of English womanhood, that the shapeliness demanded by fashion will be that of the normal healthy body rather than an imitation of an hour-glass.

There is much to be said for a light and supple garment which maintains the natural and beautiful lines of the body. But, as I have said, fashion is an insidious and cunning influence, and if women once surrender to the suggestion that they must compress themselves to a given shape and measurement by artificial means there is grave danger that the hardly-won physical emancipation of the last two decades may be lost. Strange to think that woman's whole social life might well be changed by a tape measure!

THE real reason that modern women keep their youthful figures is that, through the sports and exercises they indulge in and the fresh air which their clothes, of recent years, have allowed to reach their bodies, their muscles have retained their resiliency and have "done their job." The modern belt or one-piece garment of silk, lightly boned, gives the unbroken line demanded by fashion without interfering with the natural development of the body. Muscles put out of use by constant pressure or support become enervated and inactive. What is more, muscles are surrounded by fat, and when they shrink, as they do through disuse, adipose tissue takes the place of their depleted volume, so that women who have worn tight stays are more likely to put on flesh after a certain age than those who have given their muscles full play and have kept them in a healthy and active condition.

"Ladies *whose* bright Eyes.."

Even the least "promising" Eyes can be enhanced immeasurably by daily care and the use of certain modern Aids to Beauty

By "Chrysis"

The provocative eyes of Marie Prevost

Romance in a glance —from Greta Garbo

Joan Marsh's eyes keep the secrets of youth

I MAKE no apology for borrowing the title of an extremely brilliant novel by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. He himself was quoting, and it is so apt to my subject that I can think of no other!

In their judgment of beauty people have different standards, systems and tastes. For one a woman's hair is her most important feature; the psychologically inclined may notice first the mouth or the hands; some admire figure more than face. But if one could take a majority vote, the eyes, I am sure, would head the list as the feature that most people are first conscious of and remember afterwards. A girl with really lovely eyes will often have a reputation for beauty even though her nose is far from classical, the shape of her face imperfect and her mouth no Cupid's bow!

You may say, "That does not help much if one has not got beautiful eyes!" But the object of this article is to show that more can be done to enhance and improve the eyes than almost any other feature.

TO begin with, no eye is attractive unless it is clear and bright. Modern life is adverse to this condition. Motoring and flying and—if the truth must be told—cigarettes and cocktails do nothing to increase the sparkle of "bright eyes." A glass of cold water or water and lemon juice taken first thing on waking in the morning will keep the whites of the eyes clear and that bluish white colour which is characteristic of the very young and the very healthy. But something more can be done to ensure that the whites of the eyes are clear, the lids soothed and refreshed and the pupils bright. Every woman should bathe her eyes with a soothing, cleansing and strengthening lotion twice a day as regularly as she cleans her teeth. This will remove all dust and irritating substances and all fear of infection.

Those who observe this rule will never be attacked by any of the eye epidemics which dust-laden spring winds are apt to spread, and will never have the weepy, sad look that weak eyes sometimes produce. An ordinary lotion, which any chemist will make up, of boracic and rosewater with or without witch hazel, is quite good, and I know of one excellent eye lotion which contains an infusion made from the leaves of a little plant which the Laplanders gather and use for a preparation to strengthen their eyes against the glare of the snow and sun. Curiously enough each leaf has a little circle like the iris of an eye upon it—Nature's trade mark!

IN addition to the eye-bath some special drops may be used to brighten the eyes. These must not contain belladonna, atropine or any drugs which are ultimately injurious to the sight. I know some drops that have an almost miraculously brightening and revivifying effect which are made from vegetable ingredients and are guaranteed harmless.

The effect of long dark lashes is not only to soften and beautify the expression, but also to make the eyes look much larger. A good eyelash-growing cream should be applied to the tips of the lashes nightly. It will run down the tube of the hair to the roots. There is one which is dark in colour which not only thickens and lengthens the lashes but tends to increase the pigmentation and make them grow darker.

It is certainly permissible to darken the lashes artificially as well. A good water cosmetic carefully applied with a not too damp brush is the most satisfactory method. The brushing involved is actually beneficial to the growth of the lashes, and they can even be encouraged to grow in the way most becoming to the eyes. For instance, one can brush them outwards at the corners of the eye to give a more elongated effect when applying the cosmetic or encourage them to curl by brushing them upwards and backwards.

Amateurs of the art of cosmetics may enhance the beauty and "interest" as well as the apparent size of their eyes by putting a delicate shading of kohl-blue or bistre on the lids by means of one of the creams specially prepared by some of the noted beauty specialists for the purpose. These are more becoming and better for the skin of the lid than the coloured powders which they have, virtually, superseded.

SOME of the well-known "beauty doctors" specialise in eye treatments to keep the lids from ageing and wrinkling, to efface the fine lines of fatigue which show first in the delicate skin round the eyes, to fill out hollow eyes or to reduce puffiness. There is one such treatment in which herbal sachets are steeped in hot water and applied to the closed eyes. They are extraordinarily soothing and beneficent in effect and, used in conjunction with a special eye cream, preserve the youthful beauty of the eyes.

Cream should never be rubbed into the skin around the eyes, which is very easily stretched. It should be patted in very gently with the finger tips, and it is advisable to use an easily absorbed cream specially designed for the purpose. Some specialists advocate an oil with tonic and feeding properties. A daily rest of even ten minutes with pads of cotton wool steeped in a good tonic lotion will reduce puffiness and is a refreshing and sensible form of beauty culture for the eyes.

Many women make a daily practice of eye exercises, which they find valuable both for the health and beauty of their eyes.

Inexpensive Elegancies

A SIMPLE but particularly good chocolate sweet and almond biscuits to eat with it or with a fruit compôte

FILLETS of fresh haddock or other white fish stuffed with crab and a very easily made savoury of wafers and cheese

IT is an almost absurdly simple matter to draw up elegant and enthralling menus when it does not matter what they cost.

It is possible for the really expert cook to produce quite good meals with quite indifferent materials.

But when neither lavishness in the matter of ingredients nor expertness in the matter of the cook are available, the problem of menu making frequently becomes acute, particularly for people who have a hospitable disposition and a large circle of friends.

The people who can take either the first or the second attitude towards their menus are quite noticeably few in number to-day; whereas the number who must practise an elegant economy is large.

The ingredients for this month's menus work out at about one shilling and sixpence a head for luncheon for six people and about two shillings and threepence per head for dinner, also for six people.

Although most of the same things are available all the year round, there are some months in which the menus would cost more because of the higher price of eggs.

This Month's Menus

For Luncheon

Omelette filled with Chicken Livers and Mushrooms

Orange and Banana Compôte
Almond Biscuits

Assorted Cheese. Green Salad. Hot Oat Cakes

For Dinner

Lettuce Soup

Stuffed Fillets of Fresh Haddock

Brown Fricassée of Guinea Fowl. Pommes Rissolés. Watercress and Orange Salad

Cold Chocolate Pudding

Cheese Wafers

Orange and Banana Compôte

INGREDIENTS.—*4 oranges, 5 bananas, chopped nuts or grated coconut, ¼ lb. sugar, ½ pint water, maraschino.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel the oranges, remove the white pith, cut into round slices, put the pips into a saucepan with the sugar and water, boil for ten minutes, strain and cool. Peel and scrape the bananas; slice them. Arrange the fruit in layers in a glass dish, sprinkling each layer with nuts or coconut. Add a little maraschino to the syrup and pour it over the salad. Put in a very cool place till needed.

Curaçoa or kirsch could be used as an alternative to the maraschino.

Almond Biscuits

INGREDIENTS.—*2 oz. butter, 2 oz. ground almonds, 2 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. flour, a pinch of baking powder, a pinch of salt, a tiny scraping of vanilla pod.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Sieve the flour and salt into a basin, add the butter, sugar and almonds. Mix into a paste with the hands, roll out, make narrow pieces about 5 in. long and ½ in. thick, shape like wide flat horseshoes, sprinkle with sugar and bake for about twenty minutes.

Stuffed Fillets of Fresh Haddock

INGREDIENTS.—*6 lb. fresh haddock, 1 boiled crab, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. butter or margarine, ½ oz. flour, salt and pepper, finely chopped parsley.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Fillet the fish, put bones and trimmings in a saucepan with half an onion, a few stalks of parsley, a teaspoon of vinegar and water to cover. Bring to the boil, simmer for twenty minutes and strain. Scrape out the creamy part of the crab, discarding the greyish part, etc. Chop the claw meat. Season the creamy crab meat with pepper, spread a little on each fillet of fish, roll up and tie with white cotton. Arrange in buttered fireproof dish and cover with the fish stock. Bake for fifteen minutes. Melt the butter in a saucepan. stir in the flour with a wooden spoon, heat the milk and add gradually. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time, simmer for ten minutes, season, add the claw meat. Cut the cotton round the fillets, pour off the fish stock, pour the sauce over the fillets and decorate with parsley, also, if you like, paprika.

Some *Unusual* Dishes which are *easy* to make and *even* easier *to* demolish

By Catherine Ives

Brown Fricassée of Guinea Fowl

INGREDIENTS.—*2 guinea fowl, ¼ lb. fat bacon, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon red currant jelly, a pinch of nutmeg, a squeeze of lemon juice, 1 pint of stock or water, forcemeat balls.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut the birds into neat joints, removing as much skin as possible. One guinea fowl is enough for four people, so some of the second bird can be put on one side, if the whole of two birds would be too much. Sieve the flour, salt, nutmeg and pepper on to a plate, and dip the pieces of bird into this. Cut the bacon into small strips, put in a warm frying pan and cook gently for a few minutes. Do not let it brown too much. Lift it out carefully and put in a saucepan or fireproof casserole. Fry the joints of guinea fowl in the bacon fat, one by one. Add them to the saucepan or casserole when finished. Put the remains of flour in the frying pan, stir till brown and well blended, add the hot stock or water, and stir till boiling. Strain the sauce, add the red currant jelly and lemon juice. Add the chopped onion to the guinea fowl, etc., pour in the sauce and cook very gently with the lid on till the bird is tender, about one hour. Add tiny forcemeat balls about fifteen minutes before the bird is done.

If you do not want the forcemeat balls and would prefer cooked vegetables to a salad, turn the guinea fowl into a fireproof glass dish and arrange a garnish of baby carrots and turnips and sprays of cauliflower round it.

THE orange and banana compôte is enlivened with liqueur syrup and the omelette is filled with chicken livers and mushrooms

HERE is the fricassée of guinea fowl garnished with an assortment of vegetables. The new potatoes are partly cooked and finished in butter

Cold Chocolate Pudding

INGREDIENTS.—*¼ lb. vanilla chocolate, 3 or 4 eggs, cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Break the chocolate into small pieces and put it in the top of a double saucepan or in a basin in a saucepan of boiling water, and steam for about half an hour. Let it cool. Separate the yolks and whites of eggs. Add the yolks to the chocolate, beating them in thoroughly with a wooden spoon, one by one. Whisk the whites very stiffly and stir them lightly into the mixture. Pour it into the dish in which it is going to be served, and let it stand for at least twelve hours. Whip some cream very lightly (it should not be stiff) and smooth it over the top of the chocolate.

Langues de chat or hazelnut macaroons make a delightful addition to this sweet, but neither of them are really necessary.

The cheese wafers are extremely simple, but very good if carefully done. For these you need unsweetened ice wafers, butter, grated Parmesan cheese, and a few grains of cayenne pepper.

Add the cayenne to the grated cheese, butter the wafers and sprinkle them fairly thickly with the cheese, put them on a buttered baking sheet, and bake them in the oven till the cheese is melted and has just begun to turn colour.

Lettuce Soup

INGREDIENTS.—*Two or 3 lettuces, 3 or 4 spring onions, 2 pints of light stock, 1 dessertspoonful crushed tapioca, 2 oz. butter, 1 egg, a handful of spinach.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Cut away any hard stalks from the lettuce and remove any discoloured leaves. Wash the leaves very thoroughly, and let them lie in cold water for half an hour before you begin to cook them. Wash the spinach and pick it over carefully, removing the stalks. Cut the root and most of the green from the onions, and wash them in cold water. Drain all the vegetables and cut them all into fine shreds. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the vegetables, and let them stew very gently for about a quarter of an hour, shaking the pan and stirring the contents frequently. Add the stock by degrees, bring to the boil, and simmer gently for about twenty minutes. Sprinkle in the crushed tapioca, and cook until it is quite transparent. Taste the soup, and season. Beat up the egg, put it into a soup tureen, and pour the hot soup on to it, stirring all the time, but take care that the soup is not boiling when you add it to the egg, or this will curdle. Fried croûtons of bread and grated cheese should be handed with this soup. Curly endives may be used in the same way when lettuces are scarce or dear, and make an equally appetising soup.

How *Not* to Order

A famous Restaurateur propounds a lesson in economy which is also the first step towards good housekeeping and better food

By X. M. Boulestin

LIFE in England is not cheap, and, in spite of all the proud announcements that "things" are becoming cheaper, we never seem to see the retail prices reduced, or if reduced "not so as you would notice." So we must at least try to get our money's worth. And that is where careful ordering is a duty and a virtue.

Ordering badly is only another form of wastefulness, for it is always waste and not extravagance in food which makes one sigh over the weekly books. But what is the use of sighing? Take a little more trouble, and, backed by a certain amount of common sense, you will find that you will live better and more economically, which makes for personal satisfaction and general happiness.

I AM not talking only of ordering meals carelessly but also of doing the actual buying wrongly. The enemy in this case is the telephone. Ordering by telephone, unless it is such things as rice, flour, and other groceries, is fatal. It is convenient, of course, but you pay heavily for the convenience and the slackness.

How can you, for instance, choose a piece of meat without seeing it; even if you give careful instructions through the telephone about this or that part of the animal, even if you say "not too fat" or "not too thick," the man at the other end of the wire has not got in front of him the piece you are discussing and a large knife; his only tool at the moment is the telephone receiver.

You ought to be in the shop, saying "No, I don't like the look of it, I'll have a cut out of that piece over there." Also you might see there other things which might give you ideas for a dish which would be a welcome change.

IF you telephone for bacon how do you know that the salesman's ideas of lean, of fat, of streaky are the same as your own?—apart from the fact that, seeing the piece, you can judge if it is cured to your liking or disapprove of its colour. How can you "feel" if the Camembert cheese is ripe enough if you do not have a good look at it? Do not be even afraid of pressing it lightly with your finger.

As for buying vegetables and fruit, it is even more important to see what you are buying. It is essential. No greengrocer is such a fool, when you telephone and ask if he has any nice pears, as to answer that they are hard and green and altogether the wrong kind. He will always say that they are "very nice eating" or "fine cookers" as the case may be. But this you must judge by yourself, and if you do not like the look of the pears, choose something else instead, or quickly decide to have a savoury instead of a sweet.

ALSO if you do actually go to the shop and buy yourself, do not be put off, do not be bullied. This is always done politely but firmly. You will, as a rule, find that there is a front row of good tomatoes, or strawberries, or whatever it is, but at the back they are not nearly so good. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the hand of the salesman always goes to that part of the show. Things are picked up with amazing quickness, and disappear in a paper bag before you have time to see anything. It is almost like a conjuring trick. Then you must act. Do it, stop him, politely but firmly. Say you prefer this and that tomato. In that case it is not rude to point.

In fact, pick the best. It is all the same price. If your greengrocer does not like your ways do not change them—change him.

SALADS at their Best

Some recipes which make salad-mixing easy

By A. H. Adair

Salads should be made in a bowl large enough to enable them to be mixed thoroughly

I THINK that one of the reasons why salads are not given a regular place on the menu of everyday life is that most people visualise salads as elaborate and expensive mixtures covered with complicated dressings. But if we wish to make salads a part of our daily fare—and apart from their health-giving qualities nothing is more pleasant and refreshing—we should remember that, as is the case with most things, simplicity is the note to strike. Above all, the popular mixture which includes tomatoes, cucumber and radishes should be avoided at all cost; for, leaving aside the question of flavour, nothing could be more indigestible than this combination of elements which, even when taken separately, have to be used with discretion.

All that we require is good oil and vinegar, a salad-bowl large enough to enable us to mix our ingredients thoroughly, and a mixing spoon and fork not made of metal—horn, bone, glass or wooden ones being the best.

Plain Lettuce Salad

This simple salad is one of the best accompaniments to a roast that it is possible to have.

Remove the outside leaves, break up the inner leaves (do not cut or chop lettuce), and wash them in cold water, leaving them for about ten minutes to revive. Place the lettuce in a clean cloth, wrap it up and leave it until required; lettuce or any green salad will keep for several hours in a moist cloth. Put the lettuce in a salad-bowl, sprinkle with a mixture of chopped parsley, chervil and tarragon—any good greengrocer stocks these two herbs nowadays, or if he doesn't would readily stock them if asked to do so—and dress the salad as follows: Put salt to taste in the mixing-spoon and dissolve it in vinegar, which you then shake over the salad. (The amount of oil and vinegar depends upon the quantity of salad to be made, on the strength of your vinegar, and on your own taste; the usual proportion is one of vinegar to two of oil.) Add the oil and some pepper and mix the salad thoroughly, turning it over and over until there is no dressing left at the bottom of the bowl. The dressing of this salad should take place at the last minute, if possible in the dining room just before it is to be eaten.

Fresh salads are essential to health at this time of year

Salad of Lettuce and Eggs

Take some hard-boiled eggs, say, one for each person, cut them into two, and remove the yolks. Put these in a mixing-bowl and pound them up with a little mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. Work this into a smooth paste, tasting it occasionally and adding more of this or that according to taste. This mixture should have rather a lot of oil and should be just slightly stiffer than mayonnaise sauce. Cut up the whites of egg into pieces about an inch square and mix in with the prepared yolks. Line the salad bowl with the inside leaves of lettuce washed and dried as described above, but not broken up, and pour in the egg mixture. This salad should be eaten by itself, either as hors d'œuvre or as a separate dish for luncheon.

Chopped herbs and freshly ground salt and pepper are important ingredients

Cucumber Salad

This salad is not indigestible if carefully prepared in the following manner.

Skin and cut up the cucumber as usual. Put it into a deep dish and sprinkle generously with salt so that the cucumber is quite covered with it. Do this at least three hours before using and let it stand. You will find that the salt has extracted a great deal of liquid and in doing so has extracted the indigestible matter which is the reason for this treatment. Put the cucumber into a muslin and squeeze every drop of liquid out. You may, of course, regret the hard crispness which is lost by this method, but most people will, we hope, appreciate being able to eat cucumber without fear of indigestion. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar and sprinkle with chopped parsley and chives or spring onions.

Girls Together

(*Continued from page* 21)

Roadsters, nickel-plated, arrogant, dozens of them. All the idle boys of the town gathered there. It was known that Mrs. Winter's hospitality had no limits. There was always a tinkle of ice, a lunch-table, a tea-table, a supper-table. Servants. Cool porches. A pool. Tennis. Not a bad old girl, Mrs. Winter, if you made a fuss over her. Easy. Easily flattered. Oh, well. You can't have something for nothing. And if you felt like it, you could make love to the kid. Mrs. Winter's wild kid, Valentine.

And so the idle boys crowded in. There was laughter on the cool porches. And laughter in the green pool. Youth having a swell time.

And then Marjorie brought Billy Buchanan.

"I'm having a dance to-night," Valentine telephoned. "Bring your paragon. Unless, of course, you're afraid."

"I'm not afraid," Marjorie said. "Only Billy doesn't care about dancing."

"Bring him anyway. I'll give him a pair of slippers and a book and he can sit by the fire."

"Don't be silly," Marjorie said.

Valentine was a long time dressing for her party. When at last she stood before the mirrors, satisfied, there was a look of excited eagerness in her eyes.

"I'm pale," she thought. "I'm strange. I'm lovely. Oh, I'm very lovely."

Marjorie wore the graduation dress. Her cheeks were bright.

"This is Billy," she said. "I want you to like each other."

Billy Buchanan stared at Valentine. Valentine. Sixteen. So little. So awfully little and pale. And sort of—sort of—terribly wise. Poor little kid. With a mother like that!

Mrs. Winter took Marjorie's arm and led her upstairs. "You can leave your wrap in my room. How sweet you look, all in white. Like a bride!"

Marjorie was very serious, very proud.

"I'm going to be married in September," she said. "Billy and I won't have any honeymoon trip. We're going to the construction camp at the dam."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, no. They've made Billy assistant to the Chief. It's a big job. It's Billy's chance. Our chance."

"But he's taking you to a wilderness!"

"I'm not afraid. I'm strong. I can cook. We'll be snowed in for three months. But we'll have each other."

"You astonish me," Mrs. Winter said. "You sound like your great-grandmother Brewster, who crossed in Forty-nine and gave birth to your grandmother, ninth child, in a prairie schooner during an Indian raid."

"Billy needs me," Marjorie said.

In the meantime, Valentine and Billy Buchanan were sitting in a swing at the far end of the porch, facing the sea and the palm-garden and a sky full of stars. Valentine had driven the former occupants away.

"You two go and dance!"

NOW she leaned back, unusually absorbed, unusually quiet, a cigarette burning out between her fingers.

"Marjorie doesn't smoke, does she? You must think I'm awful. I smoke every minute."

"You shouldn't," Billy Buchanan said.

He took her hand, removed the offending cigarette, threw it over the porch railing into the shrubbery.

Valentine leaned sideways so that her bare, brown shoulder touched his sleeve.

"But I like doing what I shouldn't. It's so much more fun. Anyone can be good. The laws are all made; the paths are laid out; all you have to do is to obey! But it takes courage to be wild, Billy. It takes nerve. And I like people with nerve."

"I suppose you want another cigarette?"

"Please! I'm not me otherwise."

He gave her one from his own crushed and battered package. He struck a match and held it until his finger-tips scorched. He had happened to notice the sweep of her lashes, the petulant, little-girl droop of her painted lips.

She drew away again.

"Isn't it nice? Not being serious!"

"Aren't we serious?"

"Are we? I thought we were looking at the moon. Let's be quiet and listen to the sea."

"No," Billy said, "I'd rather hear about you."

"Oh, I'm not interesting."

"But you are."

"Do you mean that, Billy?"

"You're interesting because you're all wrong about everything."

Suddenly she turned to him.

"But you *like* me, don't you?"

"I don't know."

She gave him one of her long looks; a look from under her lashes, appraising, disturbing, deliberate.

"Very well, then. Here goes!"

She tossed the cigarette away and rose.

"Marjorie says you don't dance——"

"I do."

They went inside. The drawing-room had been cleared. A young man with a white, smiling face and very black hair sat at the piano playing "Rainbows." Another young man sat on top of the piano. He had a saxophone, from which he drew husky, crooning sounds. Another young man wandered about the room with a mandoline. And the three of them made jazz sound like a rhapsody. You danced. You had to.

MARJORIE wasn't there. Billy looked for her. Then he forgot all about her. Valentine was as impalpable as a feather in his arms. She pressed her pointed chin against his breast. She hummed. Her feet in their arched silver slippers did not seem to touch the floor. Once she squeezed his hand, hard.

When Marjorie came down with Mrs. Winter, the musicians were having supper and Valentine and Billy Buchanan had disappeared.

They were in the pool.

It was dark down there. The water was cool and black and deep. The air was sweet with the heady scent of heliotrope.

They swam idly, side by side.

"Isn't it wonderful? All those stars?"

They hung in the water, resting finger-tips on the rail.

"Marjorie says you're serious. I don't believe you are."

He didn't answer. Marjorie wouldn't do a thing like this—run away from her own party and change a froth of chiffon for a damp bathing-suit and swim in a dark pool under the stars. He was going to marry Marjorie. If only he didn't have to remember his promise until to-morrow . . .

"Had enough?" Valentine asked.

She flitted away from him, lifted herself out, ran back along the concrete walk to the bath-house.

Billy Buchanan dressed slowly. He felt ashamed and sorry. Then, hearing her close the bath-house door, he made frantic efforts to overtake her. Her dress glowed in the dark. Between the tall, clipped hedges, he caught her, drew her against him, kissed her.

"You innocent," she murmured. "I thought you'd never——"

"You're so little. So little!"

"Lift me."

He carried her. Her arms went around his neck. Her fingers caressed his hair.

"Let's go down to the beach. Let's talk. I've got so much to tell you."

He put her down again, and they ran, hand in hand, across the lawn, across the road, down the steep bank into the cold sand.

"No one saw us."

"Listen! You can hear the music. They're playing 'Bye and Bye.'"

"Oh, Valentine—you're so little."

"You're going to marry Marjorie?"

"Yes. In September."

"I wonder," Valentine whispered, "whether you love her—really."

"Love," Billy said, "I've never thought about it much . . . until to-night. Marjorie's wonderful. We've always been pals. She's going back to camp with me."

THEY were sitting close together in the sand. Billy Buchanan lay with his arms under his head and stared up at Valentine's face—a pale oval against a great black sky aflame with stars.

"But love," she insisted. She touched the tip of his nose with her finger—followed the outline of his firm, clear profile tentatively. "Madness and forgetting—just being *crazy*. . . ."

"I've promised. . . ."

She lay back, too, her arms under her head. The sand was cold and the waves came in to crash like rhythmic heart-beats and sighed and drew away again and crashed.

"You're such a *kid*," Valentine said. "Why, don't you know, you silly boy, that nothing is real except this?"

"This?"

"You and I."

She turned her head. Their faces were so close that they seemed to each other to be all eyes, eyes that questioned and sought and demanded.

"No," Billy Buchanan said. "There's honour. Duty. I mustn't forget, ever, what I've promised. . . ."

"Darling," Valentine whispered, "you're so funny. So innocent. That's why I like you."

"Is it?"

His eyes darkened suddenly. He laughed. His arms went around her, held her. Above them the stars flamed.

The orchestra was playing "Jazz Baby." Mrs. Winter, approaching the porch swing with a vague boy in white flannels, found Marjorie there, alone.

"I think I'll go home, if you don't mind," Marjorie said. "It's after midnight, and I'm afraid Mother——"

"Where's Billy?"

"I don't know."

"Where's——"

Suddenly recollecting her impeccable motherhood, Mrs. Winter smiled, a stretched smile that displayed her fine teeth, but that carried with it neither mirth nor reassurance.

"Of course, darling. You must go home if you're tired. Fred will drive you back—won't you, Fred?"

"Assuredly," said the anonymous youth, testing his ability to articulate. He was quite drunk, but full of a sombre, unnatural dignity.

"Thank you," Marjorie said. "But I've got my own car. I'd rather go alone."

"Of course, darling."

"Good-night."

MARJORIE went, without her wrap. The battered roadster shot between the parked cars in the driveway and roared along the boulevard into town.

Mrs. Winter faced Fred.

"Perhaps we'd better look for Valentine," she said.

"Oh, *no*," Fred answered, wagging his head. "Oh, by all means, *no*!"

Mrs. Winter, lying awake in the black pit of darkness that comes just before dawn, heard Valentine tip-toe along the corridor and softly enter her own bedroom, softly close the door.

Mrs. Winter sat up with a gasp. Reaching for a négligée, fumbling for slippers, she followed. She got as far as Valentine's door. She put her hand on the knob. Then, suddenly, she remembered what she had said to Eva: "I never interfere. If Valentine should happen to hurt herself, I'll stand by. But she won't. Modern girls are too wise to fall into the obvious pitfalls."

And Eva, smiling, had said:

"Take care she doesn't dig pitfalls of her own to fall into." (*Continued on page* 91)

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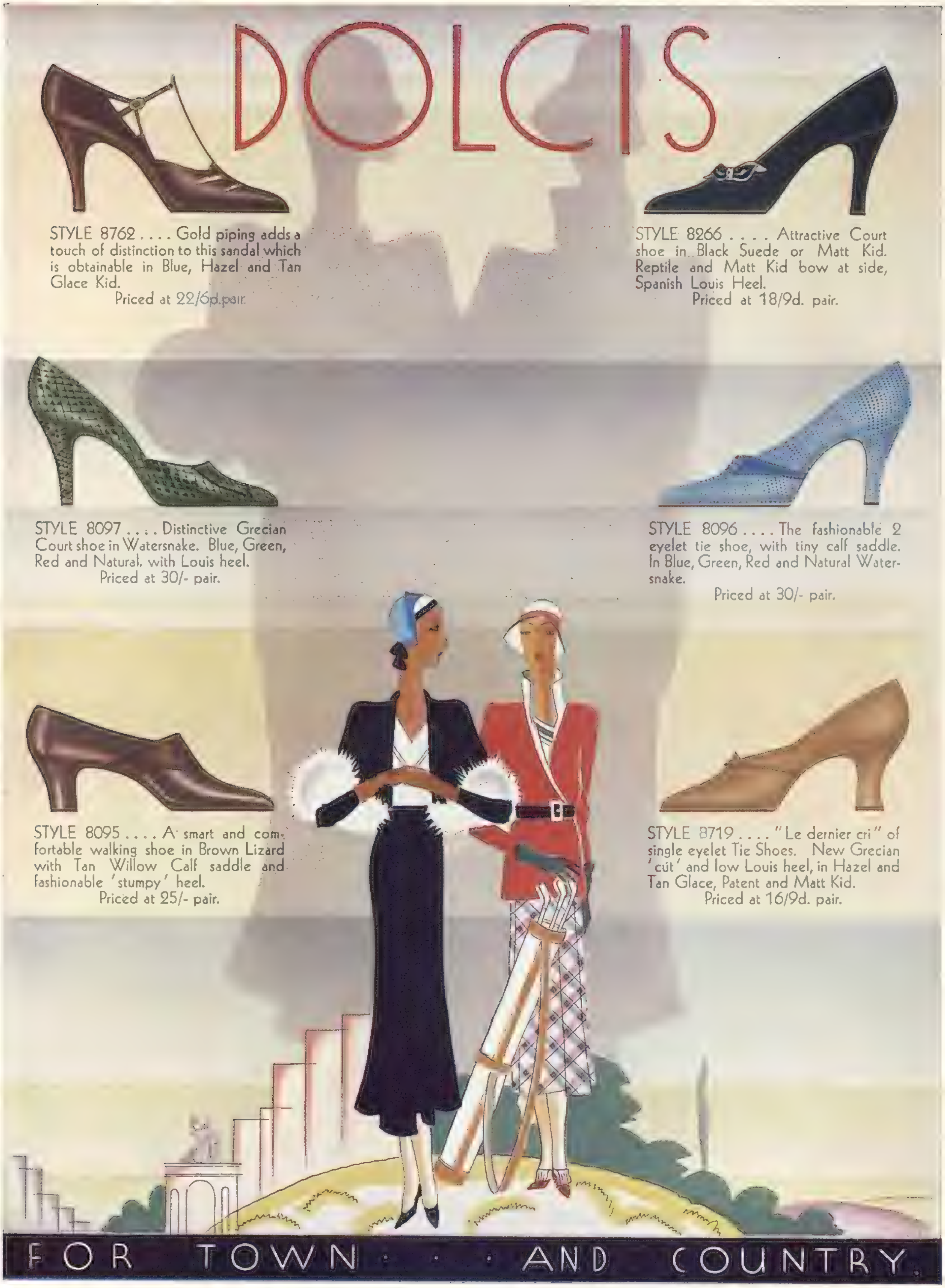
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"I don't know what you mean."

But now she knew. Drawing a sharp breath, shivering, she turned away from Valentine's door, from the silence in Valentine's room. Trailing the soft peach folds of the négligée, stumbling in the velvet slippers, she went back to her room and sat by the window until the sun came up. It was reassuring to ring at last for breakfast.

"When Miss Valentine wakes, ask her to come to me, here."

"Yes, ma'am."

Waiting, Mrs. Winter found herself, unexpectedly, tense. Her reflection surprised her.

"This is nonsense. She often sleeps like this, until noon. I'll wait. I'll be patient."

Just before eleven she rang for the maid.

"Wake Miss Valentine, please. She must have forgotten. . . . We're going into town."

"Yes, ma'am." The maid hesitated. "A young man just came, ma'am; he wants to speak to you. Mr. Buchanan."

"A tall young man?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Winter went to the mirror. She powdered carefully, erasing traces of sleeplessness. There was a curious drag at her heels as she descended, a tautness in her voice when she greeted him.

"Mr. Buchanan?"

He came forward from a dark corner of the drawing room: a big, pale, serious boy, a frightened boy.

"You're Valentine's mother. I've got to speak to you."

"About Valentine?"

"We're going to be married. I wanted you to know."

He met her eyes. His lips were trembling.

"Do you love Valentine?"

"I love Marjorie," he said.

"Then why ——"

"It's my fault. I'll be good to her, Mrs. Winter. I'll do my best.

"Have you told Marjorie?"

"Yes," he said.

"What did she say?"

"What could she say, Mrs. Winter? I'll never forgive myself for having hurt her. God, I'll never ——"

"I know," Mrs. Winter interrupted. "These things are very——"

The quick intake of his breath was like a cry. Mrs. Winter looked at him. She tried to remember what it was she ought to say. What modern mothers say to boys with tragic, stricken eyes. What she *believed*.

She heard her own voice, at last, uttering the stale and tattered credo . . . but faintly, with terror lest he take her at her word.

"You don't have to marry Valentine, unless you love her."

Then she saw that he did not mean to take her at her word, and she thanked God for what he was. All along, she had wanted men to be like this man.

"I'll talk to Valentine."

"Thank you," he said. He took her hands, held them. "Don't blame her. Don't frighten her. Please."

Mrs. Winter lifted her head.

"I'm her mother," she said.

She climbed the stairs again, slowly. Valentine was waiting. She stood by the window, looking down at the drive, at Billy Buchanan, walking swiftly away, hands clenched, eyes dark with pity and rebellion. Valentine, in a red crêpe dress by Vionnet and a red tam' and stilt-heeled slippers.

"Well?"

Mrs. Winter closed the door.

"Oh, Valentine ——"

Valentine wheeled away from the window.

"Don't look at me like that! Don't! Like Aunt Eva ——"

"I'm your mother. Do you expect me not to feel? I've just talked to that boy. He wants to marry you."

Valentine turned away from the window. Mrs. Winter sat down on the bed, heavily. She found that she could not look at Valentine. Something new and desperate, something old and baffling and beyond reach in her eyes. . . .

"I'm not going to marry him," Valentine said. "Not now, or ever. He's Marjorie's. . . . She'll go with him up to that camp, and cook for him, and dream dreams. . . . Victorian dreams with pale blue ribbon sashes. . . ."

"Valentine!"

"I'm not going to marry him, just because —because it was fun to take him away from Marjorie! Just because there were stars!"

"We'll go abroad," Mrs. Winter said. "Just you and I."

"No. I'm not going to run away."

She clenched her hands. There passed across her eyes a dark look of difficult triumph.

"I guess I can be as honourable as he is, and as brave."

"I wish I could help you, darling," Mrs. Winter whispered. "I feel so useless. I've tried and tried to be a sister to you. Another girl. I've tried to make you happy."

"Happiness!" Valentine said. She smiled. "Hooey!"

Later, after a massage and a facial, a shampoo and a manicure, Mrs. Winter went to see Eva.

She found Eva on the lawn, her workbasket on her lap, the bright makings of a patch-work quilt tangled in the grass at her feet.

"I've come," Mrs. Winter said, "to give Billy Buchanan back to Marjorie."

Eva's hands dropped into her lap. Behind the bifocal lenses, her eyes filled slowly with tears. After a moment, she wiped them away. But she did not look at Mrs. Winter. Her eyes were fixed on something in the distance . . . the figure, majestic, immovable, symbolic, of a cast-iron dog.

"We mothers," she said at last, "must move with the times. . . . I said only this morning to the gardener that we must take that dog away. It's been there fifty years. . . . I'm going to put a statue there . . . something lovely and gay and free. Say a nymph, or a god, or a child. . . ."

END

The Robot Woman

(*Continued from page* 69)

meagre standard of life under the Soviet. But she cannot travel—the ordinary citizen has the greatest difficulty in securing permission to leave the U.S.S.R.—nor can she tour her own country in the comfort of a car. The individual may not possess a motor, for cars are reserved for Government use. Correspondence must be discreet, for too great an interest in outside matters argues a lack of Communistic concentration—the shadow of the Censor hangs over every city: one never knows where it may fall. And always there is the feeling innate but unexpressed that the woman, like the man, who earns a living by the exercise of brain rather than by manual skill, is enjoying an unfair advantage for which she must be penalised. The skilled mechanic earns exactly double the amount paid to a high Government official!

And now we come to marriage. A woman may still be married in church, with all the panoply of gorgeous music, the incense, and the unearthly beauty of the Russian choirs. But if she does choose, it is under fear of criticism. Once again she is making herself conspicuous, failing to observe the standardised marriage of the Soviet, which consists of the formal registration of husband and wife. There is no actual prohibition of a religious service, but the State moves in a mysterious way to testify its cognisance of what is happening.

THE majority of marriages are purely formal—there is no honeymoon, for both bride and bridegroom are servants of the State. For the young girl reared in the belief that marriage has no sacramental significance a possible change of partner holds little distress. She has all the confidence and pride of youth that she can hold her man so long as she may want to. But for the older woman the cold sense of loss must hover very closely. For divorce, like marriage, is a mere matter of registration, and it is possible to learn quite casually that the man you love has decided to untie the marriage knot. It is not necessary to cite any reason beyond the fact that he does not wish to live with you—there is no appeal, no evidence, merely an official record.

In the country, life is more normal. Husbands and wives do not casually part. But in the cities marriage is less and less stable.

There is none of that discussion as to ways and means, that pride of home, that justifiable vanity in a well-ordered establishment which gratifies husband as much as wife. Little unexpected jaunts, dinners *à deux*, are no longer part of the scheme of things. Gradually the woman merges into a physical register who works and eats and bears children according to a standardised regime. There is no need to plan and save for the coming baby. The approaching birth is registered and the Government grants two months' paid absence from work before and after the arrival of the child. The doctor, the nurse, the whole paraphernalia, is part of the State routine.

A mother does not have her children very long. From earliest years they go to State Kindergartens, progress to State schools, and are off hands at fourteen, when they will either be indexed to manual work or sent to the polytechnic or university on a Government grant to continue their education.

THE child of divorced parents need not necessarily be taken over by the State. The law compels the father to allocate a third of his income towards the support of his offspring. The amount does not vary, however, and there is no means of getting any more, though he may register divorce three times over, leaving each woman with a child. This leads to considerable heartburning on the part of the contestant mothers and will, I think, pave the way for those national nurseries which are part of the Five Years' scheme. The only consolation in such a case is that whatever the modicum may be, each mother can get her proportion. The man is docketed and ticketed, for, like everyone else, he is a servant of the State and his income and resources are recorded.

In what direction, then, can woman find the means to satisfy that craving for beauty, imagination—call it what you will—that is part of the feminine nature? The theatre, like the films, though technically superb, is impregnated with propaganda. You cannot lose your sense of external pressure by visualising romance, save by the revival of the old Classicists—Tchehov, Tolstoi, Turgeniev—the drama stages the triumph of Communism over and over again. Hollywood supplies the only relief. I shall never forget my astonishment when in the midst of the grey depression of Minsk (the capital of White Ruthenia) there flashed above the tumble-down entrance of a squalid building the winged words, "Billy Dove"!

Books and newspapers suffer the same epidemic of proselytisation. Even as a foreigner I felt the nervous strain of the continuous attack, in which every headline is a scream for renewed effort, a demand for increased output. The posters shout at you from the walls, the radio shrieks unremittingly.

The iron hand of the Soviet holds down even the expression of creative genius. Every novel or play must be submitted to the Government Board of Publication, who decide for or against its appearance. It is understood that no work must adumbrate an idea outside the scope of Communism, and if in spite of this precaution the book should not be deemed worthy to see the light, there is no possible appeal. One publisher's poison may be another's meat in other countries, but in Russia the Board's decision is final.

(*Continued on page* 92)

From that tender spot in your gums

Pyorrhœa may poison your whole body!

Pyorrhœa *is* a poison. Wells of poison accumulate in your gums beneath a Pyorrhœa-infected tooth. From there the poison filters into your blood-stream. Day by day it relentlessly undermines your health until, before you realise it, you are an invalid — an easy prey to all kinds of illnesses.

Are you looking after your gums? They're equally as important as your teeth. Protect both by using Forhan's For the Gums. More than a dentifrice, it prevents Pyorrhœa and checks its progress, if used in time and used regularly. It was made — by a dentist — especially for that purpose. Start using Forhan's For the Gums today. And don't merely brush your teeth with it, massage your gums with a little on your fingertip. Especially if you are near 40 — the danger age — take this simple, but very certain, precaution.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT AMONG PEOPLE OVER 40 (AND MANY YOUNGER)
4 OUT OF 5
SUFFER FROM PYORRHŒA

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT

Forhan's
for the gums

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

The Robot Woman

EVEN in her choice of reading matter a woman must be careful. State control, which has little thought for the convenience of the individual, exercises considerable supervision over public taste. And she who centres too much on foreign and un-Communistic literature is likely to be noted with disfavour. I used to feel sometimes that with the disappearance of individuality of dress in the terrible monochrome of drabness, with the elimination of the shop in favour of the stereotyped store, with the abolition of the home and the erection of the sleeping shelter, the Russian woman of the city must slowly, tragically lose freshness and spontaneity. She has been caught in the trammels of that vast engine of the State which, having set out to cut a clear path of opportunity for the worker, is slowly but surely deflowering indiscriminately and purposely that fine sense of personality without which woman is but a Robot.

Poor Eve, exquisite in her own entity, loses her attributes, her very genius, when welded in the mass. Self-expression is the very life of woman. Take from her the motive-power of her existence and there is left nothing but the scheduled response of a regimented automaton.

END

The Changing Face *of* Paris

(*Continued from page* 23)

changed in height, the Mansard roof was crushed in to make the attics more livable, the hand-wrought iron balconies were replaced by factory products, handsome if uninteresting; but the whole idea remained untouched.

Rossini's rooms at 2 Chaussée-d'Antin are painted with cherubs and blue skies as well as with musical instruments, to the startled amusement of people who go to call on the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* (Lond., Eng.), and do not expect to see the heritors of the mantle of de Blowitz sitting augustly in the midst of such pleasing gaieties. The house itself is, just for the moment (it will go very soon) a corner of the most characteristic triangle of Paris (model 1931). It represents the early nineteenth century, with its tall walls and rather inexpressive windows. Obviously what Victorian England called " a terrace-house." You can deduce from it what every other house in the street looks like.

Opposite is the seventeenth-century Pavillon de Hanovre, in small letters, and a hoarding, in big ones. The latter will go and, with luck, be destroyed; the former is to be taken to a nice tree-growing suburb. It was once the palatial summer-house in the grounds of a great noble; its windows looked over the newly planted saplings of the fortifications, then just dismantled and made into a public promenade, to green meadows, and up to the mills on the country hill of Montmartre. Its gracious carved front, semicircular because it was built where a fighting bastion had been, has latterly been disfigured by advertisement. At Sceaux it will be free of this.

Next it rises the cliff of masonry which now forms one side of the rue Louis-le-Grand; the sort of mass which is appearing all along the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées. A detail in the photograph, which was taken on one of these late foggy days, shows the lights of a big American cinema. Above them rises the rounded façade which the foreign company were constrained to preserve, because the authorities did not want the look of the Boulevards changed just there. Now it was rounded because the Pavillon de Hanovre was just opposite; and the Pavillon was rounded because it was built where a bastion had been; and the bastion was rounded because round towers had always been looked upon as easier to defend than angular ones, in medieval times. A nice sequence. But what a jump to the rue Mallet-Stevens

END

"My little girl is a fine, healthy, contented child, ailing nothing, and is always ready for her cup of 'Ovaltine.' For growing children there is nothing finer."

So writes the mother of this bonny child. She knows that "Ovaltine" is the ideal daily food beverage during the growing years of childhood, when more nourishment is needed than ordinary food contains. For "Ovaltine" supplies, in concentrated and correctly balanced form, all the nutritive elements which create energy and build up healthy bodies and sound nerves.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve & Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P710

The Children's *and Competition Circles*

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Little Christine Smedley, A.C.S. 668, who played one of the leads in "The Magic Wood" at the Aynesworth School of Acting matinée, on behalf of the 14th Salon Cot at the West Pier theatre, Brighton, on April 16th

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, February 16

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Review of a Recent Novel. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon. Mention: Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625; E. Marjorie Gath, G.C.S. 5741; Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242, and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S 4316; Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Poster for Cigarettes. Prize 10s. Divided between Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816 and Meg Vere-Hodge, M.C.S. 3233. Hon. Mention: Gwen Sweeting, M.C.S. 3067; Ina Crookston, M.C.S. 3048.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Divided between Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683, and Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2732. Hon. Mention: Helen Mary Lillie, M.C.S. 3175.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Knitted. Prize 10s. Divided between Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724, and Hetty Duckham, M.C.S. 3155.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Dorothy Higgins, A.C.S. 1196. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346; Daisy Higgins, A.C.S. 1197; Ann Broadwood, A.C.S. 1400; Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Helen Dixon, A.C.S. 1434. Hon. Mention: Ursula Scott-Morris, A.C.S. 1275; Ailsa Heath, A.C.S. 1334.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881. Hon. Mention: Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283; Lois Duckham, A.C.S. 1409.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s.—Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.
Second Prize, 7s. 6d.—Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719.
Hon. Mention: Gilda Fraser-Hamilton, M.C.S. 3100 Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693.

Award of Prizes, March 2

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Magazine Cover. Prize 10s. Divided between Isabelle Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779, and Netta Pollok, G.C.S. 4819. Hon. Mention: Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Winifred D. Thompson, G.C.S. 4618; W. H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colours. Prize 10s. Awarded to Louisa W. Shaw, G.C.S. 5718. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendolen E. M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079. Hon. Mention: Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708; Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3087; Bobbie Webber, M.C.S. 3237; Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like.—Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline R. Allen, M.C.S. 3151. Hon. Mention: Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910; Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2683; Joan Hibbit, M.C.S. 3132.

ℭ Money Prizes

PATRONS: H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Mug. Prize 5s. Awarded to Violet Dennis, A.C.S. 1311. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346.

Literature Competition.—Thoughts While Getting Up. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1354; Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083; Helen Dixon, A.C.S. 1434.

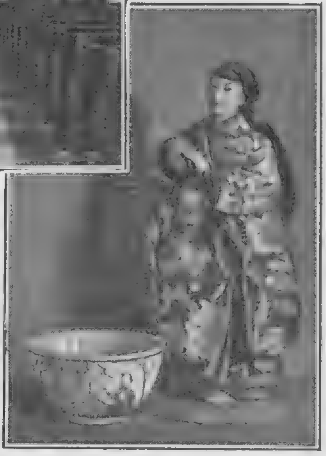
Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s.—Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126.

Second Prize, 5s.—D. H. S. Prince, M.C.S. 3225.

Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433; Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162.

A clever interior, by D. H. S. Prince, M.C.S. 3225, which took second prize in the March Snapshot Competition



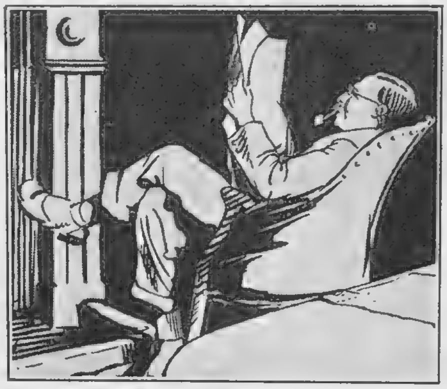
Joyce Bidder's winning entry in the Art Competition, February 16th. It was distinguished by some lovely colour

NEWS of the MONTH

THE Quarterly Prize of £5 for November, December, January, is awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Our hearty congratulations to her! Next in order of merit are: Betty Weir, A.C.S. 1346, Jill Maunsell, G.C.S. 5693, Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126, Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 5743.

* * *

COMPETITION for this big prize is becoming keener than ever. Owing to the very level merit of so many, I shall in future have to see that even neatness, generally speaking, and accuracy, such, for instance, as the placing of the date of the competition on the entry, are taken into account! How many clever Saloners habitually leave this important matter to be guessed at by us!



A recent prize-winning study by Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465

ALEXANDRA Day—Rose Day—will be celebrated this year, in London, on Wednesday, June 10th, and its tireless organiser, Miss C. May Beeman, is looking forward to a record year. And so are we with our depot, which, as usual, we shall hold here in the Strand, provided our devoted band of workers from former years rallies to the banner once again. Our goal is to reach the £100 mark. The year before last we came within £3 of it, and I do hope 1931 will see the thing achieved. If the weather is good, it only depends on the *number* of helpers we can secure, as the generosity of the public on this day seems unaffected by slumps or rumours of slumps. I, therefore, shall be most grateful if any Saloner who lives within the London area, and can get to our depot, here, and who is over 18 years of age, to conform with the the police regulations concerning collectors, will let me have her name without delay as one of our helpers on Wednesday, June 10th.

* * *

EARLY in March we received a donation from Marjorie Naylor for the Cinderellas' Pantomine Fund, and this is my first opportunity to thank her. Marjorie lives in New Zealand and I think it was most kind of her to remember this fund from her very far corner of the globe. It makes her seem nearer! To this I must add the name of Joan Colyer, whose subscription reached us in good time, for she lives in England, but owing to pressure on space her name had to be cut out of the last list of acknowledgments. If I can possibly find a corner for them next month I will publish the figures for the treat. We have a tiny deficit!

* * *

MY appeal for the 14th Cot Fund in the Streatham Babies' Hospital received immediate response and I am most grateful for the donations so promptly sent by:—

Mrs. Porter, Margaret H. Recaldin, Violet Ralph, Kitty Earp, Mary A. Jones, Blanche Jones, Theodora Fuller, Mary L. Roberts, Annie Hale, Arnold Parkin, Frances Jowett, Peter Recaldin, May W. Harrison.

* * *

THE "Paisley" doll, given by Messrs. Clarks of Paisley for the best needlework entry submitted during February, is awarded to Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881.

* * *

WILL Fairy Godmothers who intend to send their Cinderellas away for a holiday during August, very kindly let me know their intentions as soon as possible, as we have to book accommodation very shortly.

Salon

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

℄ No Age Limit

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Prizes must be applied for.

6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 18th. Illustration to Any Well-known Poem. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Portrait Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date May 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date. June 15th. "The Ideal Holiday."

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 18th. Anything in Colours. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Anything Woolly. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. Something White.

Members' Circle (under 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Design for a Poster Advertising a Watering Place. No. III. Closing date., June 15th. A Flower Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Describe an Imaginary Town named Eastminster. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, June 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date. May 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. III. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, May 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, June 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, June 18th. Imagine Yourself a Picnic Hostess and Describe Your Plans for Making it a Success.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, June 15th. Anything in Colours.

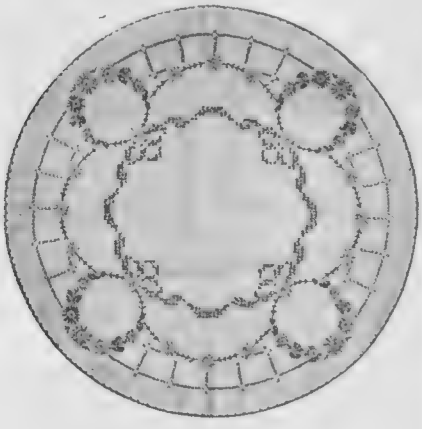
Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.

First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, June 1st. Subject: Figures out of doors.

Handicraft Competition.

First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, June 15th. Subject left to Competitor.



Dainty stitching and a very pretty colour scheme secured an honourable mention for this piece of needlework from the clever fingers of Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583

This pretty landscape study by Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S 3126, claimed first prize in the March 2nd Snapshot Competition

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

(*February* 16)

Daisy Higgins.—A brilliant little sketch, attractive in design and fertile in invention. Another time avoid two manners. Be either definitely decorative or realistic.

Mary A. Jones.—The feet should have been included, and with emphasis to give the necessary point to the idea. In other respects it is extremely well carried out, although I would advise a rather simpler colour scheme. An expensive colour scheme is always a stumbling block to acceptance. Very many thanks for your most kind contribution to the Cot Fund.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—"Like *an* amber pendant" is essential in the first line. Such a word must not be omitted unless obviously justified. The last verse is charming, but as a whole the idea is a bit ahead of execution.

Hetty Duckham.—A very cleverly knitted item. So glad to see you competing again and hope you will enter regularly now.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—A better opening would add to the interest of the effort; well done, but not perhaps quite so good as some of your work lately. That's what comes of making noticeable headway. The slightest setback and I grumble!

Joan Hibbit.—The first four lines, and the last four are altogether in a different class from the four middle ones. I hope you can now see their inequality. You have the keenest sense of the value of words. Very interesting work.

Diana Wilton.—A successful experiment, particularly in the last four lines of the first verse and the beginning of the second. Neither end nor beginning is quite so good.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—Most perfect and charming. This seems to be a new pattern. It is most successful and appropriate.

Cicely Nicholas.—So glad to see your handwriting again. The coat is delightful and of course most saleable. My many thanks.

Betty Robson.—When lettering is to form part of a poster design space it out carefully from the start. This is well placed for its purpose, but is rather cramped. A good idea, well carried out, but would have been more effective still with a simpler colour scheme.

Rena Recaldin.—If the grandam had reversed places with the little miss your composition would have been much happier. The background is very clever in conception if a bit inexperienced in detail. The left hand gable should not have been so completely obliterated by "Susie."

Meg Vere-Hodge.—Excellent technique and a good eye catching design. Better drawing of the larger cat would improve a very interesting scheme.

Ann Broadwood.—Some suggestion of background and foreground should always be indicated in a study of this type. The colour is delicious and there is interesting appreciation of form and fact. You should do good work presently.

Penelope Burra.—Not carried quite far enough to be interesting. While searching for accurate colour do not forget the paramount importance of drawing. Still, clever and promising for your age.

Elspeth Henderson.—Distinctly interesting in pattern, but at least one of the arms should be completely shown. The delicate colour scheme is attractive, but details require rather more knowledge and experience. This will come with practice.

Avril Reynolds.—The lettering on the black ground is a bit thin for the robust initials, and thus the eye is apt to be slow in connecting them. Interestingly spaced in other respects, although the shadows are very curious and arbitrary, and not helpful to this otherwise graceful design.

Ann Hannay.—You have lost some effect by failing to concentrate the interest on the sleeping figure. Avoid spottiness in distributing detail. Amusing in the right manner as regards idea.

Violet Dennis.—The Union Jack when correctly drawn does not show equal widths of white; note this for another occasion. The arrangement of figures and flags is charming and ingenious, indeed, it is a first rate piece of design.

Kathleen Whittaker.—The veiled lady needs simpler treatment. A fine unbroken line would be much more effective, with solid black eyes. The lettering is excellently placed, but needs better drawing.

Amy Haydon.—Delightfully dainty, and the colouring charming. Thank you very much.

G. M. Kaye.—Very well analysed and expressed. Rather brief, however. The comment is interesting, but would have had more point if linked to further details of the plot.

G. Christabel Richens.—At a first glance the little figure is not sufficiently self-explanatory. Rather more precision in essential outline would get round this difficulty. Some very pleasing colour, and the method full of charm.

Doris Seth-Smith.—A remarkably good summary of the plot, but a little more comment would add interest. Most readers of reviews like to get at the personal reactions of the reviewer. Still, very well done.

Peter Recaldin.—In so conventionalised a pattern the detail must not vary so much when the motifs are the same. Soundly constructed and considerable technical ability for your age, but colour rather crude.

Effie Dundas.—As far as it goes it is very well done indeed, but another time endeavour to give a rather more comprehensive analysis. The neat method is just right.

A glimpse of the principal ward in the Streatham Babies' Hospital, in which the Salon is endowing its 14th Hospital Cot

White fish for rosy cheeks

A Medical Officer of Health writes :

" If the diet of gravy and potato which is often given to children soon after they are weaned were replaced by a diet of white fish, the children would benefit materially during that period and more so in later life."

Fish is so immensely important because it is so digestible. Fish supplies all the nourishment children and grown-up workers want without the clogging effects of heavy meals. Fish keeps down your weight and keeps up your strength. Makes clearer skins, brighter eyes, more energy. Improves your health and your appearance too. Make fresh caught fish a daily dish.

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THE A.B.C. OF FISH COOKING

24 pages—recipes, guide to fish buying, cooking hints, coloured cover, illustrations on every page. New, entertaining, up-to-date, packed with fresh ideas. Shows you the way to become an expert in fish cooking.

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Please send me, free and post free, "The A.B.C. of Fish Cooking."

Name ....

Address ....

....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS 216b

Joan Donald.—Decidedly interesting, but it would greatly improve it if the third and fourth lines in each verse rhymed also. The character of the poem demands this.

Vivien Hunt.—A suggestion that the sense has been forced to meet the difficulty of correct rhymes must be avoided. These otherwise picturesque lines are not guiltless of this criticism. You should be able to make the necessary changes.

E. Marjorie Gath.—Tiny slips in the typing have destroyed the sense in more than one place. It is always worth while to correct very carefully even in this respect. Otherwise interestingly done, particularly the first half.

Helen Mary Lillie.—The end of line two, verse three, isn't quite good enough for the rest of this charming little poem, so good that you should keep it by you for revision presently.

Sybil Stallibrass.—What a dainty and pretty idea! You have managed them most cleverly and I am sure they will be snapped up very quickly at our sale.

Diana Seth-Smith.—Excellent to see you tackling common objects. This is very soundly drawn and exceptionally so for your age. You have insisted a little too heavily with your pencil in places, and the shading is uncertain in method, but these are minor matters when the big ones are so well understood. Go ahead!

Ruby Campbell.—A wash of deep cream over the left whites would have immensely helped the scheme. Although the design is very good these white spaces are rather large and would not help the concentration of colour at which this craft aims in a geometrical pattern. Show the "leads" another time. Their line must always be an important feature.

Cynthia Powell.—Work direct from nature whenever possible. I imagine this is from a painting. The fruit is well laid-in, but the veining of the leaves is wrongly indicated. Examine a leaf and you will see the veins are the skeleton of the leaf with definite modelling as a rule.

Margaret Smith.—A very difficult subject for this medium. You have grasped it most capably, although greater insistence on the shadow masses would have added interest. Study some good line work carefully. The verses have distinction, but "painted on," first verse needs re-consideration, and the last two lines are not on a level with the rest.

Dahlia Anson.—Lights may be piled on if needed, but dragged colour in other places does not help contours or textures. If you use flat tools and brush across contours more and keep the colour of light in mind you should do very good work.

Dolly Davies.—Nice broad work, but the wet and dry effect of tempera has led you into slight errors of tone, and some harshness of strong touches in the metal as well as slight flatness in the shadowed fruit. Excellent simple style.

H. J. S. Cameron.—There is something queer about the position and sharpness of the pot's cast shadow, and too colourless greys in the dark tones, but there is much that is attractive in the feeling for true light effect. Don't help Nature's definition, as it spoils charm.

Joyce Bidder.—A very interesting group, good in colour and composition. Charming with the exception of the megilp touches. If you make the natural effect of watercolour your gamut the scale may be lighter but the effect is more pleasing.

May W. Harrison.—Your paper has not responded well where depth is needed, but the lighter and medium passages are excellently worked and true in colour effect. A bit more finished execution in the wrapped fruit would give the requisite projection and greatly help. Full of clever work.

Elizabeth Vere-Hodge.—Your poster design has the eye-taking quality though the comic penguins are less funny than Nature's own joke. A little border left holds things together, and lettering should emphasise the dominant word. Very original.

Irene Wallis.—A well drawn head, a bit short in the jaw and very like Landseer's Cover Hack. You have a good pencil style with nice suggestive touch.

Betty Weir.—Excellent action and expression in both your drawings and a good knowledge of the figure. Try for a rather stronger effect without losing the clean colouring and don't let your greys become stereotyped. Extremely clever work. The little paper is well written, but needs some realistic touches to tone down the over-ideal picture.

Michaela Danckwerts.—There is a good swing and balance in your very slender girl's figure and some telling bits of colour. The hands and feet are rudimentary and the body far too slight for head and limbs, but there is artistic feeling in this sketch.

Dorothy Higgins.—This is quite remarkable work for your age both in drawing, colour and style. There is, of course, more in Nature than you have set down, but as a big impression this is admirable. Keep on keeping on.

Veronica Price Harris.—A distinct advance on earlier work submitted. Stronger in draughtsmanship and better appreciation of essential detail. You are striding along well.

Audrey Trindder-Wills.—A little more white as a margin and relief for the lettering would have greatly improved this otherwise well planned design.. The perspective of the label does not follow that of the box itself which in other respects is fairly well handled. The verses are pretty but a little on the jejune side, especially the last.

Norman F. Bunker.—Some very good work here. But find a better word than "faded," line two. Line six isn't very happy and I don't think this a particularly appropriate analogy. The gorgon on the other hand is excellent, and you have a well managed and interesting finish.

Clive Dockree.—A sensitive paper. If a first-hand experience, which seems a little uncertain, then it would have, one feels, more individual touches. In any case very good for your age.

Jill Maunsell.—Avoid a back and foreground which are so exactly alike. In any case the difference between the horizontal and vertical planes should be indicated by the tone. Otherwise daintily and attractively painted. The little tree is very ingenious and I appreciate all the care you have taken.

Gilda Fraser-Hamilton.—The pendant is well balanced as design and shows a distinct flair for this type of work, but of course the modelling in the pierced work needs more attention. Only practice can give this. The little coat is charming and beautifully knitted.

The Children's SALON

Muriel M. Malvern.—Comment and criticism very good, but, for you, the arrangement of the matter seems a little clumsy. This is largely due to the opening which is over complicated. Keep your sentences a bit shorter, or vary the length of them more.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Impressive work. Try to improve your technique, you have plenty of the necessary feeling and the power to express it, but a little discipline in the matter of metre will strengthen the work.

Heather Strudwick.—I cannot help feeling the first picture is rather over-gloomy. So much beauty is present on the winter scene, apart from snow. Still the contrast is aptly done, and the last verse achieves your object very well.

Ursula Scott Morris.—Your work is very advanced for your age. I imagine you read a great deal. That is excellent, but don't let what you imbibe in that way over-influence you. Try to write as you yourself feel, about everything or anything, without reference to other people's ideas or expressions. The little sketch is cleverly managed, but the distant landscape and sky are too naturalistic for the decorative foreground.

Honor Fielding.—A very well executed piece. Now that you are so expert you might try a finer canvas next time. The latter gives better opportunity for a design more in scale with the size of such an item.

Trixie Ford.—Brightly written and a good analysis. Colloquial expressions should be avoided in such a paper, however, unless they reflect the book under review. The needlework entry is charming. Many thanks.

G. Anthony Hern.—Pay more attention to accuracy in metres. The master to whom you apologise will teach you all there is to know in the matter. Otherwise quite interesting and worth while.

Melanie Kerr.—The faery touch is not sufficiently in evidence to make these unusual happenings quite acceptable. On a second reading you will realise this yourself, I expect. You write very well.

Kitty Earp.—The lettering is decidedly ingenious and clever, but the distribution of the principal details could have been a bit more eccentric with advantage. The figure and throne are a bit too much in the exact centre.

Ailsa M. Heath.—Interesting in metre and charmingly expressed. Look at the second verse again and give it better punctuation. Even with this it needs a little careful overhauling.

Enid Ireson.—You have distinct gifts, but must put a curb on your flights. A paper of this type is very difficult to tackle, the slightest tendency to over-paint the picture destroys the force of the effect for the reader. Try a more subtle method next time.

Margaret R. Watson.—This opens and closes excellently, but the rest is a little hackneyed. Some of the rhymes are too easy. Simplicity is desirable, but it must not be carried too far, especially with such an argument.

Angel Verschoyle.—So glad you liked the book. I take it you have not have had much experience of leather, if that is so this is a good beginning. You will find it a fascinating craft. In a short poem it is a mistake to introduce too many points of interest. It would have been wise to have kept to the footprints, throughout. Otherwise very prettily written.

Barbara Heaver.—I doubt if these are first-hand experiences, although quite well done. The composition is particularly good for your age. Next time work at something wholly within your own experience, and aim at an individual point of view all the time.

V. Horn.—A good idea, having the necessary rapid and straightforward appeal. The fine shading is, however, out of place. the solid method adopted in parts should have held all through. The action of the left arm is awkward, by the way, and the hand is too small.

Mabel Sanders.—How clever you are! These are most neatly contrived. I am going to have very great difficulty in awarding the needlework competition this time! Very many thanks.

Yvonne Earle.—The line is good from all points of view, but it is a bit over-feminine. Note Nature's "points of rest" between big curves, i.e., short straight passages, which give great refinement. You are, of course, handicapped by the difficulties of the medium here, but you have overcome them remarkably well.

Alida Wilton.—Both your entries are of a high standard; on the whole I think the cap deserves the most praise. It is very cleverly made, charming in shape, and expert in stitching.

Gwen Sweeting.—The placing of the head is not quite happy, too much in the exact centre of the board. The method and colouring on the other hand are entirely successful. It is possible a frame—of a single line—would help the effect and significance. It just fails in this respect.

Gwendoline Dewsbury.—You have tackled this set very well indeed. I am most glad to have it and hope you will enter regularly again now.

Lois Duckham.—Very well knitted indeed for your age, and a most useful entry.

Betty Wright.—I am judging the plant study this time. Only one entry is possible for each competition, owing to the numbers received. As a first lay-in this is entirely satisfactory, a very artistic sketch. Go one better next time, noting comparative proportions of buds, flowers, and stems, and their distinctive characteristics.

Aileen Southwell Piper.—Excellent in design, not quite so good in execution. Try for more subtle modelling, now that you have reached this stage.

Peggy Dewsbury.—I am delighted with these little boots, a really good piece of knitting in every respect. Send in again soon.

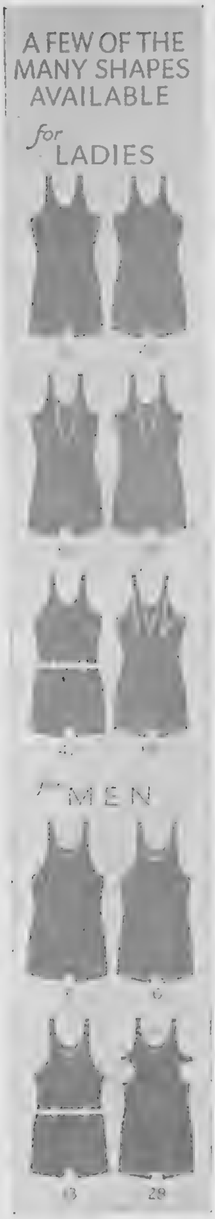
Kathleen L. Roff.—I am assuming you submitted "Terra Futura," but no name is on this entry. The form shown is very good, but this is a very gloomy view, and not sufficiently speculative.

Kathleen L. Roff.—Technically very sound and interesting, but the disappearance of age-long human attributes could only result from some terrific catastrophe. Some hint of the nature of this should be given.

(March 2)

G. Christabel Richens.—Excellent as design, and the method right enough, but some weakness in the

(*Continued on page* 98)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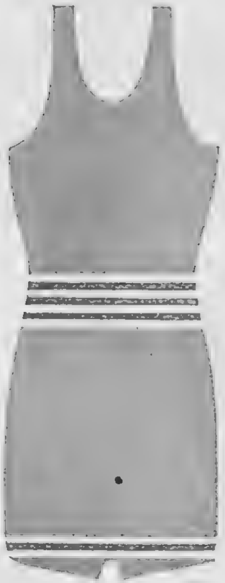
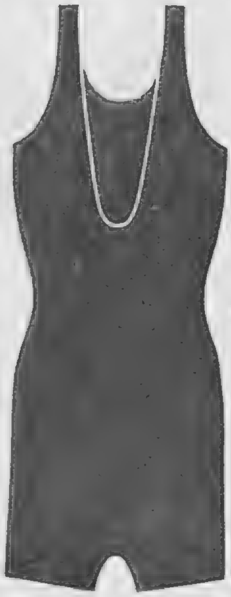


STYLE for Women 346



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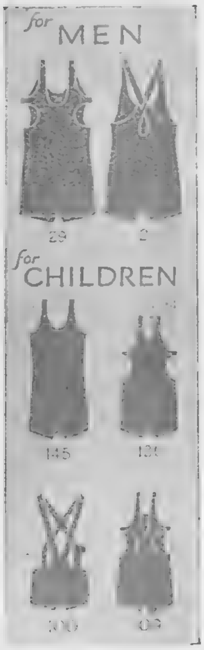

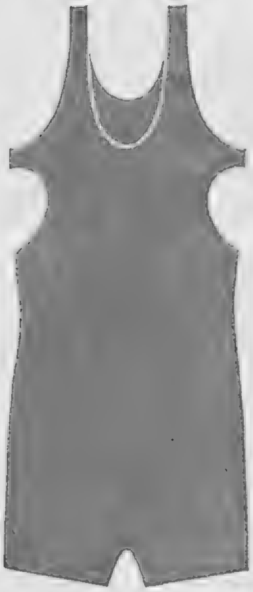

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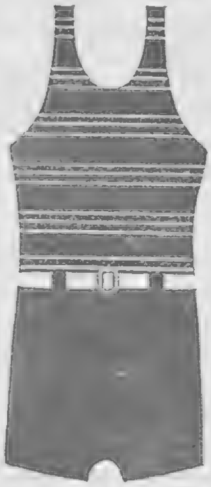

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The Children's SALON

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

draughtsmanship of the figure should be remedied, particularly the action of the left arm. Also for such a publication the latest "cut" would be important. Lettering very good.

Violet Dennis.—The handle is a bit low down for pleasant balance, but as a whole the design is satisfactorily original and the bold colour scheme is well thought out.

Dorothy Guillaume.—Your distant crowd on the right is too heavy in tone, and the perspective is weak throughout, but the composition is excellent, and the whole thing comes off admirably as illustration. Concentrate on facts by constant sketching direct from Nature.

Gwen Sweeting.—The necessary presence of the sun in this very cold scheme could have been indicated by decorative shadows. Without these the scheme loses point, although some good drawing and design arrests the attention.

Bobbie Webber.—The head is a bit large and the neck squat, but the method is charming and the colour scheme truthful and interesting. The figure is a bit too much in the exact centre of the paper.

Norah Flynn.—Some very sound work, but details not so appropriate as they might be. The sophisticated appearance of the parents destroys the suggestion the words intend to convey. In illustration such points must receive consideration at the outset.

Sylvia Reed.—The general lines of the composition are entirely pleasing, but the maypole should not have been completely covered where it enters the ground by the child's figure. It looks too much as if it it were growing out of her head. The landscape is a bit heavy in suggestion for the delicacy of the foreground group, but this complicated study is very successfully tackled as a whole.

May W. Harrison.—An original and attractive design. The coins are remarkably well spaced. The figure is a bit heavy and rather unnecessarily gloomy in expression. Lettering lacks sound construction.

Betty Weir.—Both suggestions would work out well for this particular purpose. I prefer the shepherdess scheme, the richness of the colour would make a most attractive bit with a good glaze to bring out the points. The handle of this is small and slender for the mass of the cup itself.

H. G. S. Cameron.—Restrained and well designed, but the figures rather heavily treated. Less black and more delicacy of colouring to harmonise with the charming background would improve an interesting scheme.

Dorothy Higgins.—An excellent attempt for your tender years, full of promise. A wash of pale colour over the rest of the mug would have given greater actuality. Go ahead, you should do well.

Betty Robson.—As the candles in the room appear to be alight some suggestion of the shadows about them, and their own concentrated light, ought to have been indicated. Well designed, but needing reference to facts.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The*

Children's Salon Competition Circle
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name

Address

Age, if under 20........................

*Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, **with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.***

Jean C. K. Crawford.—A most charming design and very daintily worked. Thank you so much.

Helen Fawcett.—You can imagine how delighted I was to see your name again after so long an interval! A thoroughly well planned design. The introduction of the title is cleverly managed. The *raison d'être* of the figure is a bit obscure, but on the whole the scheme is attractive and appropriate.

Maud Higgins.—A somewhat old fashioned technique robs this of its significance, but the use of the medium and the truth in the broad effect as well as detail are very praiseworthy. A bigger blank space between lettering and figures would have given greater distinction to the design.

Peter Recaldin.—Unusual, but justifiably so. The balance is excellent, both of colour and patterning. Probably the design would look better still in the round. With an object of this type you can test it by painting the necessary length of pattern and then folding it over into shape, which much adds to the interest of the job, don't you agree? A first rate little paper—the end being particularly good.

Margaret Smith.—A good scheme, needing more colour power for its scale. The profile aspect of eye, brow, and lips and nostril, not well made out as it is vital they should be in such a challenging effect. A solid border would also help.

John White.—Rather hard and cold in colour scheme and slightly inconsistent in tilt and angle of illumination. An idea that should work out well, the vignetting does not help though a border would.

Nellie Hopwood.—The face, hat and neck of your pastel design are pleasing and artistically put in, and the line and colour of collar and coat are not so good, nor is it wise to echo the flesh colour in the background. Some nice sensitive work but a poor ensemble.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—Excellent line and composition, but with the strong modelling of the coat more depth and mystery under the hat brim should carry the effect through. The semi-flat effect is too flat, and the pale eyed Sybil does not quite come off. A really excellent scheme.

No Name (Margaret Smith ?).—Too much insistence upon boundary lines in your memory landscape and no settled effect of lighting, which is Nature's way of presenting herself, but there are good atmosphere and colour in your sketch.

K. Whittaker.—Well put together and good in type and period, though the nearer trees, particularly the "cedar"(?) are faked. Maude does not quite fit into her bodice and the face of the Byronic lover is a white spot in the twilight. Still there is good feeling and pictorial sense.

M. Vere-Hodge.—The distance, sky and trees are so bold that the fountain is too pale and flat in effect to hold its place. There would be much more force of light and shade in sunshine.

Gwendolen E. M. Ross.—Your Pied Piper picture is full of excellent invention and detail in an almost shadowless world. The chief figure, at least, should have more effect and vertical planes more value. Still, this is delightfully ambitious and clever work.

J. Cookston.—In point of effect Banquo is more solid than Macbeth, but for the red coat. Certainly dramatic, but figures cut off at table height lose impressiveness. Imagine more from the pictorial point of view.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—Don't use the conventional cumulus in naturalistic work, otherwise very good. Your ducks are nearly there, but all lovers of the delightful poem see more and more in them, as you will do. A dark pond is their best relief and their footwork a specialty.

Jean Menzies.—Fresh and entertaining in idea, but a bit reckless in spelling in places. Consult the dictionary when in doubt.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Of its type good; it is exciting and the incidents are brightly handled. Of course, it is not "literature," but I realise the importance of not neglecting a possible market. If the latter is not your aim I should advise working at something of a better type.

Stella Bull.—This is nearer to "Thoughts Whilst Lying in Bed," but it is cleverly written, graphic and interesting, if a bit short.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—If, without loss of the fine language, you can get the sense to run more smoothly it is well worth while to make the effort. Some of the passages are delightful, but greater clarity is essential. The end strikes the right note, but more should be made of this climax.

Winifred D. Thompson.—The criticism in which you have indulged seems very just, and it is neatly made. A very good entry.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very nicely embroidered and as dainty as ever. My many thanks.

Muriel M. Malvern.—It is a charming story, but not handled in so good a manner as it deserves. The explanation coming by letter is weak. Circumstances should either force it from the landlord or from the son. It is a little bit of genuine drama and you should keep it by you for later use. It would make a good one-act play.

Olwen Lawton.—Since it is London some touch of the Cockney atmosphere could usefully be included. As an ideal picture it is very successfully done, but a contrasting note is always valuable in such a sketch.

Ian F. Rose.—A vivid summary, but I think the last comment of all needs some reconsideration. Surely in a different direction from ourselves, it is true, these people were as "efficient, keen, and clever" as they could be? Hence this wonderful legacy.

Norman F. Bunker.—Original and interesting all through. If you can do longer stuff and sustain it at this pitch you should do excellently, presently.

Honor Fielding.—You attempt to get too much into these few lines. The soliloquy should be uninterrupted. Admirably expressed, otherwise, all through.

Florence Cook.—Amusing in idea, but what, for a second, sound like accurate rhymes are often not so on further investigation. Put this right; accuracy in this respect is essential in verses of this type.

Mary Dawson.—In the main a good theme, but the phraseology is a bit extravagant. A more restrained method is necessary to produce the impression aimed at. You ought to be able to achieve this without loss of your graphic style.

Barbara J. Heaver.—This certainly covers the ground, but was not quite the aspect of the matter I had in mind. Still, attractively written and to the point in its own way.

(*Continued on page* 146)

The Children's Salon
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The Children's Salon
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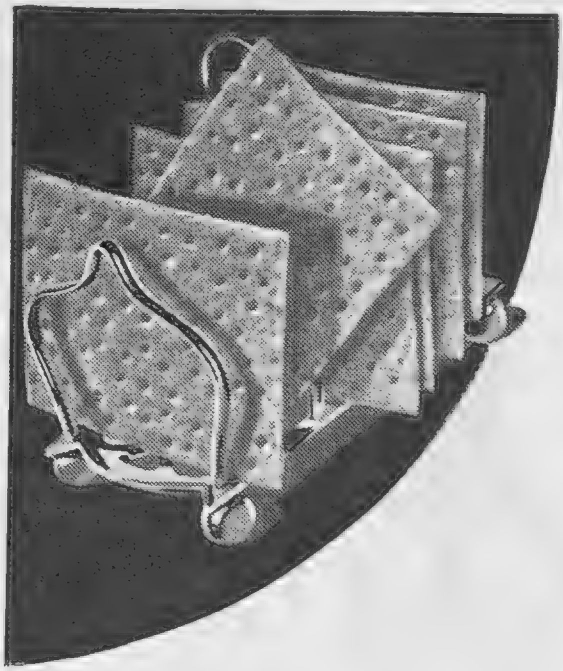

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How to Learn

Right: Miss Wethered supreme amongst golfers of her own sex

A Helping Hand from Henry Cotton

Henry Cotton, the author of "Golf"

By Eleanor E. Helme

WITH the advent of summer time, whether official or actual, a number of fresh people are bitten with the desire to play golf, whilst those who have already tasted the joys of the game feel a sudden wish to improve. The question for many of them is "How shall I learn?" which in turn leads them on to "What shall I read?"

Now no two golfers are quite alike in their capacity for learning any more than in their build and in their temperament. There are some who can imitate anything which they see demonstrated before their eyes but who are totally incapable of gathering knowledge from any book, no matter how lucidly it may be written. On the other hand some learner may object that to watch a professional swing a club, however perfectly, does not tell him, or her, how you do it, this information being only gleaned by real application to something written down.

A SMALL book called *Golf*, by Henry Cotton, the young pro., whom many people expect to win our British Championship this year, has lately been brought out by Eyre and Spottiswoode for 5s. It is addressed specially to young golfers and may be very warmly commended to them because Cotton, as well as a very sane and well-balanced outlook on the whole game, has much which is sound to offer in the way of advice over matters of etiquette and morale, concentration and style. Though the book may be primarily intended for golfers of the male sex, women can find just as much to help them in it, very particularly over this matter of style. A good many players seem to think that if they follow through beautifully and freely, thereby making an excellent picture for the cameras of their friends in the back garden or the Press photographers on the first tee of their open meeting, that they are on the high road to becoming first-class golfers. Cotton shatters illusions of this sort. "It is very nice to have a beautiful style in golf," he says, "but if the results do not justify it, then it is wrong and you must find another style." And he goes on to cite Harry Vardon, Bobby Jones and Miss Wethered as the world's greatest stylists, not only because of the accuracy and beauty of their swings, but because those swings have obtained the results in the winning of championships for which their names are famous. He lays great stress on how important it is that golfers should not be slavish copyists of any style, but should find out for themselves what suits their peculiarities of physique or mentality and shape their swing accordingly.

It is good to know that a man writer should include our greatest woman golfer in this trio of stylists. We all know that Miss Wethered is supreme amongst the golfers of her own sex, and one of the attractions of the London Foursomes at Camberley this year was watching her sweep the ball away with that wonderful effortless swing which is so full of power and balance. There is, of course, her own and her brother's joint book to be studied by the thoughtful golfer *Golf from Both Sides*, published by Longman, but she has revolutionised some of her ideas since then, and it is certain that everybody would rather go and watch Miss Wethered than read anything she has written about the game. The only trouble is that she is so seldom to be seen.

Miss Sylvia Bailey, playing with Miss Livingstone, drives from the first tee in the Roehampton Open Meeting, the first of the year and one of the most delightful

Miss Diana Plumpton driving from the ninth tee at Roehampton in the Open Meeting

Qualifying Rounds

How to get the better of Nerves in them

QUALIFYING rounds are one of the necessary evils of a golfer's life. With the adoption of one for the Open Championship this year, the subject comes more than ever to the fore and golfers who, until now, have groaned over qualifying rounds before County Championships or even club events may perhaps change their tune and welcome them for the practice given in this particular form of golf. Because, say what you will, it is a particular form of golf which ought to be tackled in quite a different spirit from the ordinary medal round where a golfer, particularly a low handicap golfer, goes out with the sole intention of doing a better score than everybody else.

In a qualifying round, assuming that there are 50 competitors for

Miss Barbara Millar playing in the Women's Automobile Sports Association Open Meeting at Wentworth

32 places, your sole object should be to do better than 18 of them, leaving the remaining 31 to take care of themselves. Of course, it is pleasant to qualify high up. The presentation by Miss Diana Fishwick of a challenge cup which will reward the player who qualifies first over the 36 holes before the Open Championship at Portmarnock will, no doubt, encourage people to go out for two brilliant scores. That is all very well for the few undoubted leading lights of the golfing world, who could hardly fail to qualify amongst the 64, which is the generous allowance fixed for the Open this year. But the rest, particularly those who work themselves up into a frenzy of "How awful if I didn't qualify!" a few soothing reminders may not come amiss.

A qualifying round is so largely a matter of mentality. Look down the list of competitors and think how many of them are worse players than you. Put a little tick against them if you like and when you have counted them up you will almost assuredly find yourself well within the 64. That is consolation for one thing. Then fix on some not too stiff total which you feel you can accomplish if you play reasonably well and which you consider should come within the qualifying returns. I verily believe that those who run up scores between 90 and 100 can help themselves quite a lot if they will firmly recollect that if they take everyhole in five and achieve so much as one four or three they will be in the eighties. And unless the tees are put considerably forward I have a notion that the player who returns two 89's will find herself qualified at Portmarnock in June. The trouble there is very costly, and the player who goes out for a spectacular card may well find herself wishing that she had played with a little less exuberance. But perhaps the greatest thing of all to remember is that the time for these considerations, these calculations, is before ever you step on to the first tee, and not after. Once you are started on a qualifying round put out of your mind that wretched thought, "Shall I qualify?" and concentrate for all you are worth on each individual shot for its own individual sake. Whether you are qualifying for the Open at Portmarnock or the challenge cup at the smallest local club the principle is the same.

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Holders: Lady Alness and Miss Leetham

Entries close Monday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, "Britannia and Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, May 25.

"Eve" reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under ⅜ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knockout match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The "Britannia and Eve" Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be The Marine Hotel, Gullane, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each for those sharing two-bedded rooms, 16s. 6d. per day for single rooms, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and morning baths. Early morning tea and after-dinner coffee extra. One person occupying a double room extra. Special cheap railway fares (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 13 to June 29 or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, King's Cross (L.N.E.R.), London.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played on Gullane No. 1 course from 16th to 19th June. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BRITANNIA AND EVE" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Holder of Cup: Miss Fenton, Turnberry.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **MAY**

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

....*of which I am a member.*

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the MARCH Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Ruth Reed ..	Highcliffe Castle	78	16	62	69	7 Below
Mrs. Reid Kay ..	Tollygunge ..	9	14	75	81	6 ,,
Mrs. Middleton ..	New Course Tollygunge ..	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Graham	New Course Tollygunge ..	82	12	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Telling	Hockley ..	87	16	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. R. L. Close ..	Bournemouth Meyrick Park	77	3	74	77	3 ,,
Mrs. Vawles	Rugby	80	13	67	70	3 ,,
Mrs. Johns	Ferndown ..	87	13	74	76	2 ,,
Miss Duncan ..	Bowden	91	17	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. N. McCaig ..	Wallasey ..	90	14	76	77	1 ,,
Miss F. M. Davies ..	Rowlands Castle	85	14	71	72	1 ,,
Miss J. Haworth ..	Bowden	93	18	75	76	1 ,,
Miss E. Arkell ..	Parkstone ..	79	4	75	76	1 ,,
Mrs. Hutchinson ..	New Course Tollygunge ..	85	12	73	73	Equal
Mrs. Rex Cumberlege	Roehampton ..	88	13	75	75	Equal

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Kirwan	Tollygunge ..	105	36	69	81	12 Below
Mrs. Radice	New Course Tollygunge ..	94	31	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. Fryer	North Hants ..	92	23	69	77	8 ,,
Mrs. Brooks	Stratford on Avon	87	20	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. Jones	Crewe	99	34	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. Morley	North Hants ..	106	36	70	78	8 ,,
Mrs. Addams-Williams	New Course Tollygunge ..	89	23	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Hunter	New Course Tollygunge ..	94	28	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. W. White ..	New Course Tollygunge ..	91	24	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. W. Alexander ..	New Course Tollygunge ..	92	25	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. Howell	Wilmslow ..	96	28	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. H. Brammer ..	Greenway Hall	99	35	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. Meadmore ..	Ashford, Kent ..	90	19	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. C. F. Henry ..	New Course Tollygunge ..	94	26	68	73	5 ,,
Miss Dinsdale ..	Frilford Heath ..	100	30	70	75	5 ,,

"EVE" Club Competitions. Leading results for March

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Ryde	66	36	54·14
Langholm ..	76	47	44·73
Cowes ..	62	17	25·37
Trentham ..	100	15	15·00
La Moye ..	45	3	6·67
Bowdon ..	46	3	6·52
Thonock ..	80	5	6·50
Tamworth, Ltd.	70	3	4·28
Rugby ..	92	3	3·25
Hockley ..	80	2	2·50
Ashford (Kent)	48	1	2·08
Rowlands Castle	60	1	1·67
Frilford Heath	200	3	1·50
Northampton	144	2	1·39
North Hants ..	150	2	1·34
Derbyshire ..	75	1	1·34
Ringway ..	156	2	1·28
Highcliffe Castle	80	1	1·25

Club.	Membership.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Wetherby ..	90	1	1·11
Bournemouth (Meyrick Park)	98	1	1·02
Timperley ..	107	1	·93
Ferndown ..	127	1	·79
Parkstone ..	130	1	·77
Leamington and County	131	1	·76
Wilmslow ..	135	1	·74
Camberley Heath ..	140	1	·71
Hesketh ..	140	1	·71
Sherwood Forest ..	145	1	·69
Worsley ..	150	1	·67
South Shields	149	1	·67
Fairhaven ..	200	1	·50
Birkdale ..	267	1	·37

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

	Percentage.		Percentage.
Ryde	35·05	Thonock	4·50
Langholm	33·76	Bowdon	4·34
Cowes	19·89	Camberley Heath	1·42
Tamworth, Ltd.	6·66	Sandwell Park	1·11
Trentham	6·66	North Hants	1·11
La Moye	5·92	Rugby	1·08

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

Britannia and Eve has much pleasure in congratulating the following players who have holed in one:—

Mrs. E. Pearce ..	13th hole at Hawkstone Park Golf Course.
Mrs. Antliff ..	9th hole at the Bedfordshire Golf Course.
Miss Cowell ..	7th hole at Saffron Walden Golf Course.
Miss A. E. Rose ..	14th hole at Old Ford Golf Course.

GULLANE. **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM.

To reach Miss Helme, "Britannia & Eve" Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Monday, May 25, 1931.

"BRITANNIA & EVE'S" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gullane (No. 1 Course), June 16, 1931, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. } ....
Miss }

of.................................*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*..............................

Home Address ....

Telephone No...

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gullane with

Mrs. } ....
Miss }

of.................................*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*..............................

Home Address ....

Telephone No. ....

Please notify change of address or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 13th to her at Marine Hotel, Gullane, East Lothian. Telephone: 106 and 107 Gullane.

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UNDERWEAR & SLUMBERWEAR

This Conlowe ensemble—a triumph of simplicity and daintiness—is made in the new CONLOWE

"DE-LUXE" FABRIC

a super-Locknit of beautiful softness and silkiness. The range includes many more styles, equally charming.

The

CONLOWE STYLE BOOK

superbly illustrated by nearly thirty photographic studies of Conlowe Underwear and Slumberwear, shows how splendid the new ranges are.

You can obtain a copy, free, from any Conlowe stockist, or from the manufacturers. Conlowe Limited, Congleton, supply wholesale and shipping only, but will be pleased to recommend a source of supply, if desired.

The style shown is T 4201/2. A charming set in De-Luxe fabric, with contrasting embroidery.

THE TWO-FOLD WORK FOR CANCER

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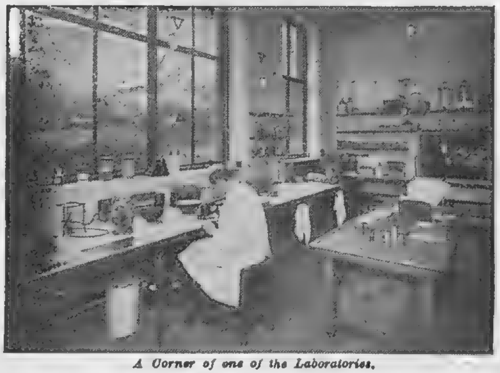
The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer **treatment** and **Research.** It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for inoperable and advanced cases who may remain for life.



A Corner of one of the Laboratories.

Please send Cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary

The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD. LONDON, S.W.3

So This Is Earth

(*Continued from page* 45)

cocktail party and, if you go, you find your name in the paper the next day with your clothes described. If you do not go, you are called a prude. At these parties everyone says 'Darling' to everybody else. Sometimes they say 'Darling' twice. That is thought frightfully chic."

"Is that all you do?" asked the Martian.

"Oh, no," I said, "we talk. We complain that we are not allowed to do the things we *could* do, but that we are only allowed to do the things we cannot do. We blame each other for everything, and we never blame ourselves. We talk about Art, but we do not paint. We talk about Music, but we do not sing. We talk about Literature, but we do not write it. We only say how much better we could do all that, if we did it. That is called criticism."

"Does it do any good?" asked the Martian.

"Oh, yes," I said. "It passes the time. Time is a dreadful thing. It starts when you are born and it goes on until you die. If you did not do all those things you would start thinking. And if you started thinking, it would be horrible, for something would have to be done about everything. And doing anything is very old-fashioned. The war killed all that."

"What is the war?" asked the Martian.

"The war," I explained, "was started by tango teas. When we had tried tango teas, so that we could pass the time, we decided there was nothing else to do but kill each other. But the war stopped too soon. You see, it killed off all the best people. If it had lasted long enough to kill all the worst people also it would have been worth while."

Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

(*Continued from page* 43)

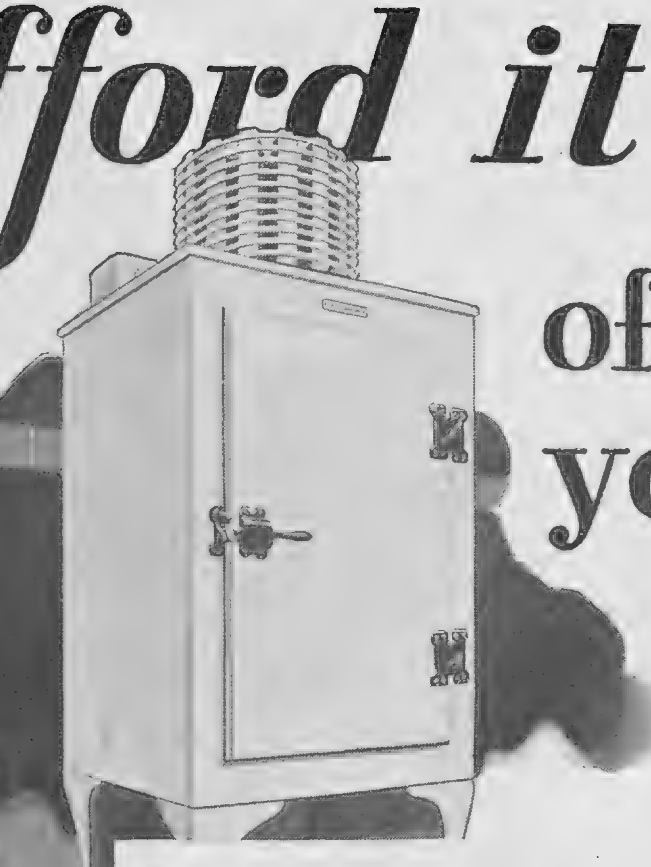
Mother and the young Queen were with him, and in spite of their tenderness and nursing, it seemed as if poor Louis would die. His confessor administered the Extreme Unction, and the weeping women waited for his death. The royal litter was at Lyons at the time, and it was days before the King showed signs of recovery. This was Marie's opportunity. She made her son promise that Richelieu should be disgraced.

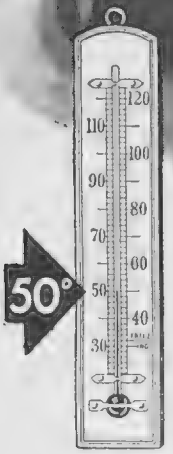
In a short time the court was again assembled in Paris and Marie de Medicis, confident that her hour had come and that she could turn the tables on the man who despised her love, held great state in the Luxembourg. The whole world came to visit her in the great square room which opens from the state bedroom in the west wing. Her antechambers seethed with self-seekers and place-hunters who instinctively know the way political winds blow. It was like old times again. Once Marie de Medicis was in power, there would be splendid opportunities for peculation and corruption. She was a weak woman, the prey of flattery. The Cardinal could not be flattered, and he wanted all the perquisites of office for himself. Marie enjoyed her brief hour of fame, thinking this new and happy state of affairs was to last for ever.

The young king, weak, sickly and a little unhappy, waited on his mother in the vast square room. He had consented to the disgrace of Richelieu in a moment of illness, but he was not prepared to change his decision. He had no love for the Cardinal, and a little freedom from domination might be good for his soul. He had come to meet the Queen Mother to make a final decision. Marie de Medicis swept into the room, and the young king quailed before her. She declared she could not stay under the same roof as the hated Cardinal, that he must be dismissed from the court at once in the interests of France. The King listened, and was inclined to agree. After all, it was very easy to make a decision (*Continued on page* 104)

Afford it?

# of COURSE you can!





The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50°F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.

A B.T.H. All-Steel Electric Refrigerator is yours, delivered to your home and installed complete, for a small down payment . . . a generous hire-purchase plan enables you to have it immediately . . . and it pays for itself while serving you! Just a few pounds brings it into your home . . . no installation problems . . . just plug in and switch on. Your B.T.H. Refrigerator starts immediately and performs noiselessly, efficiently . . . safeguarding health by perfectly preserving food.

B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration is a domestic necessity. You can take advantage of the benefits it gives you *and* of the convenience of paying while enjoying those benefits. This economy more than compensates you for the small periodical outlay.

The Economy of B.T.H. Refrigeration

A B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator is an economy . . . it actually reduces expenses. It keeps food from spoiling . . . that's an economy. It keeps milk from souring . . . that's an economy. Because spoilage is prevented and waste is eliminated, you can buy meat, fruit and vegetables in larger quantities when shopping prices are favourable . . . that's an economy. You can make your own delicious frozen desserts, salads and refreshments very quickly and easily . . . that's an economy. And while the B.T.H. Refrigerator is doing all these things for you, it is freezing all the ice cubes you can use . . . that's an economy.

The "Steel-Clad Top"

Look for the "Steel-Clad Top" . . . the distinguishing feature of this remarkable electric refrigerator. It never requires attention . . . *not even oiling.* Air, dirt and moisture are sealed out. Automatically it operates at a temperature always below 50° F. Once a B.T.H. All-Steel Electric Refrigerator is installed in your home, your food is safe from the dangers of bacteria . . . perfectly preserved.

There is an authorised dealer near you. He will give you full particulars about a gleaming white B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator. There is a model to suit your exact needs. Address a post card to **International Refrigerator Co., Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1,** and a brochure will be sent you describing the full line of the Refrigerators with a three year guarantee and a lifetime of trouble-free service.

ALL-STEEL B T-H ELECTRIC

REFRIGERATOR

Maddening Moments

Like strawberries without cream

Eustace Fitzjames was a good husband and a kind father, and his patient weeding of the front lawn was at once the pride and envy of the neighbourhood. Yet here you see him like a volcano in eruption. His wife looks down. His son looks down. The parlourmaid creeps from the room. No wonder! They have just offered him cheese without his "Ovaltine" Rusks. Looking down is the very least they can do. Just think what he's missing . . . that flavour . . . that scrunchy crispness . . . that general melt-in-the-mouth deliciousness. Can you blame him? Could you put up with cheese without them? Isn't it enough to make any man smash the plates, throw the cheese to the goldfish, and dine at the Club to-morrow? Of course it is, and you'd do just the same. . . .

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Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

without the penetrating eye of the Cardinal looking on. Marie was making her point when, to her amazement, one of the three doors of the room was opened and in walked Cardinal Richelieu with a quizzical smile creeping over his beard and moustache.

"I will bargain that your majesties are talking about me," he said.

Marie de Medicis had forgotten to lock that door before the audience. It was the door which opened on to a gallery leading to the servants' quarters. The Cardinal knew of its existence. He saw a chance to disturb a conference which meant so much to his own destiny and so he pushed the lackeys on one side and stepped into the presence.

Even this dramatic incident did not at first seem to change the situation. The King became gloomy and bad tempered and rode off to his hunting lodge at Versailles, a simple little house in the pleasant woods outside Paris. The Cardinal thought his dramatic entry had failed of its purpose. He set off for Pontoise, a town of which he was governor, to nurse his chagrin. He did not dream that his presence at that momentous interview had revived doubts in the King's mind as to the wisdom of substituting indecision for government.

In the quiet of his hunting lodge, he consented to listen to the advice of wiser and older men. The departure of Richelieu would surely be a calamity. He must be recalled. Horses were saddled and St. Simon, the father of the chronicler, rode in pursuit of the Cardinal's equipage on the way to Pontoise. He bore letters of recall from the King. It was on Monday, November 11th, 1630, a day which was to mark an even greater event in history nearly three centuries later, that this remarkable chase took place. The great man returned and the sycophants in the Luxembourg who had clustered round Marie de Medicis melted away.

The French call that Monday "The Day of the Dupes." The French have a genius for the picturesque phrase.

Books

(*Continued from page* 51)

a popular and comforting conclusion.

THERE is nothing weak about *Stanton* (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), the latest and perhaps the greatest of Mr. Desmond Coke's novels of school life. This fine novel has nothing in common with those "frank revelations," those "sensational indictments of the Public School System" to which we have grown accustomed, if not indifferent. Mr. Coke is a man who loves the schools of England but is not quite happy about them. He thinks that a school is not necessarily prospering because its numbers are increasing. He wonders whether the phrase "compulsory games" may not contain a contradiction in thought as well as in terms. He observes that many boys are easily bored. He believes that Discipline, Efficiency, and other splendid words must be strong enough to support interrogation. *Stanton* is a first-rate story, humorous (it is extremely funny at times), exciting and wise. In order to bring out the points he wished to make, the author has depicted a school which is far from being typical. But the boys and the masters are exactly typical of all educational establishments; they are beautifully done. Schools seem to exercise an extraordinary attraction for duffers of all kinds, blundering novelists as well as unsuitable instructors. Mr. Desmond Coke is as rare in his way as a Ridding or a Jowett or a Charlotte Mason. If, as I did, you turn from *Stanton* to that highly competent novel, *The House in the High Street* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), you will be struck by the wild impossibility of the little girl in which the highly competent novelist, Mr. Henry Dudeney, expects us to believe.

MRS. RADIANT talks on Health.

Carry on!

"Pain," writes a distinguished doctor, "is something to be . . . prevented and arrested on every possible occasion." So authoritative and at the same time sympathetic a statement will be welcomed by millions of women who have hitherto allowed headaches and other pains to interfere with their work and happiness in the mistaken belief that such discomfort is part of their lot.

Whatever the cause of your headaches, whether anaemia, worry, overwork or stomach trouble, your Doctor will almost certainly be able to cure it; in the meantime you can quickly and safely relieve the pain with a wonderful preparation which Nurse ——— of Leicester reports gives "almost instantaneous relief." Without endangering your heart in any way or disturbing your digestion, this preparation allows you to carry on with your work or social engagements, and—a great blessing — "it retains its power in spite of repeated administration."

This is Genasprin, the *safe* brand of Aspirin, which is prescribed by Doctors all over the world as the ideal pain-reliever for headache, neuralgia, toothache and pains peculiar to women. I strongly advise you to write a post card to The Manageress, Genatosan Ltd., 24, Derby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire. She will gladly send you a generous free sample of Genasprin and an interesting book on pain-relief.

Gallant Ships!

—those Bulwarks of Old England—

Many a Lavender-perfumed 'kerchief fluttered as they passed in review, and pretty cheeks flushed with pride. Then, as now, Fashion's choice was the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender: the changing modes see its vogue ever increasing. Ever more indispensable for those informal occasions when heavy exotic perfumes are out of tune.

Gay youth and her charming mother, and *her* mother, cherish the charm of its wistful, winsome loveliness.

Sprinkler Top Bottles	*from 2/6 to 16/6*
Fancy Stoppered Bottles	*from 6/9 to 70/-*

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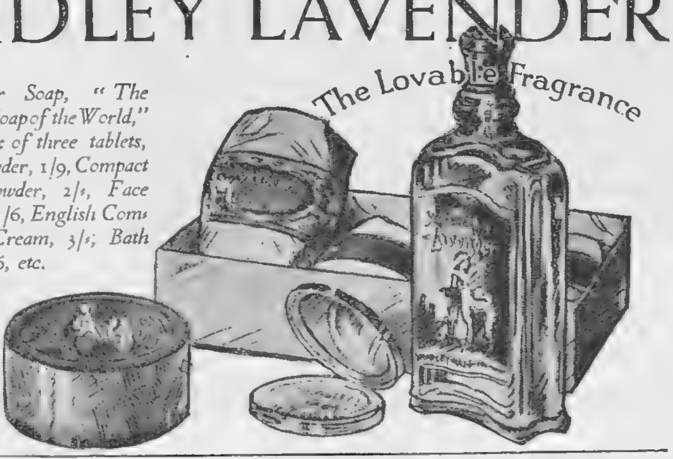
Also Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," 2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder, 1/9, Compact Face Powder, 2/-, Face Cream, 1/6, English Complexion Cream, 3/-; Bath Salts, 2/6, etc.



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YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON

At *the* Coq d'Or

(*Continued from page 13*)

happy, and I appeared sufficiently so to satisfy him. I never let him know how I hated the jewels he obliged me to parade. According to his views a wife reflects her husband's prosperity. To prove his success I became a garlanded dummy. My soul was seared by the vulgarity of his point of view. But I smiled! As the head of his house I smilingly received his friends."

She broke off and sighed wearily. "How I have smiled! Sometimes I think it can never wear off, never be erased! Bedecked and smiling I receive his friends, and after his friends his caresses. In return my mother is clothed and fed and housed. Feodor is watched over by the greatest child specialist in Paris, and as he is too delicate to go to school, professors come to the house and teach him. Feodor! . . . for him . . ."

She gulped down a sob. "For his sake I have made my mind a blank."

"Only your soul is starving."

"Only my soul."

For some time they were silent, locked in each other's arms. The only sound was the hissing of the samovar on the bare deal table and below in the street the klaxons of passing motors. Nathalie clung to him as though she were wrecked. He held her close. She could hear the beating of his heart.

For a while neither past, nor present nor future existed for the husband and wife who met at last as lovers.

WHEN consciousness surged back she wept. "I cannot bear to leave you. Death is preferable, but I may not die. . . . My existence safeguards two human souls, one old and one young, and both frail."

Nathalie looked round the bare but clean room with its three beds and its rickety table.

"Are you in need?" she asked.

And in the minds of both there flashed a vision of a palace by the Neva.

"Oh dear no! I haven't been so well off for a long time. The Golden Cock it is that lays the golden eggs." And then as if to excuse the bareness of the room: "We are several to divide the profits," he explained.

Abstractedly he toyed with the diamond bangles round her wrist: "Once upon a time," he reminded her, "I gave you diamonds and pearls!"

"And emeralds," she added, "Do you remember, Feodor, my diamond and pearl kokoshink that I wore at the court ball. The Czarina complimented me that night!"

"You were the queen of the ball."

"I remember the motor was lined with pink carnations when we went there. And when we left it was lined with purple orchids."

"You wore a dress of orchid velvet that the flowers matched."

"You always spoiled me."

"I was mad about you."

"I shall never forget how handsome you were in your uniform."

"I remember how you embarrassed me with your flattery."

"You are still beautiful, Feodor. I love you more for the traces of suffering in your eyes."

"I suffer hideously at this moment, Nastia."

"I believe it."

"I feel I've got to let you go, I have not the moral right to keep you. I cannot give you what you need . . . what you deserve . . ."

"My needs are few, believe me. I have no need of jewels, of fine clothes, of motors . . . I would willingly give up all I have to share this room with you."

"Share it then! Stay with me . . . let us fend for existence together helped by our mutual love, and courage."

Nathalie's eyes glowed: "I would not be a burden, I too could earn. And mother . . . she too can work. She knits jumpers for Feodor, she could knit to sell. And Feodor . . ." she repeated the name as though it were her lover's; "Feodor would love his father, and you would be so proud of him! He is delicate but he will grow strong, and he is so beautiful."

Thus the discussion was prolonged, plans for the future were punctuated by passionate vows of eternal love. The happiness of the moment was intoxication. All sordid cares were forgotten. Even the bare, cold room became transformed. Nathalie was in ecstasy.

Suddenly she remembered: "It must be late! I promised I would be back for tea . . ."

Feodor Seranof accompanied his wife down the steep stone stairs. He watched the liveried footman adjust the fur rug. In the misty greyness of the street he stood bareheaded. Nathalie turned and smiled; her face was radiant with a new hope. He watched the car until it had vanished from sight, then slowly, thoughtfully, he walked to the café of the "Bon Coin" where his friends awaited him. Oboukoff scanned his face anxiously and Rosanoff excitedly called for more drinks.

IN the big house on the banks of the Seine, André Moriz awaited his wife's return. He was, however, more anxious than reproachful:

"Where have you been? I've waited for you so long. You should have been here. There was a conference of doctors. Feodor's condition is serious. It's more than just a cold."

Nathalie wrung her hands: "What has happened?"

"Calm yourself."

He led her to the sofa, removed her hat and stroked her hair. His manner was that of one having serious news to impart paves the way with super gentleness.

"Tell me the worst, André! Tell me quick!"

"Don't be alarmed," he reassured her. "They say that all will be well, only Feodor must be sent as soon as possible to Switzerland."

Nathalie held her head, for a moment her brain seemed chaos, she saw nothing but a surging kaleidoscope of black and grey.

André patted her knee: "There is nothing to worry about. He'll pull through. It is just a matter of a few years. Don't upset yourself. . . I've thought it over, we'll find a villa up in the mountains, near a clinique and accessible to the best doctors. You can go and stay with him whenever you wish . . ." And seeing that tears were trickling through the fingers that hid her face, he added: "Whenever you wish, Nathalie. I'll do all I can to help, only don't cry, I beg of you. Don't be unhappy. There's no immediate danger. He shall have all the care that money can procure, and money will pull him through."

Nathalie sprang to her feet and rushed from the room. André did not follow, he knew she liked to be alone with Feodor.

At the café du Bon Coin, Feodor Feodorovitch Seranof sipped absinthe and his friends pressed him for news.

"It is all arranged? Does she return to you? Are we to clear out and leave the room to you, or do you prefer to find other quarters?"

Seranof did not answer. He stared before him.

"There is quite a big room, with a small one adjoining, on the floor below ours," volunteered Rosanoff. "It is a little more expensive but only very little."

Seranof drew a long deep breath: "She said she would come, but I know she never will . . ."

He called for another absinthe.

Rosanoff looked anxiously at Oboukoff but neither spoke, and Seranof repeated:

"Of course she never will, why should she . . .?"

END

T*his* Female Flying Business

(*Continued from page 15*)

right wing up!" gives way to: "Stick back a bit and now a little left rudder . . . left"—(quietly)—"*not* right . . ."

And so on; and now she can hold the 'plane tolerably straight and with only occasional staggers, over the railway's straight lines some thousand feet beneath. When Captain Findlay does another of his irritatingly perfect landings after lesson four she feels friendly but still respectfully inclined towards aviation!

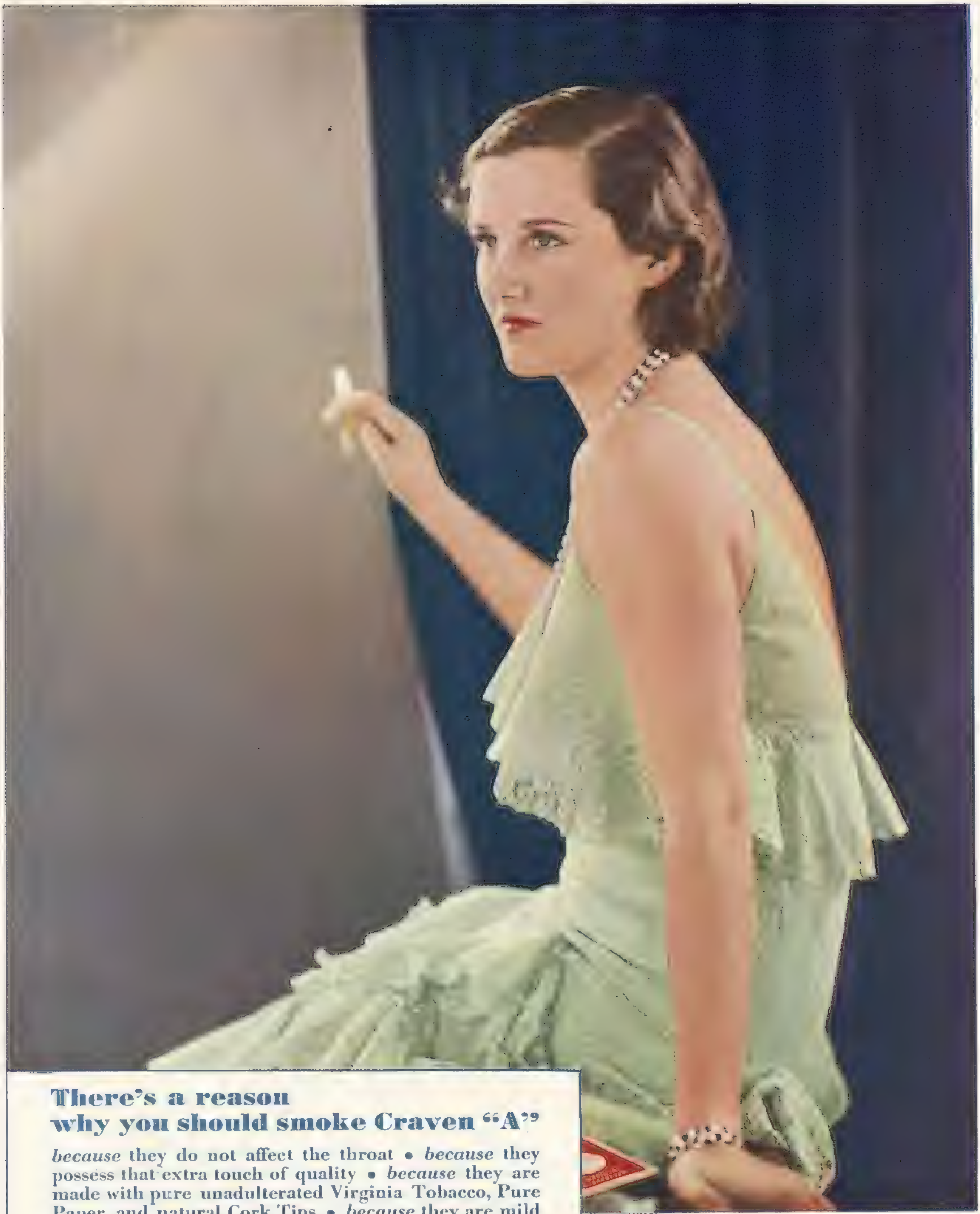
THE schedule of lessons gives her a detailed demonstration of what (as a motorist) she has always wanted to do—a *banked turn to get round a corner!* She tries her hands and feet at imitating the Instructor's turns first at a slight angle; unravels the problem of the apparent interchangeability of the functions of rudder and elevator; gets automatically able to respond to instructions in mid-air: "Your nose is dropping . . . a little top rudder . . . that's right, not too much. . . ." And finally finds that she can go into and come out of her turns fairly well and is not defeated by the antics of the nose of the 'plane. Then she does steeper turns; feels a fool and cannot seem to manage them; appears to waste an entire lesson; notes that the schedule of this lesson ends with the grim words "*demonstrate faults*" and feels that, in this at least, she has succeeded; decides she will never make a pilot and—because she has been taking her lessons daily (as she is rightly advised to do) holds off for a couple of days and attends instead the ground classes on air lore.

Feels better about it and goes up again to enjoy lesson seven which is a demonstration of the business of flying without engine and the effect of this on the controls . . . notices again that the aileron control can tell her all about her air-speed if the indicator doesn't, and so to lesson eight which shows her gliding, climbing—and stalling. She feels again the rather eerie instant when having lost speed and lift the machine hovers before gravity claims it . . . is thrilled herself to pull it up out of its dive; and then tries gliding turns with more success than she could have thought possible two lessons back!

After this side-slipping is acquired as an art and then she and her intructor settle down to the vital business of learning approaches and landings. Always there is the expert to advise and check even a threatening of disaster; and after some practice she learns to appraise distances, flatten out at the requisite 20 ft. above the ground and discard any harassing tendency to land like a kangaroo with hiccoughs in a hurry!

Spins! The expert puts them into a spin and gently pulls them out; shows her how accidental spins occur; causes one to do so and shows them how to bring them both out. She masters the formula and sees it work—thankfully!

A PLEASANT spring morning—ideal for landing . . . five circuits made with Captain Findlay and every landing reasonably good and certainly safe. She hopes he is satisfied. Then—the great thrill comes . . . Captain Findlay climbs out . . . unships his joystick and stows it in the locker behind. The Determined One is feeling tremendously confident, but she (*Continued on page* 109)



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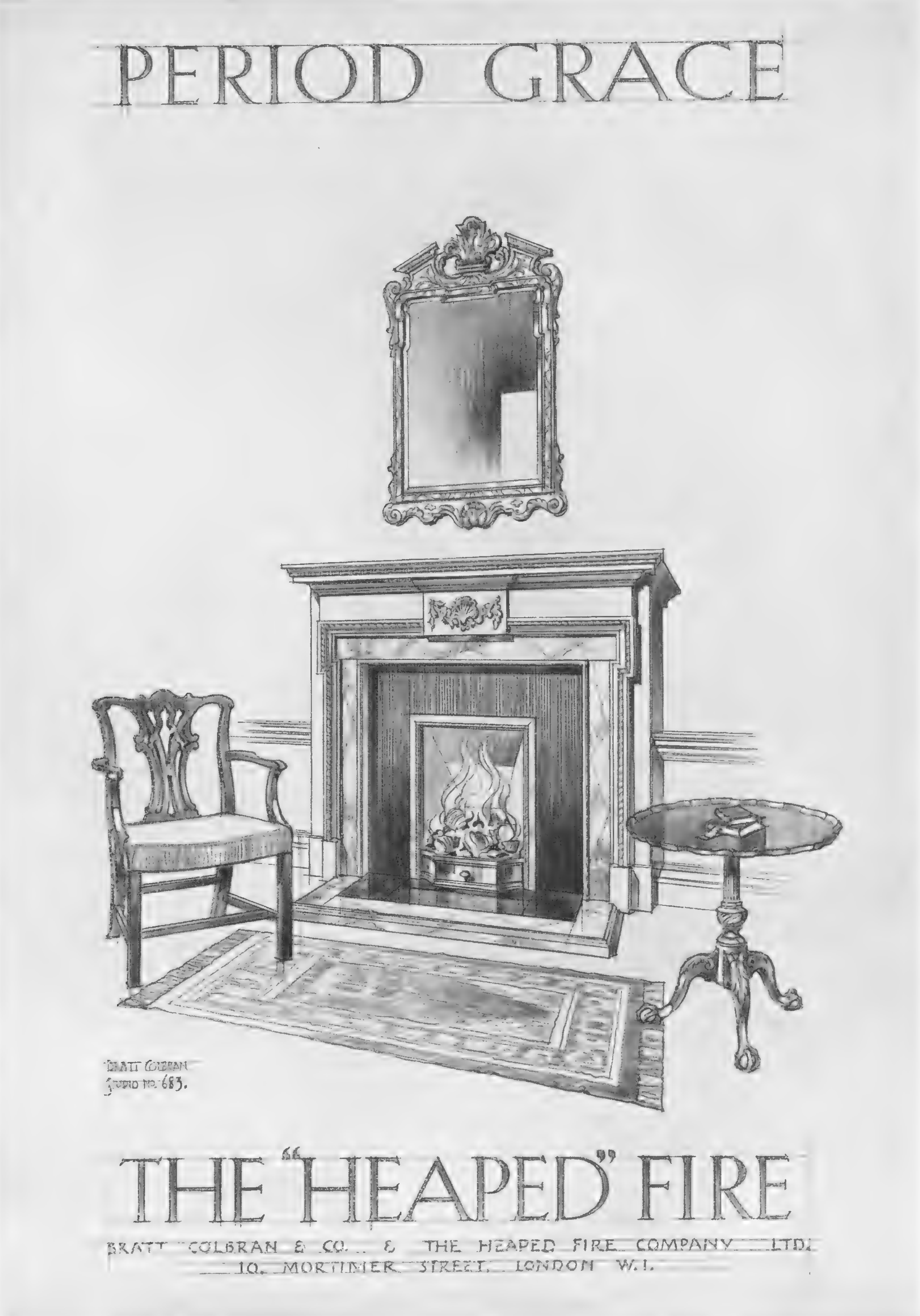

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looks at him questioningly: *she knows that on her next circuit there will be no guiding hand on the controls . . .*

"You're O.K.—just one circuit—I'll wait for you"; he smiles cheerily and waves her away as she taxis to turn up-wind. So far, very ordinary! She has done this heaps of times—and tingling with determination to make a perfect circuit, she takes off . . . past him again with a roar, full out; eases the stick back, gently and then lifts her clear of the trees.

The sturdy little engine hauls her up and, as in due time she turns for her one circuit, she mentally registers the fact that she is not nervous, though she feels faintly lonely . . . and, of course, there is the business of making a perfect landing ahead. Swears to herself that she is not really taut with determination and does not pause to remember that—as at the right moment she switches off—the patient mentor of her first fumblings aloft is standing there below her, intently watching, although he knows that there is practically no peril attached to the First Solo.

Looking over the side—eyes glued to the point some 30 yards ahead she eases the stick back . . . back . . . and again back. BRRRMP! Slight impact and cropped grass races beneath. . . . BRRRMP! harder this time and then the even jog as the tail skid and wheels settle down almost simultaneously. Wonderful sense of achievement! *SHE CAN FLY.* The First Solo is over (incredibly soon) as a mechanic appears complete with grin, at the wing tip, and she slips her belt and then pushes up her goggles to apologise to the Instructor for having to open up her engine again when an expert would have gauged it to a tick. She is told (to her genuine surprise) that it is a quite good first solo landing; but (again to her surprise) she took off less well than usual.

THE next time and the time after that she can do nothing right; for every hour solo she has perhaps fifteen minutes dual and goes into strict training for her "A" licence.

You can get your "A" licence from the Air Ministry, via the filling in form C.A.61 by your doctor which he sends direct to the Air Ministry (your medical passport); filling in the Royal Aero Club application form, plus two unmounted photographs (2 by 3 in.) and passing the two practical tests in the presence of the Observer and answering 80 per cent. of the *viva voce* questions correctly. The completed form and the Observer's report go to the Royal Aero Club; in due time you receive your Aviator's Certificate and this and your doctor's (we hope satisfactory) medical report will obtain for you from the Air Ministry the coveted "A" "ticket" by which you can fly when and where you will, but not, of course, for hire.

One day, coached to the moment, you ask to take your first test; up you climb to two thousand feet (it used to be 6,000, so be thankful!) and, shutting off your engine, glide down and home to within 150 yards of an arranged spot without any use of your engine.

That is test A; B is not so nice, since it consists of five figures of eight to be made at about 400 ft. or so up round two marks. And the final return to within 50 yards of an indicated point.

The questions asked are all practical and relatively easy and concern necessary knowledge of aerodrome procedure and "rules of the road."

Finally, proud possessor of the two passports, she is kindly reminded (in the same breath with his congratulations) by her Instructor that—now *that* is over—she can start learning to fly! And by the safety maniacs of her Club her every step is carefully watched over until, one day, she, too, saunters to her machine and asks for her maps as she wants to go down to Eastbourne for a bathe between lunch and tea. . . .

End

D 160

B 39 COUNTRY 9
A 214 LONDON 49
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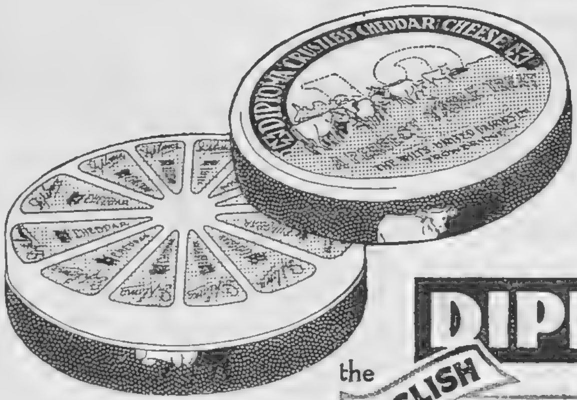

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Brit. & Eve.

Kasai Diamonds

(*Continued from page* 17)

experience with them, could I reconstruct the distinction. Both stole indifferently. During their first years of service for the diamond miners they left scrupulously alone the little crystals for which they saw no practicable employ. When, however, the "I.D.B." came, even diamonds took on an interest. The black man is essentially utilitarian. When he finds someone to pay him for something which he considers useless, he will leap to make the bargain, especially if the object to be sold is none of his property.

Compounding, to keep the natives out of temptation just as they are kept out of temptation in South Africa, is the Kasai miner's only weapon against the "I.D.B." Even compounding presents its difficulties. When penned up the natives will fight among themselves. Other natives passing along the road outside the compound will take up the argument, and hot words and missiles fly back and forth between the "ins" and the "outs." This state of mimic warfare has been stopped. One day a controller noticed that the natives on the outside, who often caught and threw back the sticks and mud-balls which were thrown out at them, were leaving the field with several reserve shots still in their hands. He investigated, and found in the centre of every mud ball a core of diamond.

In the end, not merely the native workers, but the whole of the inner Kasai has had to be compounded. Imagine an island nearly as big as Britain, surrounded not by seas but by impenetrable jungles. Just as it once was possible, in the heroic days of smuggling, to slip into Cornwall unobserved by some Mullion Cove, so it is possible to-day to force an entrance into the Kasai. Yet the "I.D.B." who attempts to smuggle himself into the Kasai must brave far more than angry seas.

TWO doors, and only two, give legitimate and comfortable access to the inner Kasai. Mai Munene is the village of which men spoke to Livingstone. It lies to the north of the diamond country, where it commands the head of practicable navigation on the Kasai at the point where one transfers from the Congo River steamer to the trails. Beyond, all is forbidden territory. The closed land of the monopoly stretches "forty days" to the south, to where the Kasai, near its head, is but a narrow stream cutting its valley out of the Central Plateau. Saurimo guards the headstream and its tributaries. It is here that Livingstone turned back. Nowadays the Benguella Railroad passes less than two hundred miles to the south, and a narrow gauge line from Loanda comes almost as near to the west. Traffic from both lines must pass Saurimo. It is the Kasai's second door.

THE empire of fetish has simply passed on its prerogatives to the empire of "Diamong." "Diamong" issues its *visa* like a sovereign state. *En route* to the diamond country one's passport is demanded at Loanda, Malange, Saurimo, and Camissombo. Once within the closed country, one must report to the local administrator or be ejected. In the old days ivory traders, missionaries, slave hunters, and even the Arab caravans from distant Zanzibar were kept out of the Kasai by the Baluba. Now travellers and hunters are still kept out by the "Diamong," for fear that they might take away some stones as souvenirs. Even missionaries are excluded from the territory, for they might lure away labourers, or undermine the company's authority.

There is no place in the diamond country for outsiders. The Baron de Caters and I are two out of possibly twenty independent observers to have seen the place. One of my seven *visas* for the region is numbered "Nineteen !" Our path was made less difficult by innumerable letters of introduction, yet we

(*Continued on page* 112)

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In Miss Arden's Salon, you may have a treatment that will mould hands and arms (and elbows!) to new grace and flexibility, and make them velvety and fine textured. At home, you should attack the roughened surfaces with Anti-Brown Spot Ointment and Ardena Bleach Cream. After this whitening treatment, use quantities of Orange Skin Food to enrich the skin and soothe it. Apply Muscle Oil liberally to the arms, using a rotary motion to stimulate circulation.

Wash your hands and arms only with the finest soap. Acquaint them with the supreme luxury of Elizabeth Arden's Bath Mits, rich with almond-scented lather. Afterwards, out of simple courtesy, accord them a delicate application of Hand Cream or Velva Liquid, to maintain their softness.

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were submitted to cross-examination wherever we met the white officials who have supplanted the *sobas*. Palaver is still necessary on the Kasai before one is given his guide and his message of safe conduct.

From Saurimo a sandy grey road stretches north towards the diamond land. Following the narrow tongue of highland between two tributaries of the Kasai, it leads to Camissombo, where the last barrier to the forbidden territory has been erected. At Camissombo the plateau narrows until, from a single station, it can be commanded. Tawny park lands extend to the horizon, north and south. To either side, up from the valleys where unseen rivers thread their way through dark green vegetation, the jungle reaches up, clutching with hungry fingers at the edge of the tableland.

Unshaven, unwashed, and undoubtedly unshriven, the underling who happened to be in charge of Camissombo in the absence of the regular commandant barked at us:

"Take off your hats here! You are in the presence of an official!"

Under the unmerciful sun, we stood and let him compare our faces with our photographs on our passports. It was with manifest reluctance that he let us through. The suspicion, the hostility, the timidity of his attitude prepared us, however, for the reception we were to receive, as outsiders, all through the land of the diamond.

Civilised man has never stood out in sharper contrast to raw, luxuriant nature than at Dundu, the heart of the diamond country. Passing its last barrier, one enters the inner Kasai along mere wagon tracks beside which the tall African grasses grow higher than the roof of an automobile. Gradually, however, the grasses are less tall. The road becomes better. Stretches of woodland approach. Occasionally there is shade. From the valleys on either side the jungle is winning the plateau. For fifty miles the struggle is fought out, the wet, warm verdure slowly conquering the heights. One is approaching Dundu. The road swerves down.

DUNDU, situated in a narrow basin between low hills and winding rivers, is a modern city standing in relief against the absolutely primitive. Circumcision huts lie hidden in the bush just beyond the nearest hole. Witch doctors still direct tribal festivities among the very natives who labour for the "Diamong." Yet in Dundu the hand of the Twentieth Century is over all.

Dundu announces itself when suddenly the woods and grey grasses of the park lands give way to low green fields of manioc. Native manioc has never the well-groomed air, the broad sweep, of these plantations. One feels, before one sees the hidden city or its mines, that one is approaching some enterprise of more than usual African proportions. The ground falls away. The fields slope down. Suddenly they end and one is passing a great sport field, with a grandstand large enough for five hundred spectators. This is the recreation field of Dundu. The city itself lies beyond those trees. The road widens. The ditch to either side deepens. Suddenly, like an anachronism in the midst of Africa, appears a lamp-post.

With its wireless, its aeroplane landing field, its electricity, its concrete houses, its motors and its diamonds, Dundu stands alone, isolated, fiercely aloof. In close dependence upon outer civilisation, it yet remains as closed away from them as a whittled ship sealed up in a glass bottle. If one must search for romance in the twentieth century, then it is here in this perfect flower of a city blossoming unseen in a wilderness. Out from Dundu the diamond mines radiate, each with its throb and clangour. In Dundu one goes regularly to an office, one eats ice-cream or frozen custards for dinner, and one dances or plays backgammon throughout the evening. In the mines one still must be wary of hippo where the "pay dirt" lies near the river. One still must handle native labourers through their queer superstitions and fastidious susceptibilities.

Queer contrasts of the abnormal and the prosaic arrest one everywhere in the diamond country. The first diamonds were discovered by romantic hazard. There was real romance in the conquest of a territory by cunning and battling with cruel, shrewd natives. There was real romance in bringing the first steam engines into the country, dragging them on sledges across river bottoms where no ferry could be found substantial enough to float them. There was real romance in the first handful of diamonds actually sifted out of the "pay dirt" by panning . . . as gold miners pan for placer gold. Yet it may well be an axiom of mining, as it is of modern exploration and of modern travelling, that where romance enters in, good business suffers. To-day, where possible, the diamond industry round Dundu is reduced to blue-prints. How much dirt has been shovelled out of the way as "overburden" before the diamond-bearing gravels can be treated? How many cubic metres of gravel are handled every day, and how many carats do they yield? How many men are employed in the mine? How many cubic metres does every man turn over? How much food is consumed at the mine by all the men, and by every man? Is the average yield of the gravel declining? Will there be a dividend this year?

A Kasai diamond mine is a dripping hole in the earth, where naked negroes splash in the mire and shovel gravel. River diamonds do not demand the elaborate apparatus of Kimberley. The essential machine, which separates the heavy gravel from the lighter and thus goes a long way toward sorting out the diamonds, is a structure but little larger, and barely more complicated, than a concrete mixer. Except for the fact that the principle is reversed, and that instead of churning earths together this machine churns them apart, there is little technical difference in the installations. In both power is needed to turn a drum. In both dirt goes in at one side and comes out somewhat disarranged at the other. Before both, an intelligent spectator can become unutterably bored at the end of twenty minutes. But it is to see this process that one has intrigued to get *visas*, organised a party, sought guides and interpreters, pierced the jungle, passed the portals so heavily guarded of the Kasai.

IN the hearts and minds of the white men who work round Dundu there dwells something far more insidious than mere boredom. An unwholesome atmosphere of fear hangs over the Kasai, fear of every fellow worker and of all strangers, fear of the past and fear of the future, fear, above all, of that group of monopolists in far off Europe whom one calls "The Company." Hearing these Russians and Americans and Belgians and Portuguese and British exiles talk about themselves, one realises that the Congo has not changed its essential attributes since Conrad wrote *Heart of Darkness*.

The men in the "Diamong" have not come out to Africa for the thrill of adventure. They have signed their long contracts in order to make money as swiftly as possible, taking a desperate chance. They are staking health, sanity, life itself, against the few years needed in this tropic desolation to assure themselves of independence. Living at the company's expense, nursed at the company's hospital, they are promising themselves that when they get back home they will have been able to have saved most of their salaries. Upon this small capital they may face life anew . . . begin all over again.

One of them has the right to report upon the fitness and accomplishment of all the others, and he is feared as the little tin god of the place. But he is in his turn the victim of the number of cubic metres his negroes sweat through, and of the yield per cubic metre once the dirt is mined.

Sometimes a human cog in the machine breaks down, and then romance may flash for a moment before it is smothered. Before our visit to Dundu there occurred a most ingenious theft. Its perpetrator was one of those who weigh the diamonds. Others checked up upon his work, yet in dealing with minute fractions of a carat a certain latitude must always be expected. It was upon this margin of possible error that he based his system. He extracted first a tiny chip. On the second day he replaced this chip, and took from the tray of diamonds another chip slightly heavier. On the third day the chip was replaced and a small brilliant taken. On the fourth day the small brilliant was substituted for one a bit larger. Finally, by dexterously extracting a slightly better diamond on every succeeding day, and always replacing a stone which weighed almost as much, he was able to obtain crystals weighing three and four carats. At no time, however, did his manipulations disturb by more than a fraction the total weight of the diamonds for the day. Had he not been discovered by a colleague who saw him at work he might have amassed a fortune.

It is against men like this, clever men, cultured men, dangerous men, that the diamond leaders have to contend. No wonder that every man regards his neighbour with suspicion. Five years ago there were a hundred and fifty white men employed in the diamond lands. To-day there are ninety-seven. The mines must be defended by cutting down the number of men to whom they are exposed.

"What do you do if you see a diamond in the mud?" I asked an official.

"If you're wise, you leave it alone," he replied. "I've found diamonds and left them where I found them. If one were discovered in my possession my reputation . . . and my job . . . and my liberty, wouldn't be worth a straw. Who'd believe I found it myself instead of stealing it? In the eyes of the law hereabouts, it is a theft to find a diamond and pick it up. The diamonds under the earth and the diamonds on top of the earth belong to the monopoly. What else should 'The Company' be paying forty per cent. of its earnings into the government for, if not to get protection? Leave uncut diamonds alone! If you've got no contract to mine for diamonds for the 'Diamong,' and if you're found with a single miserable stone in your pocket, you're an 'I.D.B.,' or worse."

END

The Last Day of General Gordon

(Continued from page 39)

The corner stands between us, and the last moments of this soldier . . . But up in the Austrian Consulate we may see that Herr Hansel's body has been pierced by half a dozen javelins.

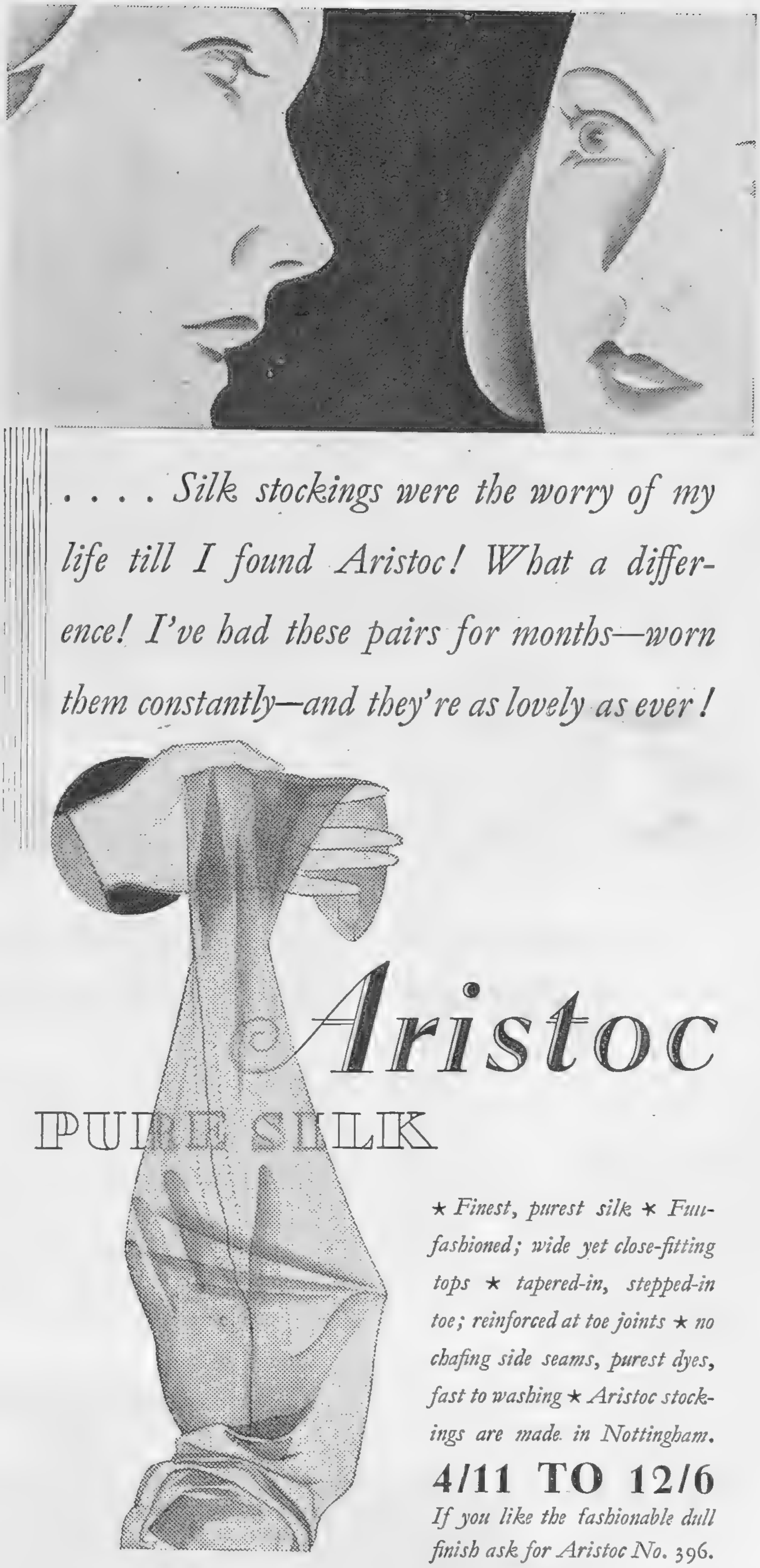
MIDNIGHT on the 9th Rabi, 1302. Khartoum is lit with flames. The Mahdi and his howling, singing followers are triumphant. The bodies of the defenders have been torn limb from limb and thrown outside the walls.

Above the window where last night sat a brave English gentleman there comes the croaking of the birds of death—the filthy fat forms of the vultures hover around menacingly.

Thirty-six hours later—only thirty-six hours!—four steamers will plod across the northern horizon, sail up to the walls—and then steam back again with the news that Gordon *must* be dead. And two weeks later Mr. Gladstone will stroll out of a London theatre to face a great booing West End mob to whom the death of the defender of Khartoum has just been made known.

General Charles George Gordon will be a hero; the price of Empire will have been paid yet once again—with death.

END



. . . . Silk stockings were the worry of my life till I found Aristoc! What a difference! I've had these pairs for months—worn them constantly—and they're as lovely as ever!

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You *can* Improve *your* Driving

Little points that make a Difference

By The Earl of Cardigan

Miss Genevieve Tobin, of Film fame, at the wheel

WHILE it is generally admitted that the standard of driving has lately been tending to improve, I am sometimes struck by the rarity with which one can honestly say: "I enjoy being driven by X.; my mind is absolutely at rest so long as he (or she) is at the wheel." I hope I am not unreasonably critical, but I must admit that I do not say this more than perhaps once in a year. I do not believe, however, that I am by any means unique in this respect.

What, then, is the reason for this almost sub-conscious distrust which the motorist is apt to feel for the great majority of his fellow-drivers? Is it that he suspects them of being dangerous? I hardly think so. There are many drivers who are extremely cautious, but who never entirely succeed in inspiring their passengers with peace of mind.

Is it due to a vaguely-sensed lack of technical skill? This may be so, but it is, I believe, only a partial explanation. I am convinced that I have suffered more from nerves with highly skilled drivers than with any other class. Indeed, the highly skilled driver who does not alarm me is the exception rather than the rule. I mentioned this fact recently to one of the exceptions, and he told me that he has to employ a sort of "Coué" system when being driven by some of his fellow-experts.

He has a little ritual which he recites. "This man has driven for twenty years and never had a smash." He repeats this over and over throughout the journey whenever his nerve shows a tendency to fail him. It makes quite a pleasant jingle, and I recommend it to others for use in similar predicaments.

No, the quality which inspires a passenger with confidence is not to be defined so easily. If it could be expressed in one word, however, I should be inclined to say that that word was "smoothness." To drive smoothly is a greater art than many people would imagine, but once it has been mastered it is possible to drive even the most nervous passenger at quite high speeds without arousing apprehension.

Eighty miles per hour on the road is a rather higher speed than most people would enjoy, but I have recently been driven at that pace by a smooth driver with positive enjoyment. With an equally skilled but less smooth driver, I have felt distinctly anxious under very similar conditions.

SMOOTHNESS, of course, does in itself imply a fairly high degree of skill, inasmuch as an unskilled driver is quite incapable of driving smoothly. Note how the beginner invariably lets in his clutch with a "bang," meshes his gears with heavy hand, and comes to a standstill with a fierce application of the brakes; his roughness is a fair measure of his incompetence.

When, however, some degree of technical skill has been attained, it is not difficult to add the final "polish" which will achieve perfect smoothness of motion. One of the chief points to watch is the way in which the car is steered. My own view is that the passengers should never be aware that the steering wheel is being turned. A sudden motion of the wheel is almost invariably the sign of a bad, and always of a disquieting, driver.

There is an ideal speed, I suggest, at which every corner may be taken. That speed is the highest at which the car will turn without becoming subject to the outward drag of centrifugal force. On left-handed bends, therefore, where advantage may be taken of the camber of the road, this speed will be very much higher than that which is permissible when turning to the right.

The smooth driver should also be gentle with his brakes. Nothing is more tiring to passengers, who may be peacefully admiring the scenery, than to be jerked rudely back to present emergencies by sudden or violent braking. Acceleration should, wherever possible, merge gently into deceleration, and the rate of deceleration be equally progressive. At the moment of coming to a standstill, the brake should be practically off, contrary to the established practice on the Underground!

Gear changing, however professional, is also the better for being unostentatious. In the course of a long run one becomes distinctly tired of the driver who "revs" his engine violently at every opportunity and throws in his gears in a forceful and peremptory manner. The ideal gear (*Cont. on page 117*)

A Car that is as good as it looks

The Riley Nine "Plus" Monaco Saloon

Worth every penny of its price (£298), here is a quality car of unique design, comfort, economy and performance to satisfy both the severest critic and the thriftiest purse

This Month's Motoring Hint

"Coasting" *with* Caution

A GREAT deal of interest is being taken nowadays in various "free-wheel" devices, although the popularity of these is not by any means established. Most drivers, however, enjoy the sensation of "coasting" under certain circumstances, and a good many have acquired the necessary skill to let the ordinary car run downhill in "neutral" and re-engage top gear again when the momentum thus acquired has been lost. This is a pleasant, and by no means a difficult, accomplishment.

There is a certain danger, however, when a driver achieves too great an enthusiasm for "coasting." He will be tempted to descend unfamiliar hills in this manner, and may come suddenly upon an unexpected corner or cross-roads at a time when his braking power is substantially reduced. It is true that the gears can be quickly re-engaged before applying the brake, but an essential few seconds will have been lost.

The wisest plan, therefore, is to restrict one's "coasting" to hills which are known to be free from obstructions and the gradient can be clearly seen before the gears are disengaged.

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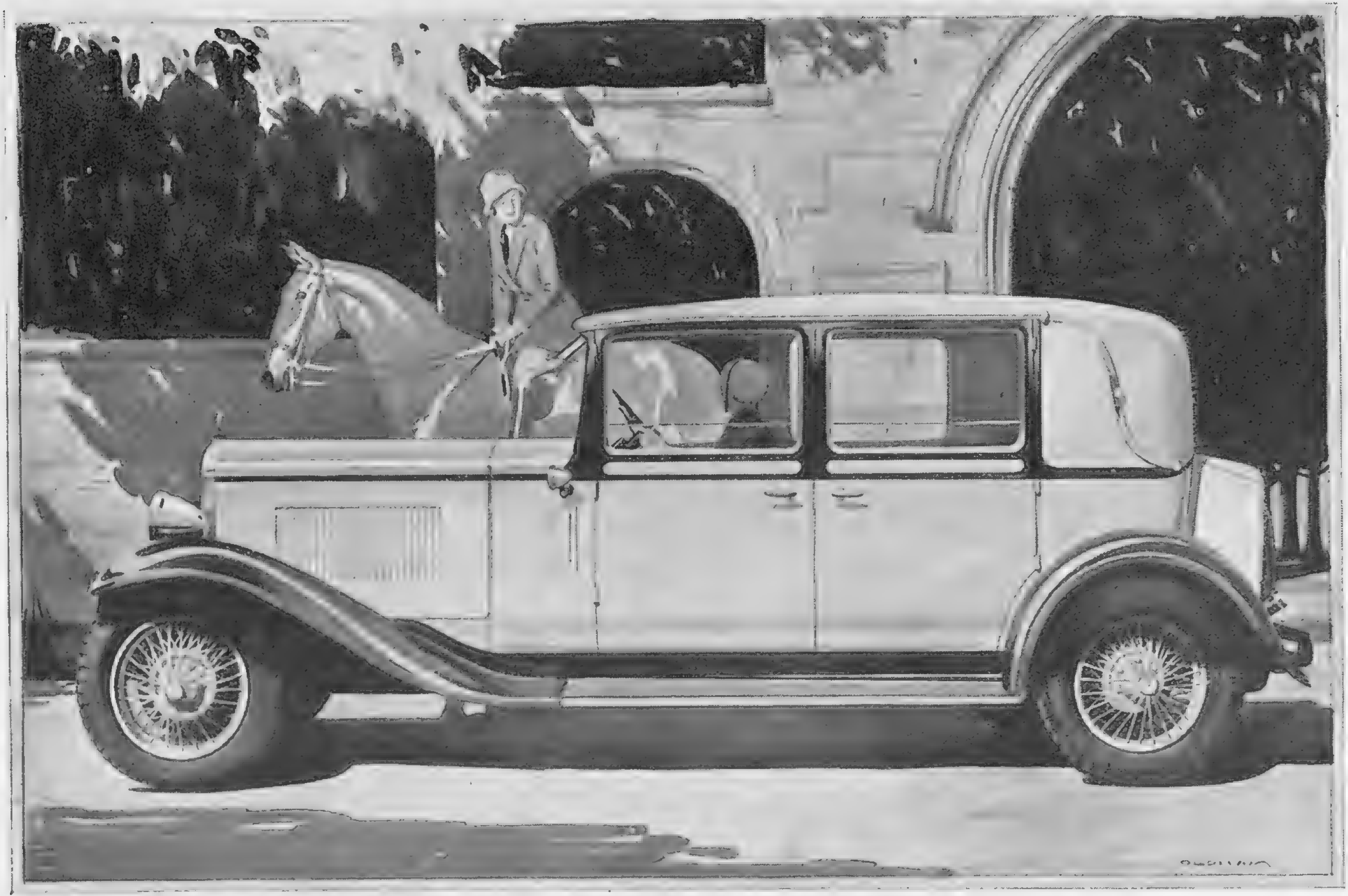

THE TWENTY WHITEHALL SALOON

"My congratulations–the finest car yet offered to the public"

***Owner Report No. 337; Chassis No. 6PL.2050; Registration No.UW3281**

Just one opinion . . . but one that is founded on six years' experience of Austin ownership.

Just one opinion—but one which confirms that of hundreds who have written to us with equal enthusiasm.

The gist of his report is this: Since he came to own his first Austin, six years ago, he has changed from one 'Twenty' to another, not because the car was worn, but—such is human nature—he wanted a change, and incidentally, the benefit of new design and improvement. He sums up his views thus: "I feel it is my duty to write you, for in my opinion *the Austin Twenty is the finest car yet offered to the public.*" Could more be said than this?

Here, then, is the reason why hundreds are turning to Austin ownership, for in this family of cars—combined with their improved appearance, unusual comfort and greatly reduced prices—is found dependability which results in absolutely care-free motoring for *many* years.

If you are not an Austin owner, talk to a man who is.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports*

The Twenty Whitehall Saloon (as Illustrated)

£530

(At Works)

Upholstered in Vaumolgrain hide. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish and Dunlop tyres. Mayfair Saloon (6 window) £530. Ranelagh Limousine £575. Marlborough Landaulet £525.

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The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven:
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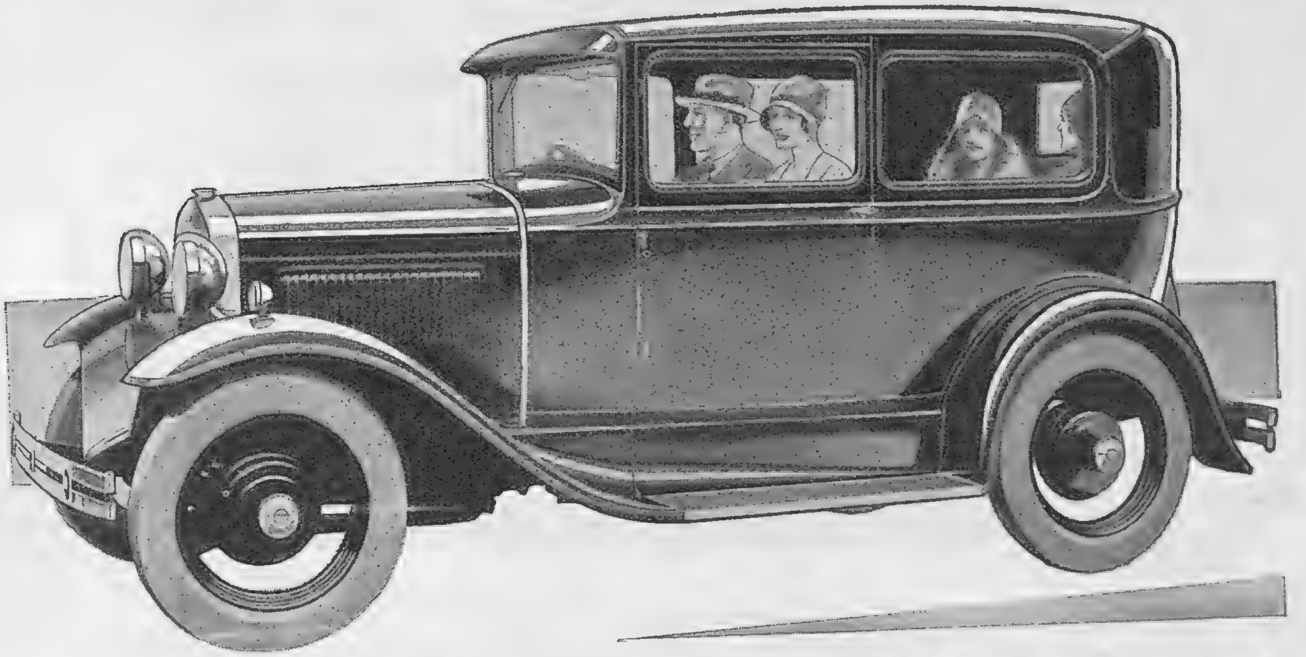


New Ford Tudor Saloon 24 h.p. **£180** *at works, Manchester.*
(14.9 *h.p.* **£5** *extra.*)

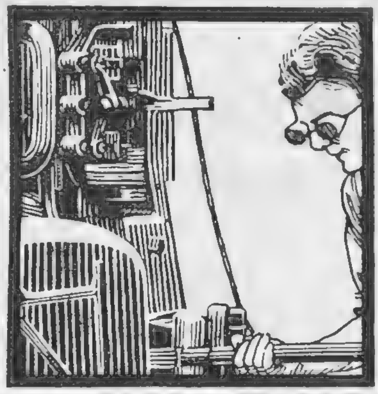
AMIDST all the hazards of the highway, you ride serenely safe in the New Ford.

The bodywork is made of tough, well-tempered steel, welded into single-piece construction. Light, strong, free from squeaks or rattles. Ready for any emergency.

The New Ford has the unmistakable stamp of clean finish and honest workmanship. Nothing on the road up to twice the price looks better, runs more smoothly or gives more enduring wear.

Yet no car of comparable performance or comfort provision costs so little over years of sterlingly satisfactory service.

Ask your nearest Ford dealer for a trial run to-day.



There are 90 weldings on the cowl and front body-frame assembly alone—forming an all-steel unit of exceptional strength.

NEW FORD PRICES

Touring Car .	24 *h.p.*	**£185**
Standard Coupé	,,	**£185**
Cabriolet .	,,	**£210**
3-window Fordor Saloon	,,	**£210**
De Luxe Touring Car	,,	**£225**
De Luxe Fordor Saloon with sliding roof	24 *h.p.*	**£225**

14.9 *h.p.* **£5** *extra.*
All prices at works, Manchester.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson
AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED : LONDON AND MANCHESTER

(Continued from page 116)

change should be perceptible only through the altered note of the engine and the rising hum of the transmission. It is not really difficult to change gear in such a manner that the passengers will never know which of the indirect ratios is being employed.

I MUST emphasise that this smooth method of driving is not necessarily any less efficient than the more "showy" style which many amateurs attempt. In many cases the discreet gear change is also the most rapid, and the time lost by progressive braking and easy cornering is relatively slight. The smooth driver, indeed, will probably cover a greater mileage per day under touring conditions, since his passengers will tire less rapidly and will be more loath to call a halt.

The modern car is, of course, peculiarly suited to assist the seeker after smoothness, and such items as a fierce clutch, common enough in earlier days, are now practically unknown. Gear boxes are more silent and easier to manipulate, engines are more responsive, and the majority of cars are better sprung and more steady on the road than they ever were before. Thus any driver who thinks these suggestions worth consideration should be well able to put them into practice.

THAT this advocacy of smooth driving is not just a personal fad can, I think, be proved. Let anyone who is dubious consider who is the best driver of his own acquaintance, and whether this person's driving is, or is not, of the smooth variety. In the great majority of cases, I would be prepared to take a small bet that the answer will be in the affirmative.

The open tourer still possesses its feminine supporters. This one is the latest Morris Oxford six-cylinder model, one of the most popular and successful cars of the day

The 20 *h.p.* Sunbeam

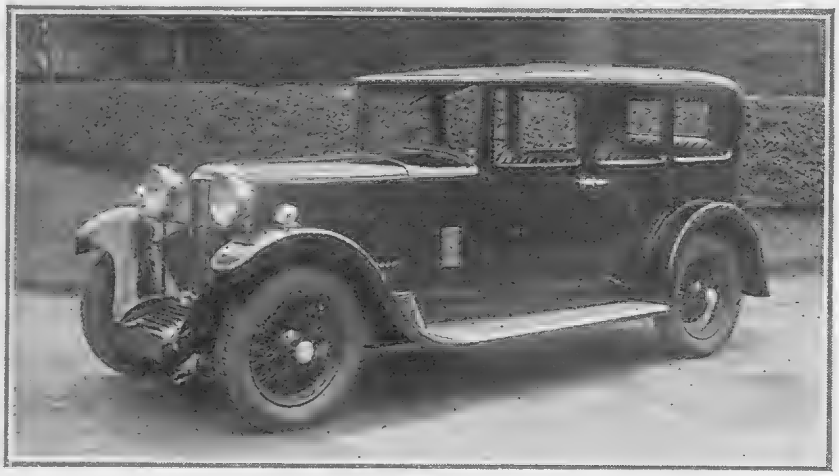
A Medium-sized Car with remarkable performance

ONE of the many interesting features of the 20 h.p. Sunbeam is that it persists, quite rightly, in calling itself a "twenty" in direct defiance of the Government. The Government, reckoning only the cylinder bore, declares that it is of the same power as the much larger "twenty-five." Actually, of course, the 20 h.p. Sunbeam is of lighter construction, shorter stroke, and costs some £200 less.

Having digested these somewhat extraordinary facts, I commenced my run in the saloon model which was recently lent me by plunging at once into the traffic of Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus. This is not, perhaps, an ideal route to choose when at the wheel of an unfamiliar car, but it enabled me to form my first, and possibly my strongest, impression of the Sunbeam as a car of quite exceptional docility. Although I was engulfed in traffic before I had even got into top gear, I never experienced a moment of anxiety. After five minutes, I felt as if I had known this car all my life.

This was chiefly, no doubt, due to the liveliness and flexibility of the six-cylinder engine, which even in these circumstances gave evidence of an ample reserve of power. The ease of gear changing was another very valuable feature, particularly in the case of the third gear, which is of the constant mesh variety and has a dog engagement. The latter is an ideal ratio for traffic work, being exceptionally silent and having a very wide range of speed. On one occasion I actually started the car in third gear instead of first, and the engine responded so readily and smoothly that it was some moments before I appreciated my mistake!

That the Sunbeam was going to provide me with an effortless and enjoyable run was thus clear to me within the first few minutes, and I had no reason to alter this opinion when testing it further on the open road. Its capacity for speed proved to be considerably greater than I had expected. When a 20 h.p. saloon car proves itself capable of great flexibility and smoothness at low speeds, one is disposed to credit it with a maximum in the neighbourhood of 70 m.p.h. Actually, this particular car touched 80 m.p.h. (the speedometer appeared to be above suspicion), and was still accelerating when I decided that we were going fast enough! At this speed the engine still remained quiet and free from vibration, and the car was absolutely steady on the road.



20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam coachbuilt saloon, priced at £775. An exceptionally pleasing car, with luxurious seating, having adjustable front and rear seats. With the new design of engine and twin-top gear-box, the 20 h.p. model now combines comfort with an unusually high standard of road performance

ITS performance on hills was likewise well above the average. With four up, its speed on White Hill, Henley, was 40 m.p.h. at the preliminary bend, 50 m.p.h. on the lower slope, and 40 m.p.h. at the steepest point. With two up, the same hill was taken at over 40 m.p.h.

The springing was comfortable, and the steering definite and pleasant. The latter has a good lock, and an agreeably powerful self-centring action. I noticed, however, that road shocks are transmitted up the steering column and to some extent affect the wheel. I have observed this in previous Sunbeam models, and personally it has never worried me, although some owner-drivers might find it disturbing.

The brakes are of exceptional power, but very smooth and progressive in their action. When applied vigorously they will bring the car to a standstill in a surprisingly short space, yet they can be used with reasonable firmness in ordinary driving. The hand brake, which acts on the rear wheels, is likewise powerful and smooth—being intended for practical use, and not merely for "parking" purposes.

The coachbuilt saloon body of this car reaches a very high standard. The front seats are instantly adjustable, and the off-side door, in view of the right hand position of the controls, is unusually accessible. To achieve this, the gear level is placed rather a long way forward, but its use is so rarely necessary that this is not a serious disadvantage. A very good point is the quick-action lever which operates the driver's window, and there are also direction indicators at the rear. The upholstery is of fine quality leather, and the general effect of the interior is of complete comfort without "fussiness" or ostentation.

The Sunbeam is not a cheap car, but a trial run affords ample proof that it offers genuine value for money. The relatively short stroke of the engine should ensure many years of high-speed running with the minimum of wear and tear.

IN my review of the new 12/50 h.p. Alvis, I stated that the makers at one time apparently "lost faith" in this excellent model, which was temporarily withdrawn. I am now assured that this was not the case, and that Messrs. Alvis had lost faith rather in the public, which at that time could think only in terms of six-cylinder cars. As soon as public interest in the four-cylinder car had revived, the 12/50 h.p. model was re-introduced.

TANGEE
Paris decrees more natural make-up

THE TATLER SAYS:

"Tangee lipstick blends perfectly with the natural colouring, no matter the complexion, as it changes to the individual shade needed. Among its other advantages is that it has no pigment, leaves no greasy smear, and is permanent.

"And there are other preparations that bear the name of Tangee, all of exalted merit. They accentuate and intensify the actual skin tones of the individual because of an interesting change of colour when applied to the skin. For this reason they are becoming alike to all types: the blonde, brunette or Titian-haired woman"

Tangee ***Lipstick***, 4/6. The same marvellous colour principle in ***Rouge Compact***, 3/6. ***Creme Rouge***, 4/6. ***Face Powder***, blended to match the natural skin tones, 4/6. ***Night Cream***, both cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. ***Day Cream***, protects the skin, 4/6. ***Cosmetic***, a new "mascara," will not smart, 4/6.

SEND 1/- for TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")
CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (Dept. 18),
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Name

Address

Heroin by the Ton

(*Continued from page 27*)

lucrative is the business of growing. Most of the hashish used to come from the Lebanon, under French Syrian mandate, but our neighbours have latterly descended nobly upon crops and stocks, with the result that poisoning from this source has considerably lessened. Nearer home, the French have also been doing well. Near Mulhouse in Alsace, the firm of Roessler Fils were manufacturing over four tons of heroin a year—2½ times the legitimate requirements of the world. It has been closed. Similarly, the Swiss Government was eventually prevailed upon to suppress dope products camouflaged under innocent names. "Dionyl," churned out by one Dr. Hefti, of Zurich, was as good as pure heroin. This camouflaging is unfortunately increasing as the chase after dope grows sterner.

THE closing down of the Mulhouse factory led to the rise of the Turkish firms. It is amazing what little personnel can poison a whole continent. "Orient Products," situated in the Constantinople suburb of Taxim, is run by two Japanese brothers named Shakan who hold a permit from the Health Ministry and who employ ten or twelve hands only. The profits are stupendous. Following are current quotations:—

Morphine, raw	£14 a pound
Morphine, pure	£16 10s. a pound
Heroin	£14 a pound

These prices are for orders of consignments of more than 100 lb. The price is 10 per cent. higher for orders under that weight. Prices vary with the cost of obtaining the opium from the poppy plantations. The "Kuskundjuk" factory has a board of directors consisting of two Frenchmen, two Armenians, and one Turk, and has a declared capital of £100,000.

But to return to Egypt and its plight—

UP to the war, hashish and opium were the only drugs taken. Much opium was grown in Upper Egypt, but mostly for export. Hashish was the slum addiction. Cocaine was first introduced in 1919 after it had been popularised in Europe chiefly by the Canadian and U.S. troops. (It will be recalled that in 1916 there was quite a "coke scare" in London in regard to the Canadians.) Heroin followed the lesser cocaine into Egypt, as it always does follow everywhere. Factories at Basle and Mulhouse flooded the country with this dread white drug until—when Russell Pasha took over the critical situation two years ago—there were no fewer than half a million addicts in a total population of 14,000,000. The cities abounded in addicts, chiefly young men between the ages of twenty and forty, who "sniffed" furiously for a specific purpose. To-day there is addiction in every class of society. Leaving the upper and middle classes aside—they will long be able to afford their ruinous passion—the worst feature is the enslavement of the peasant youth of the country, once healthy and hardworking. Russell Pasha is striving manfully to combat the curse. Cultivation of the poppy has been rigorously suppressed in Egypt. A successful offensive was launched against the European manufacturers. Sentence of five years' imprisonment is passed on traffickers under a new code. Many important gangs have been broken up—notably that of an Irishman, Victor Foley, at Alexandria. Foley was the "Dope King" in Egypt, as a Jew named Raskin (of whom more presently) may lay claim to that eminence in Europe. It is estimated that Egyptians spend nearly £10,000,000 a year on heroin. The plain truth is that there is only one way to tackle the dope traffic: to strangle it at the source. All the poppy fields from Smyrna to Baku may wave in the breeze, provided their deadly tabloid products may not be manufactured, save under control, to meet the medicinal needs of the world and no more. It is, in effect, hopeless to try and cope with smuggling. This is (*Continued on page 120*)

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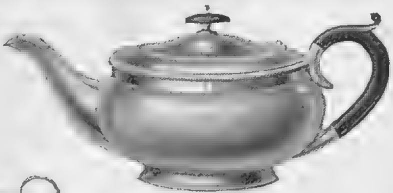
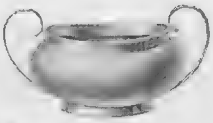
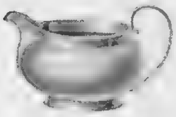
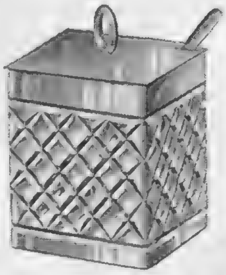


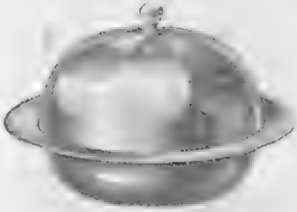




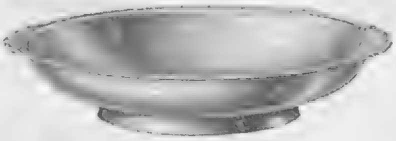
Regent Plate oval Tea Set, comprising Tea Pot, capacity two pints, Sugar Basin and Cream Jug. Complete **£4 5 0**



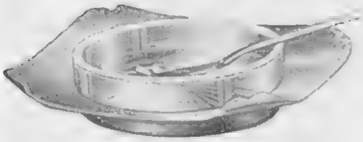
Glass Preserve Jar with Regent Plate lid and spoon, **10/-**



Regent Plate Muffin Dish, with panelled top and loose lining, **1 1 0**



Regent Plate Fruit or Bread Dish, oval, length 10 inches, **£1 1 0**



Regent Plate Butter Dish, with glass lining and Knife, **10/6**

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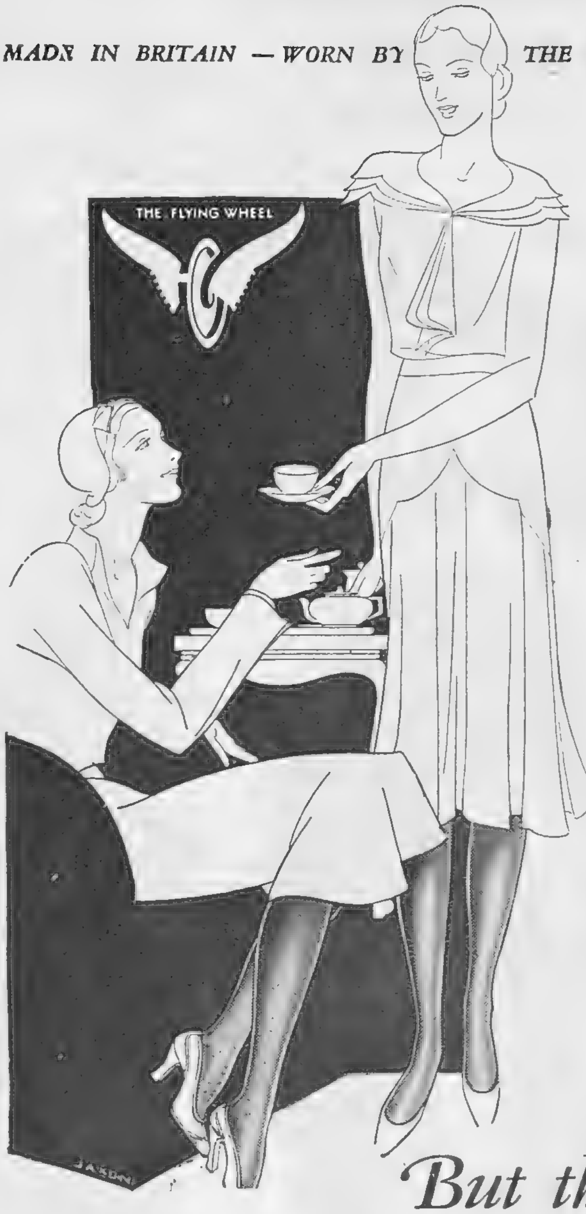

But these silk stockings were "different"

SHE liked the look of them, but she never thought they'd wear better than any other silk stockings. Yet they *did*—washing after washing they went through without losing their fit or lovely subdued finish. Well, of course, she's asked for Morley's ever since. Says she feels as sure of them as if she'd actually followed the careful testing and re-testing of each thread, seen for herself how Morley stockings are *knitted* to fit, so pliant, so elastic in texture. She says her silk stocking worries are over—now that she's found a make she can trust.

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Service Advertising, F.S. 1009.

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For Men and Ladies—in a variety of styles at popular prices.

3/11, 4/11, 5/11, to 12/6 per Pair.

Send to the Sole Distributors (Wholesale), C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd. (Dept. T.1.), 143, Shoreditch High St., London, E.1, for the name of the nearest Retailer and a free copy of

"FOOTWORK IN TENNIS"

an extremely interesting and instructive illustrated booklet by leading players.

just too easy—child's play. The four chief secret channels into Egypt (and elsewhere also) are:—

(*a*) Individual smuggling of small quantities by means of passengers and ships' crews.

(*b*) Systematic smuggling in which ships' crews are in league with smugglers at the port of call.

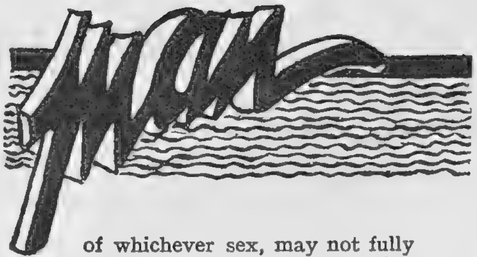
(*c*) Drugs consigned "in transit" by firms, whereby the steamship lines become involuntary accomplices.

(*d*) Collusion of the crews with traffickers, whereby the former, acting under definite orders, change the contents of cases *en route*, *i.e.*, removing the drugs, which are then hidden in various parts of the ship, and replacing the contents of cases with any rubbish to hand.

In the neighbourhood of the Turkish factories constituting the current curse, lynx-eyed observers keep constant watch on all activities, all comings and goings, launches, lorries, and so forth. But it is a hopeless task. Dope can be secreted away in a thousand ways—and every day produces some new brainwave. Before me are illustrations of latest Egyptian "catches." Heroin was found concealed in scooped-out weighing machines and toilet appurtenances, in sacks in a canvas belt round the waist, in millstones, in wax blocks, in stoves with false bottoms, in veritable conjuring tricks of trunks and valises, and so on without end. It is no exaggeration to say that to arrest the smuggling of dope every blessed article entering a country would require to be minutely examined. Like Rum Row across the Atlantic, a Dope Patrol sails up and down the Egyptian coast. Dope would, of course, be positively poured into Egypt without it. Yet the task of stopping contraband is simply beyond human power. For example, one popular method of introducing opium and drugs into Marseilles, a great distributing centre, is to heave consignments overboard when miles out, at night, with lighted buoys attached. Retailers then go out in motor launches and collect. Marseilles both receives dope in transit from the East, such as cocaine from Japan and heroin from Turkey, and sends out consignments, chiefly to Egypt, from such factories as still exist in Central Europe. The French port serves as transit house for a great deal of the immense quantities of heroin and morphine destined clandestinely for the New World and which usually journeys via Bordeaux and Le Havre. Ships also frequently sail for Rotterdam and Hamburg with narcotic contraband. Germany is fed in this way with heroin—when she doesn't get it direct from neighbouring Vienna, another big distributing centre which derives its supplies up from Greece, which in turn (as stated early on) is snowed under with consignments from Turkey. Reverting to Marseilles, opium is smoked a lot in French naval, maritime, and colonial circles, and heroin is becoming quite a vogue in Paris and other cities—notably Bordeaux. It is *chic* to "sniff" nowadays—doesn't damage the figure or appearance or make one repellent. The "dope gangsters"—a regular tribe is materialising from whom we should hear more—make huge profits. Take sales in France. A pound of opium, at the factory, costs 25s. The accomplice on shipboard receives 12s. 6d. a pound as reward. The receiving agent gets 17s. 6d. a pound. The opium sells at from £5 a lb. (Turkish) to £20 a lb. (best Benares). The gangsters therefore make £2 10s. profit on every pound of Turkish disposed of, and vastly more in the case of Indian. One or two of the leading gangs (Greeks and Armenians) are reputed already to have whole crews in their pay. It is a case of death for "squealing," and without a doubt many recent disappearances along the Mediterannean have been connected with this Chicago law.

THE Riviera is a big "sniffing" centre, thanks to its closeness to Marseilles. Last autumn I was visiting a painter friend at Cagnes when a

(*Continued on page 122*)



of whichever sex, may not fully realise the importance of clothing in relation to health and well-being. Weight alone is not sufficient: it is quality that tells. You are therefore safe in wearing always

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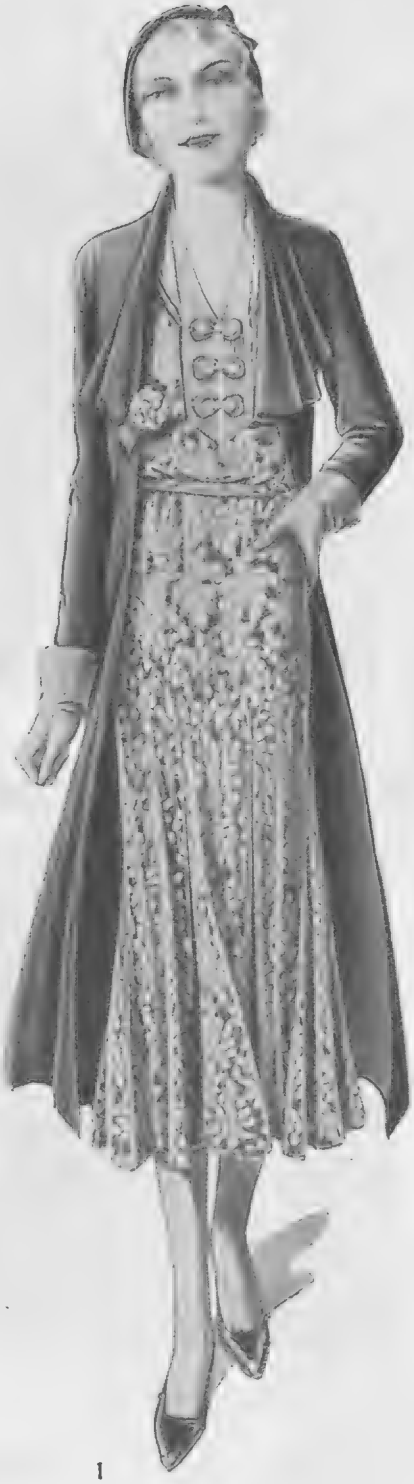

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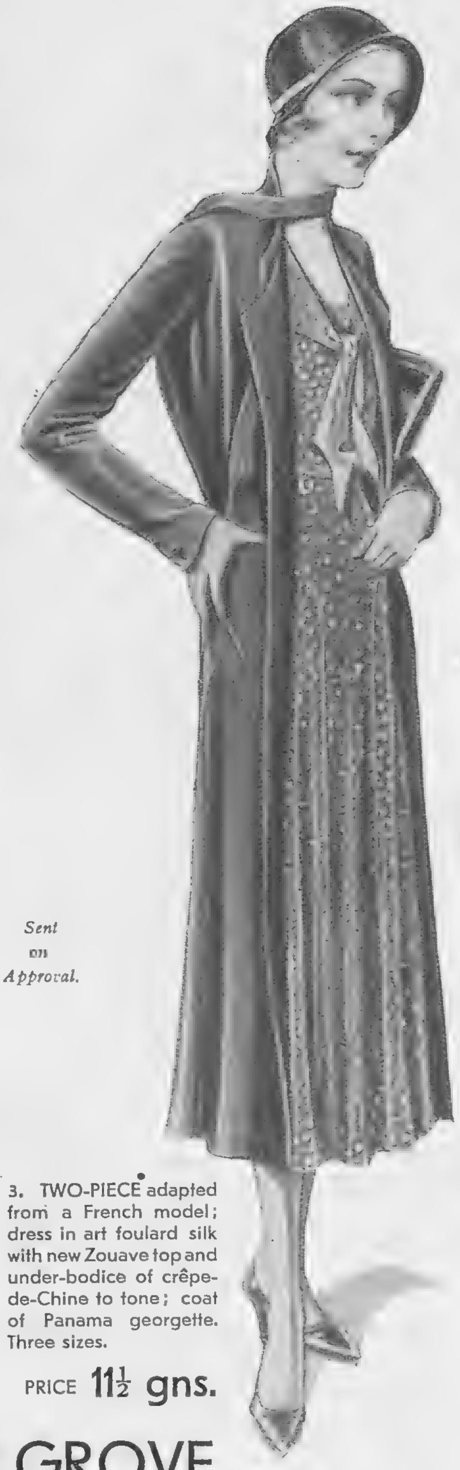

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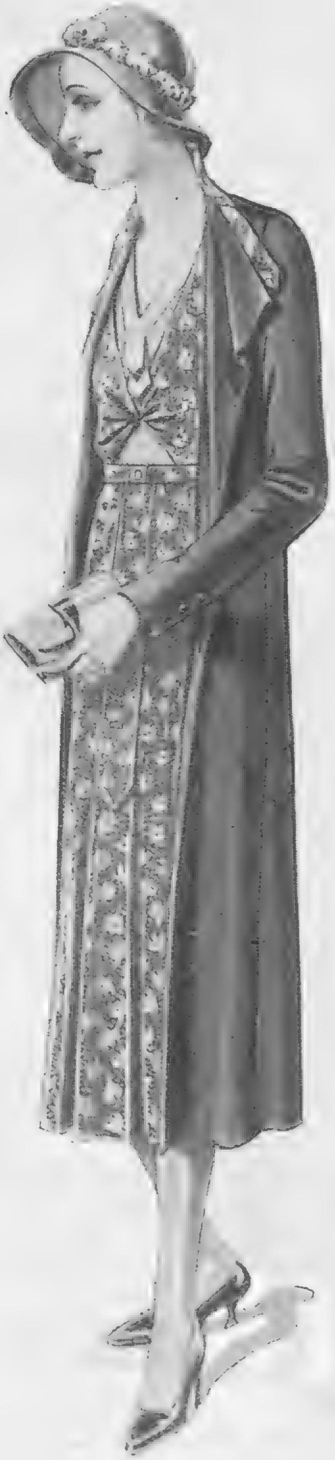

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second artist, an American, came in, calmly untied a small postal package, and took a "sniff" from the contents. He explained that this heroin he came by perfectly easily: he just sent a money order to one Toussaint, at Marseilles, and by return received the goods—by ordinary post! I mention the incident as stressing again the utter hopelessness of tackling the drug traffic otherwise than at the fountain head. True enough, something can be done about it. There is, for example, the matter of punishment for traffickers. A proposition is on the carpet, I believe, by which League members should agree to a common international sentence, in bad cases, of the lash, five years in prison, and the confiscation of all property. At present punishment in some countries is laughable. We in England hardly seem to punish at all—merely to show the offender the door, he being usually a foreigner. In Vienna absurdly small sentences are the rule—a week or two in gaol—and so Vienna has become a great dope headquarters. Jews and Poles are on top, and ring after ring of traffickers have passed through police hands—only to be "out" again immediately and back again at their old work. Just now the authorities are holding, however, one Joseph Raskin, "king of the dope trade," *vide* my documentation. Raskin, importing Turkish heroin and morphine via Greece, has apparently confessed to having been the chief purveyor to the United States; a Capone of "Snow." He is a Pole. Remention of the U.S.A. reminds me that one of the worst features there (as in Egypt) is the prevalence of "sniffing" among quite small children. In the cities of America to-day boys and girls can buy sweetmeats at street stalls, which have been coated with "snow." How much more terrifying is this than that other feature of child-doping, and about which the "Mother India" types are for ever prating; the practice of Indian women, in the so-called "black spots," of putting opium in their babies' milk so that they shall not be a nuisance! As we get everything sooner or later from American, fair and foul, it is interesting to note further that taxi-drivers are great peddlars of "hell dust," also children, while girls peddle opium from Chinese laundries. Sometimes they hide the stuff in their hair or in the seams of their clothing. In the "swifter" circles across the ocean, a pipe or two of opium followed by gin is gaining in favour. This wards off the otherwise inevitable sleepiness, puts pep into the partaker. However, heroin easily holds the field, and this is how you may tell your "hell dust" addict:

He (or she) likes to spread the habit more than the addict of any other drug; is sallow and eventually quite thin and sunken; is boastful and quarrelsome, a liar, dishonest. Interest is lost in things generally. The addict is late, irregular, selfish, slothful, untrustworthy, very often sexless. The drug is imperative to steady the hand for some act requiring nerve; also to give courage where this would otherwise be hopelessly lacking. A sudden stoppage in addiction brings dangerous collapse. The victim is "all shot to bits," perspires incessantly, is a martyr to "prickly heat" preventing a minute's sleep, has no appetite whatever, and a dreadful permanent headache. A common hallucination with heroin is that of having an electric current switched through the body, giving "the needles."

SHOULD addicts be treated as police or pathological cases? The world may soon have to decide. It is possible, in the majority of cases, to break the heroin habit inside of two months or so, but only by the exertion of tremendous will power and provided the necessary homes or asylums are available, which at present is not the case. To-day little or no concerted effort is yet being made anywhere to redeem addicts—so much so, that these are going from vice to vice, inventing such (*Continued on page* 124)

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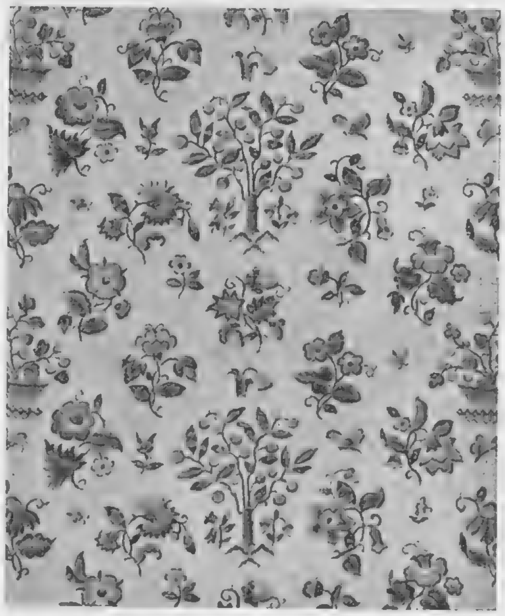

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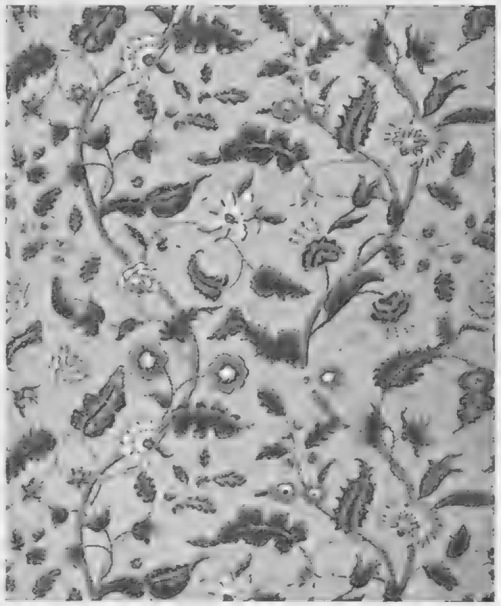

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cocktails (for specific purpose) as "rum-coke" and "hero-gin." In this way the heroin addict can most easily pass on his or her passion, all too many victims first making acquaintance with the damnable exhilaration in a glass which looks to contain just an ordinary cocktail. Next time, they want the same again. In due course the truth, of course, stands revealed to them. In this regard, one of the most powerful weapons of the white slaver is heroin. He gives his victims a *yin* for it—and then constantly dangles over them the threat of withdrawal unless they do his will.

Everywhere one turns in this matter the picture is sombre, black—black as the "hell dust" is snowy white; but the blackest feature of all is the fact that heroin addicts are increasingly being drawn from the ranks of extreme youth. In Egypt and the U.S.A., seemingly the two countries currently most in thrall, maximum addiction is between sixteen and twenty-five years of age. We who were in the war have escaped this dread visitation—seldom does a man or woman take to dope after, say, forty—the generations of to-day and to-morrow, on the other hand, are in danger of being undermined. And the position should get steadily worse—the thing is as clear as the day, given all the circumstances—unless something radical is done about the death-factories I have mentioned, whether in Turkey or anywhere else they may arise. In England (I don't know if it still survives) there used to be "the King's Pipe"—a dump where all contraband dope would be destroyed. Not all the royal pipes in Christendom will stop this traffic. The cultivation of the poppy and the smuggling of its fell derivatives cannot be tackled by human agency. But the process of development of the raw material into heroin and morphine can definitely be stopped, or, rather, minutely controlled. Meanwhile, the Turkish factories go merrily on, under the eye of the Minister of Health. Since I commenced to write this article 24 hours ago, if they have been working to schedule, legal and illegal, they have turned out roughly a further 125 lb. of heroin and morphine. Probably more than the medicinal requirements of all England for a year!

END

Postlude

(*Continued from page* 73)

soon as I was married. I didn't plot against you," she went on. "Mother would never let me say things against you."

"Ah," said Huntly. "Then you wanted to?"

"How could I help it when you sneered at her before all her friends and guests? Why, you were so blind as not to see that she was the best and loveliest woman in our set I can't imagine. Your work, I suppose. Dad, you were perfectly beastly to her and she stood it like an angel. Lots of your friends hated you for it."

"Joan!" he cried, horrified.

"It's true," she retorted. "I suppose you've come to say my allowance is cut off."

"Do you think I would do that?" he exclaimed.

"It would be just like you."

There was silence for a minute.

"Joan," he began, "have you any idea of your mother's itinerary?"

"Yes," she replied. "I am going to write to her at every place where she stays."

"Will you give the list to me?"

"No," said his daughter. "She made me promise not to."

"If I promise to continue your allowance will you?"

How like, he thought, Joan's grey eyes were to her mother's. There was in them now something of the scorn which had startled him last night.

"I'm sorry you said that," Joan said, quietly. "I hoped I might still be able to respect you. We shall get along all right without it."

"How would you and Bill like to come and live with me?" he asked. "I shall be very lonely now."

"Oh, Dad," she said, something of contrition in her voice. "That's lovely of you, but we couldn't. We are so happy and contented here. I dread that big, gloomy house. Its memories are not all happy ones, and it would be a tomb now mother has gone."

His face broke into a humorless smile.

"Cenotaph is the word you should use. It means a monument to someone whose body is elsewhere. I suppose you realise what this means to me?"

"How can I realise that it means anything else than a relief?"

He covered his eyes with his hands. It was a gesture she had never seen him employ. He had always been commanding, dominant, and in this action she thought she saw a breaking down of his pride. It was the price of his years of arrogance that his only daughter was not able to believe him anything but vengeful in defeat.

He picked up his hat.

"I must be going," he said. "I shall be late and I've a big day ahead." He moved toward the door slowly. "Good-bye."

IT was almost a year later that Ruth Huntly left the Philippines in a British tramp steamer for Singapore in the Straits Settlements. She had chosen to sail on this boat because it made its leisurely way along routes by which the bigger vessels did not pass and stopped at ports neglected by the larger steamers.

There were less than a dozen saloon passengers, but the steerage sheltered many Filippinos and Chinese labourers. Mrs. Huntly had been recommended to make this trip by an elderly Englishman she had met at Luzon.

"What a strange sky," she observed to him one evening. It was a sunset in which sombre yet violent browns had absorbed the brighter reds and yellows of the normal colour scheme. "Look," she cried. "The clouds are actually green. Is that a peculiarity of the China Sea?"

"I have seen it occasionally," he admitted, "but as this isn't the typhoon season one need not be alarmed. Still, the barometer is dropping steadily and my wife is always afraid of these circular storms. If you'll excuse me I'll go and see how she is."

Ruth was conscious that a stranger had drawn near, a tall man who looked at her steadily. It was John Huntly. He raised his hat and paused at her side.

"I very much regret this coincidence," he said with a certain cold courtesy, "but I have business in Singapore and found this boat the only one to take. How was I to suspect that you were travelling as Mrs. 'Enderby'?"

"It saves explanations," she answered. "How is it I haven't seen you during meals?"

"I had them served in my state-room. I had a touch of Bombay fever and I didn't care to mix with people."

"You seem to have made a marvellous recovery." She looked at him smiling. "How wonderfully fit you are. If you had not spoken I should hardly have recognised you. You have lost weight, and twenty years with it. Sea voyages seem to agree with you."

"I am travelling on business," he explained, "although I gave up professional work almost a year ago." She saw that he regarded the brown sunset and green clouds frowning. "I know very little about the signs of storms in these seas, but I feel one coming on."

"It won't be very bad," she said; "the typhoon season is over."

There was something wistful in his expression. Never before had she known him anything but assured and at ease.

"You look wonderful," he said. "I suppose this free, untrammelled life suits you?"

"I adore it," she admitted. "Like the wind, I go where I list and there is no engagement book to chart my path."

"Here is your friend," he said, as Mr. Vinton came toward them. Huntly raised his hat and passed along the deck.

"That's a good-looking man," Mr. Vinton exclaimed.

"What do you make of him?" she demanded.

"My first impression is of suffering," Vinton said.

"Oh no," she objected. It seemed absurd to believe that John Huntly would allow himself to suffer. "Mr. Huntly is a strong, dominant man with a keen mind, a caustic tongue and the habit of success so engrained that suffering hasn't visited him."

"I am not sure you are right," said the other.

She felt the desire to talk of something else. "How is poor Mrs. Vinton?"

"Tremulous, apprehensive and certain that her end is at hand. She has the barometer habit, which only adds to her nervousness."

"You are not sparing me," she reminded him.

"I do not think," he replied, and she noted there was a new seriousness in his tone, "that you are the sort to wish to be spared the knowledge that we are in for a bad night."

"I feel it, too," she said presently. There was a hush about the sea that was almost a threat. It was as though nature were reserving all her forces for some sudden, devastating blow.

She leaned over the rail and watched the crew working with an unaccustomed and furious energy. They were battening down the hatches. She saw the boatswain herding the lower deck passengers together and driving them from the deck.

THE storm broke with that fierce and relentless venom peculiar to the extra-seasonal disturbances of the Indo-Chinese waters. Unbelievable blackness enwrapped the labouring vessel. The utmost fury of wave and sky were unloosed against her. Green water seemed to cover her from bow to stern, increasing with passionate vehemence at each brave attempt to shake herself clear of the weight of water. Staunch vessel as she was, her captain used to these sea lanes and the fierce anger of tropic storms, she was beaten into submission and lay in the trough of the sea, her propeller gone and all steerage way lost.

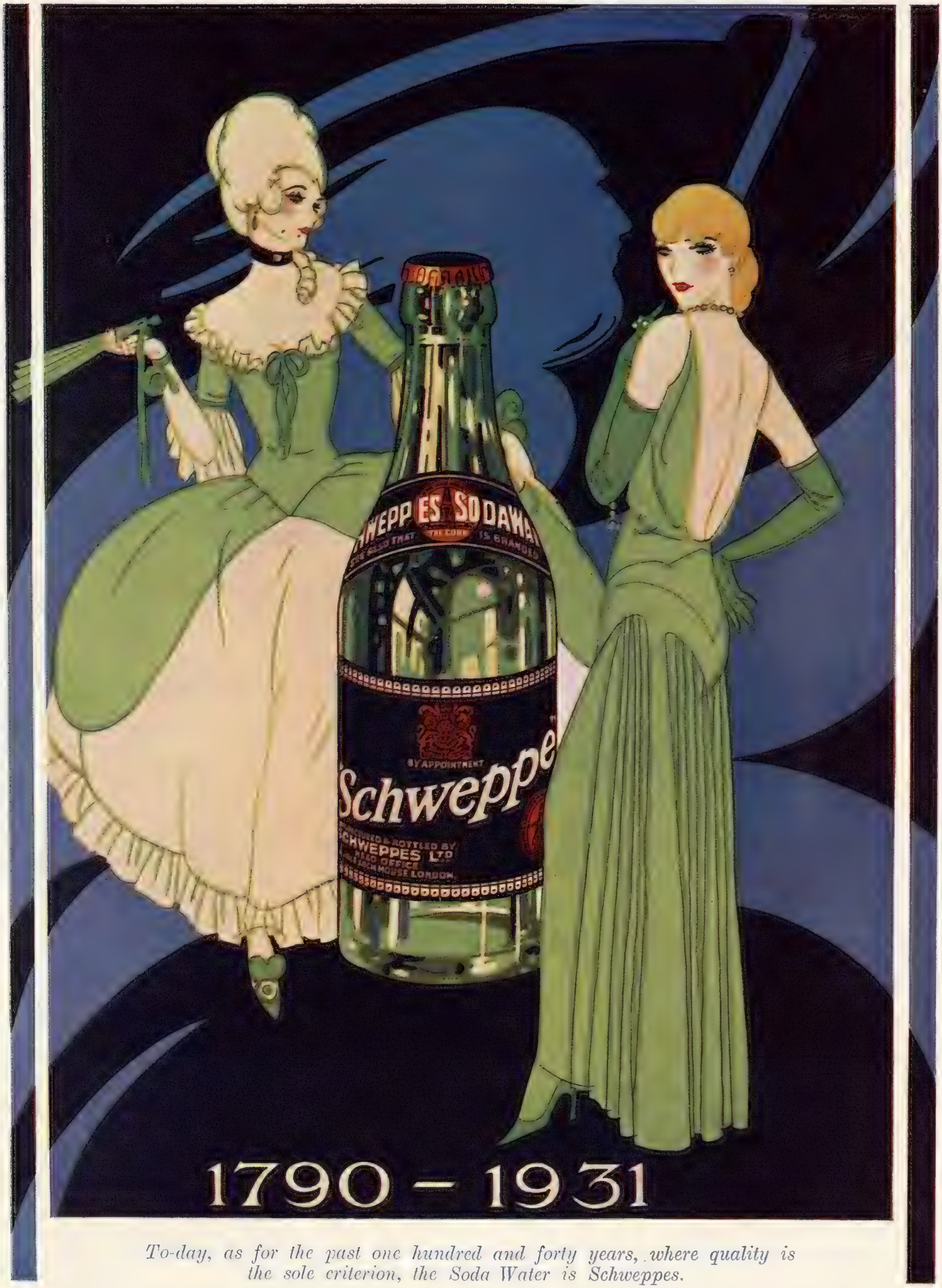
Ruth with the rest of the frightened passengers was brought up on deck and the boat crews cleared the lifeboats which had a bare chance of taking them to safety.

The dawn with its unnatural and tragic grey light was almost as terrifying as the darkness. The fears of the women were increased by the sound of men fighting, screaming, and cursing in unknown tongues. The steerage passengers had swamped their own boats and were fighting for possession of the upper deck. They did not know that somewhere within a few miles two vessels, summoned by the wireless, now impotent to send or receive messages, were steaming to their aid.

Ruth saw the first officer stabbed as he sought to beat back the invaders. She saw a boat filled with yellow men swamped as they tried to launch it. It was when other fear-maddened Orientals made for the remaining lifeboat that she saw John Huntly again. Here in the moment of impending death he was the same dominant, commanding man of action. His great frame, no longer carrying too heavy a burden of flesh, towered above the rest. With a belaying-pin he did dreadful execution, shouting, kicking, cursing, receiving here and there a blow but never for a moment abating his efforts. Some of the men he was beating back had knives whose bright blades she could see in the grey morning light. She felt near to fainting when she saw that he with Mr. Vinton and the chief engineer finally cleared the deck.

The captain with

(*Continued on page* 127)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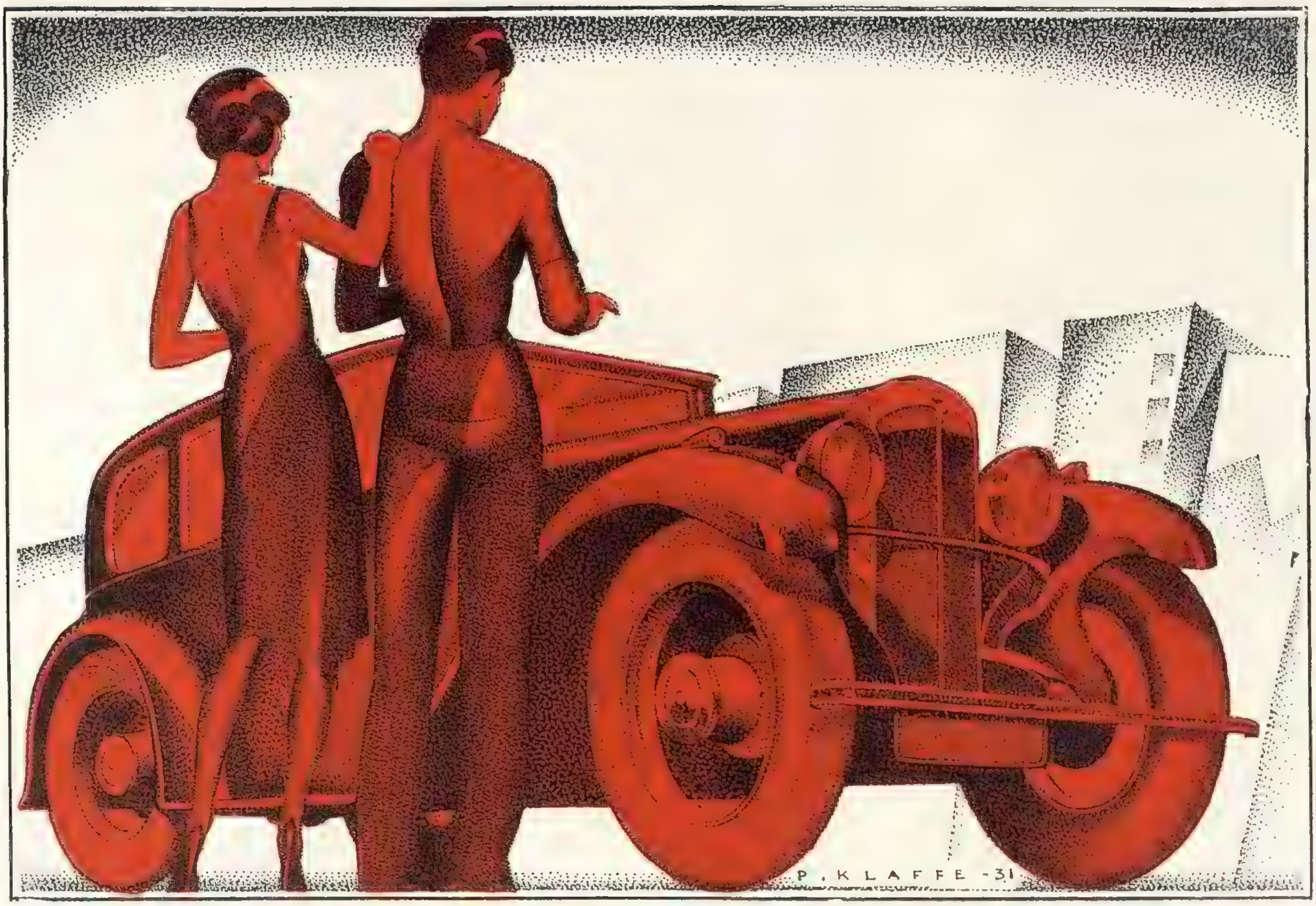

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his first-aid kit bound up his bleeding head. Ruth wished she dared to volunteer to help. She told herself that it was no more than any woman might offer to do. But something held her back. He might resent it. She turned with relief to Mr. Vinton.

"Are you badly hurt?" she cried. His arm was in a sling.

"A flesh wound only," he told her, "but they got the chief. A knife right through a lung, poor chap."

"And Mr. Huntly?" she demanded. "What about him?"

"Hardly scratched," he retorted. "What a man! If the sea spares us we shall all owe our safety to him."

Vinton had hardly left her when she felt a touch on her sleeve. It was John Huntly, bruised, bleeding, and still panting from his exertions. There was about him no mark of the conqueror, no pride of victory. Never had she seen him so humble, so submissive, so devoid of the old arrogance.

"I want to say just one thing," he said quietly. "I lied when I said I had no idea you were on this boat. I have been following you round the world for almost a year and I caught up with you in the Philippines."

"You followed me?" she cried, amazed. "Why?"

"Can't you guess?" he said. "I came to ask you to forgive me. Everything you said that night was true. It was my fault that I lost you. My dear, it's too late now to be able to prove it, but I love you."

He bowed his head and kissed her hands. Then she saw that there were tears in the eyes which so far as she knew had never held tears before. Even the face into which she looked bore little likeness to that of the man she had left a year ago. This was the John of the earlier, happier days when she had adored him.

THE second officer and a seaman groped their way to her side.

"Now Mrs. Enderby," the officer cried, "we're ready for you." She saw the lifeboat ready to be swung out on the davits.

"But Mr. Huntly," she protested. "He is hurt as you see. He must come too. Surely there's room for one more?"

"Unfortunately no. We're overladen as it is. There isn't another boat left. There isn't a moment to spare." He spoke impatiently, wondering at delay in a moment such as this.

Huntly watched them as they literally carried her to the boat. He commended the force they used. She was needed in the world. There was Joan to think about, whereas none would mourn for him. Yet he was not unhappy. Destiny had brought him here and allowed him to make amends so far as word atonement was possible. He had seen her again, kissed her hands, looked into her eyes, and death had no power now to frighten him. With the ship's officers he would remain. He saw presently that the lifeboat was successfully launched. He could recognise only Vinton's white head in the group of huddled passengers.

Clinging to a bent bridge rail the captain stood, his career ended with the vessel that was beginning to settle down by the head. The second officer climbed to his chief's side through green water. None was left of crew or officers but these two. Such an end as faced them has its part in the long meditations of men who follow the sea. The captain, an elderly man, looked dully ahead where the grey sea and the grey clouds merged. This, he sensed, was the destined moment planned for him from that moment when he had signed on his first ship. The second officer, not yet thirty, thought of his wife, his children, and his Tyneside home. In that hour he cursed the taunting sea which had brought him to these far latitudes to die.

Astern of the bridge, and much higher now from sea level than the two officers, John Huntly stood, gripping a stanchion. The waves seemed to his enormous relief to be quieted a little. There might now be a reasonable chance for the lifeboat to ride out the storm. He was startled at a human touch.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Good God, what are you doing here?"

In that dreadful moment Ruth smiled up at him. Her hat was gone. The winds blew her short wavy hair about her head. She seemed like a happy child.

"Did you think I was going to leave you here alone? I wouldn't go in the lifeboat." Her voice caressed. "Hold me very tight, John, I haven't much strength left except to say I lied, too, when I said I should always be indifferent to you."

"But you've given up your chance to live," he protested, his immediate thought being for her safety.

"What does that matter now?" she said tenderly.

They talked eagerly even though the ship, with an ominous and dreadful quivering, prepared herself to take the last terrible plunge into her deep grave.

Slowly the bow sank under water and the stern raised itself high out of the waves and remained for a few moments motionless.

Then came the dreadful quivering of the stout ship, that last spasm of its life, the tremor that marked the moment of its final plunge. The two clasped in each other's arms paid no attention.

Suddenly the second officer gripped the captain's arms. "Look," he shouted. "Those two don't even know they are not going to die!"

Through the morning mist he could see, dimly, the White Ensign of the cruiser that their maimed wireless had summoned but could not tell them was coming to the rescue.

END

T*he* Genii *of* Gibraltar

(*Continued from page* 31)

THERE was a pause while Aircraftsman Bourne thought it over. "'Ow much richer?" he inquired tentatively. "Oh, I s'y, ayn't that a whisky bottle? Well, cheerio!—Er, 'ow much richer? I don't know just wot yer little gyme is, but if I comes in on it with you three blokes I wants my fair and equal share."

Mr. Glencannon's face fell. "Why, guid losh, mon, d'ye mean ye'll want twunty-five per cent.?" he asked incredulously.

"Twenty-five per cent.?" Corporal Crabtree echoed him in protest. "Lawks, Tom Bourne, a 'ell of a cheek you've got! W'y, wot do you mean, 'orning in 'ere and. . . ."

"Yus, twenty-five per cent.," said Aircraftsman Bourne doggedly. "One-fourth o' the swag. That's my propersition, and you can tyke it or leave it. When I tells Old Fish-Fyce. . . ."

"Enough!" said Mr. Glencannon sternly. "Yer deploorable avareece leaves us no alteernative but to acquiesce. But whurra, Cousin Douglas, when I finally yielded to yer blendishments and much against my ain better judgment consented to admeenister this shady enterprise, I ne'r anteecipated thot you and yer greedy colleagues i' the King's uneefurrm wud gubble up a' the profeets!"

"Well," said Aircraftsman Bourne, "I carn't s'y as I grarsps orl of yer farncy h'Oxford-and-Cymbridge gush, but any'wy, I've told yer my price, so yer might as well fyce the facks. And while yer abaht it, yer might as well be civil and explyne me wot yer trying to do with this 'ere cannon, so's I can 'elp yer get aw'y with it."

Mr. Glencannon outlined the project in detail. "But look ye, gentlemen a'," he said. "There's a new complication whuch just occurs to me. Though Cousin Douglas cud ha' carried the gun from the Rock Gate to the Commeercial Wharf wi'oot being obsairved, 'tis a domned sicht further deestance from here to there, and it's a' i' the open besides."

"Yus," nodded Bourne. "Going there from aw'y out 'ere, 'e'd get nabbed by the sentries sure. Them newspypers you've got it wrapped in don't 'arf conceal it. I s'y, couldn't we dress up the blinkin' gun in Old Fish-Fyce's leather flying suit, and pertend we was 'elping 'im 'ome drunk, like?"

"Bourne," said Corporal Crabtree severely, "while from the h'appearance of this 'ere h'airyoplyne, Old Fish-Fyce won't be needing 'is flying suit for some time to come, yer talk like a dribbling idjit."

"Oh, orl right!" rejoined Aircraftsman Bourne haughtily. "'Ave it yer own w'y, wotever that is. But if you arsks me, I'll s'y that the only w'y to get that gun aboard the Yankee's ship is to load it on a motor lorry, tyke it down to the beach out 'ere, and pick it up with a rowing-boat. 'Ave yer arrynged abaht a rowing-boat?"

"Aye," said Mr. Glencannon. "I left my dinghy tied up at the Commeercial Wharf when I came ashoor this morning. I wush that getting a motor lorry was half as sumple!"

"Indeed!" snorted Cousin Douglas. "And so do I! If wushes was horses, infuntry wud ride."

"'Oo said anything abaht 'orses and h'infantry?" inquired Aircraftsman Bourne. "Are yer drunk or something, Sarjint? I'm talking abaht a motor lorry fer that gun, and I'm telling yer that Bert Crissey'll get us one from R.A.F. Motor Transport. But of course we'll 'ave to give Bert 'is regular share, besides wot we pay the driver."

"Ah, whoosh, ye swundlers!" cried Mr. Glencannon. "Whoosh to ye one and a'! Money, money, money is yer inceesant cry, and doon, doon, doon gae the profeets! 'Tis a sorra state i'deed when a mon o' my peseetion fa's among thieves! Why, for twapence, I'd. . . ."

"Button up yer mouth, you!" rasped a voice from the door. "Yer under arrest, the 'ole blinkin' crowd o' yer!" A sentry, belted and bandoliered, stood menacing them with levelled bayonet.

AIRCRAFTSMAN BOURNE turned upon the intruder and scowled. "Oh, push orff abaht yer business, Alf Bancroft, before I steps over and barshes yer!" he ordered. "Yer talking to sarjints and corprils, now, and yer nothing but a mere privit."

"Privit, yus, but mere yer eye!" retorted Private Bancroft with spirit. "'Ere I catch the crowd of yer drinking and 'obb-nobbing wif a civilian, orl of yer knowing as well as I do that it's strickly agynst orders to tyke civilians into the h'Air Force 'Angers. Sarjints, corprils or blinkin' brass-'atted field marshals, it's into the clink ye go!"

Mr. Glencannon heaved a long thin sigh and sat down upon a wing-crate. "Cousin Douglas," he said, choking back a sob, "will you and Coorporal Crobtra and Aircroftsmon Bourne proceed wi' the customarra neegooc iations? Gi' Muster Bancroft a drink, and then asceertain the price o' his co-operation. For mysel', I've no' the heart or the patience to rehairse it a' again."

The price was arranged on the usual basis, despite loud protests from all the charter members. All, that is, except Mr. Glencannon, who sat with his face buried in his hands, the veriest picture of melancholy. "Feerst there's mysel'," he muttered. "Mysel', then Douglas, then Crobtra, then Bourne, then Bancroft, then the lorry-driver—ah, foosh, forsooth 'tis the too monny crooks that spoil the broth!"

"But look 'ere, orl of you," the sentry was saying as he leaned his rifle in the corner. "If we're going to get that cannon out of 'ere to-night, we'd better start 'umping. It'll tyke orl of an hour to row around to this 'ere beach, so you, Mister Glencannon, 'ad better nip back to Commercial Wharf and un'itch yer blinkin' boat. And if. . . ."

Mr. Glencannon (*Continued on page* 128)

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sprang to his feet and emitted a joyful "Hoot"! "'Unheetch the boat!" he cried. "Why, o' coorse! . . ."

Private Bancroft paused and surveyed him indignantly. "Well, I 'ope yer'll un'itch it before yer try to row it," he sniffed. "Yer supposed to be a s'ylor, ayn't yer?"

The sarcasm was wasted, for upon Mr. Glencannon a great peace had descended. Good will warmed in his bosom and beatitude glowed in his smile. "I'm sorra, Muster Bancroft," he bowed to the sentry. "Pray forgeeve my interrooption, and proceed."

"—Well, as I was s'ying," the soldier continued, "we'd best get things rolling. The guard chynges at six o'clock, and if the chap 'oo tykes over my post finds us 'ere, 'e'll start yammering fer 'is share."

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon benevolently. "Why no' let the puir lad i' on it? . . ."

"Now w'yte a minnit—w'yte a minnit!" broke in Private Bancroft. "'Ow many people do you want to 'ave whack up this money, anyw'y?"

"Ah, noo, my guid mon," and Mr. Glencannon fairly beamed upon him. "'Twas only a thought, only a suggestion, made i' my customarra speerit o' live and let live."

"Yus?" said Private Bancroft sceptically. "Well, if yer'll tyke a suggestion from me, yer'll be shyking a leg into town and fetching yer boat. It'll be good and dark by the time yer row back 'ere."

"Just as ye say," agreed Mr. Glencannon. "You arrange for the lorry and tak' the cannon doon to yon beach. Meanwhile Cousin Douglas and I will go for the dinghy and be back in aboot an hour. But e'en shud we be delayed, stick by yer gun, lads, stick by yer gun!"

Throughout the two-mile walk to the Commercial Wharf, Mr. Glencannon's spirits became more and more exuberant. The giant was perplexed by these phenomena; perplexed, and profoundly relieved.

"For ye see," he explained deferentially, "I was a wee bit afraid ye'd be resentful o' the way the profeets ha' been dwundling, and that ye wud vent yer spleen upon me."

"Ah noo, Cousin Douglas, ye do me a ronk injustice! There's nowt o' spleen or maleece i' my mak'-up. And as for dwundling profeets, why foosh, lad, can either o' us complain when we're deeviding fufty-fufty?"

"Fufty-fufty!" exclaimed Cousin Douglas, whateever can ye mean?"

"Exactly what I say," chuckled Mr. Glencannon. "And noo here is our dinghy, a' seecured by painter to bollard, e'en as I left it this morning. Scruteenize everything meenutely, Cousin Dooglas, 'tis a test for yer inteeligence!"

"Scruteenize what?" asked Cousin Douglas. "Whuch is the painter and whuch is the bollard?"

"The painter is sumply the rope," explained Mr. Glencannon. "The bollard is the mossive metal post to whuch the rope is tied to. Look at yon bollard closely, Cousin Dooglas, and tell me what ye see."

"I see a mossive metal post," said Cousin Douglas sulkily. He looked, gasped, and looked again. "'Tis the cannon?" he shouted. "Or its ain twin brother!"

"O' coorse!" said Mr. Glencannon. "A dublicate o' that whuch the lads are so faithfully guarding. I knew I'd seen one lik' it somewhere, and so. . . . But come, do ye cease gawking at it and get to work!"

The cannon had been mounted in its place merely by sliding it muzzle-down upon a solid steel post, set in concrete, which fitted into its bore. With a single mighty heave, Cousin Douglas lifted it clear.

"Ah!" said Mr. Glencannon, "feetch it doon, and lay it here i' the boat. And noo, while yer rowing me oot to yon palatial vessel wi' its cargo o' Yonkee mullioneers, I shall compose mysel' here i' the stairnsheets for foorty wunks."

END

. . . BUT WAIT TILL
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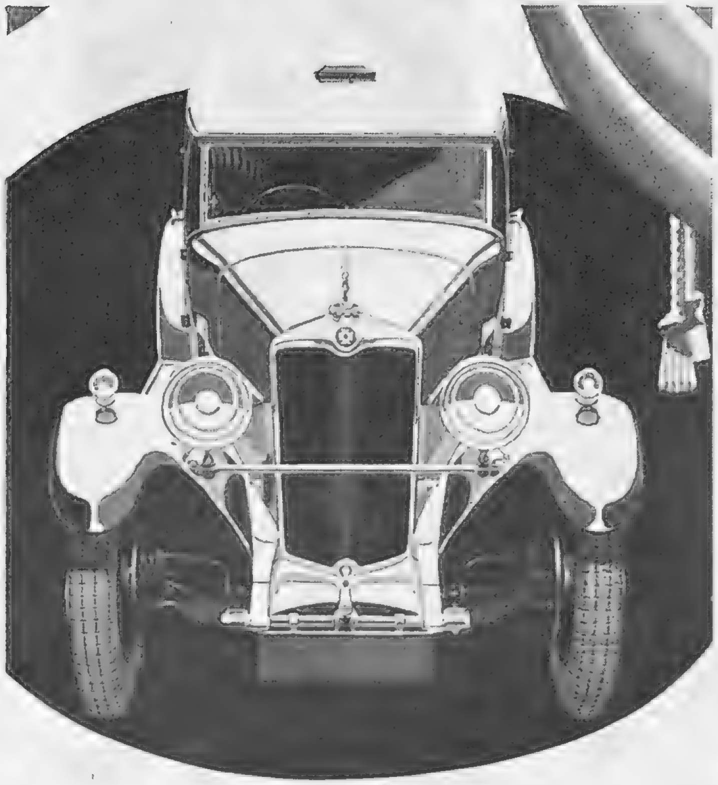

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Aldwych

Does the Teacher Stand Still?

(*Continued from page 81*)

as it will be in ten or fifteen years' time—the time when the teacher's "finished product" will be put upon the market.

It would obviously take too long here to discuss the vast question of careers, but I wonder if other parents have noticed some oddities of fashion. Why on earth, for instance, are such an enormous number of boys and girls now training as architects? Those who have a "call" will become real architects, but it is now "the thing" for parents who have a child with vaguely artistic leanings to decide that architecture is to be its career. It looks as if in fifteen years there would be more architects than masons.

On the other hand, there are other jobs for which there are not nearly enough people being trained—I don't mean the Church—but many scientists will tell you (I have biologists and more particularly plant biologists in mind) that there are not enough competently trained assistants to go round, and that this shortage ranges from laboratory attendants to helpers who can carry out the routine of experiment. This suggests one further point that parents as well as schools sometimes overlook.

"Ah, gentlemen," said a Victorian Lord Chancellor, addressing a large gathering of his confrères, "What a profession is ours! Even our failures are County Court Judges!" Surely even the brilliant child should have a line of retreat which will not be humiliating.

Painting pictures, for instance—out of one hundred intelligent students will there be ten whose work has real value as pure art? It is an optimistic conjecture. And meantime, what of the obvious snub to the only talented ninety! If my child wanted to become a painter I should insist as well on it learning some kindly necessary craft by which, as the Chinese say, "face could be saved." The aforesaid teachers were particularly shocked at the idea of specialising at eleven, and yet wouldn't it be a relief to all of us if a new generation grew up in which each person knew something rather well and thoroughly? Couldn't we have a society where each had his part like the players in an orchestra. I propounded a scheme by which some obvious drawbacks of specialisation could be met. But let us grant that some disadvantages would remain if children knew what they were being trained for. Is the present state of things perfect? I suggest that there is extraordinary cruelty in schools doing as they nearly all do now, and turning out a mass of sensitive but entirely undifferentiated young people to roll round the world and get in each other's way. I suggest that the ideal nature of an "all-round" education ought not to be taken blandly for granted, and, lastly, that the world outside the school has so changed and makes so much for an almost frantic wide-mindedness that schools ought now to aim not at broadening but at deepening knowledge, and at helping the child to choose, and therefore necessarily to reject rather than to offer, further bewildering alternatives.

END

Films

(*Continued from page 49*)

sistent are these same critics! Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell both come back in a film called *The Man Who Came Back* and the London critics complain this time because there is *not* the same old business. The exquisitely sweet and innocent Janet is, in this picture, allowed to impersonate a "girl who took the wrong turning," she is even a dope fiend, and this destroys their illusions. Janet must remain the injured innocent, half-way between smiles and tears. Perhaps they forget that the producers have always emphasised her wistful sweetness by placing

(*Continued on page 132*)

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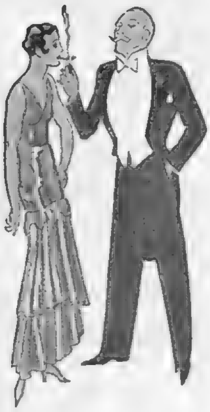

IT IS SAID
THAT WOMEN
DRESS TO PLEASE
MEN, BUT WHERE
CIGARETTES ARE
CONCERNED THEY
PLEASE THEMSELVES
AND SMOKE

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH AND WITHOUT CORK TIPS.

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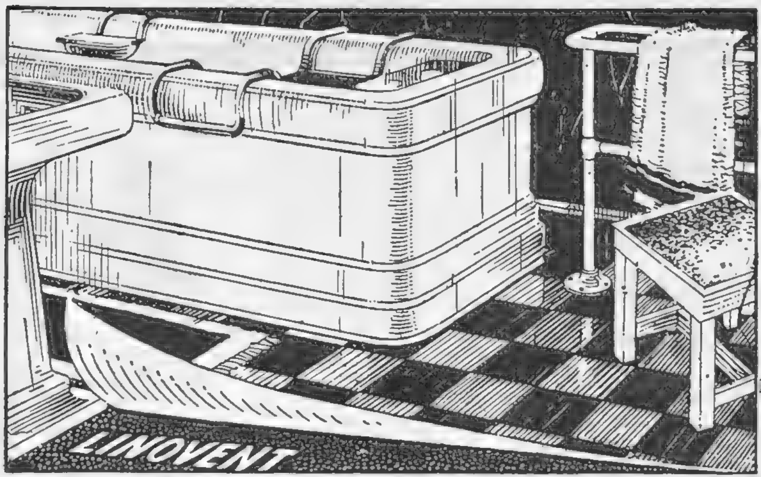

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it against a sordid background. In *Seventh Heaven* she was used by her evil sister to steal and procure drink for her and, though the situation was maintained on an idyllic plane, she was, quite clearly, living with Chicot, that "very remarkable fellow," before the banns were put up! And in *Street Angel* the Italian police arrested her for soliciting and presumably had *some* evidence! Anyway, the public ignored the complaints of the critics and flocked to see Janet smiling through her tears at the manly lover-like Charles Farrell, dope or no dope!

THE truth is, whatever the power of the press in other fields, the *film* critics do not carry much weight. The film companies' representatives are extremely polite to us but, noticeably, one of the big corporations shows its pictures to the trade and excludes the press from any preliminary viewing. True, a witty lady, herself connected with the film industry, has said that this particular company "belongs to the Society for Keeping Pictures out of Papers," but the fact remains that they "book" their pictures well and "put them over" successfully in their own theatres!

But, *revenons à nos moutons* (or our fiery mustangs!). The critics saw Chevalier in *Playboy of Paris* before the public did and, knowing his popularity, hailed another Chevalier winner. But it is not. It is a disappointing picture. The idea is rather good; a waiter inherits a fortune and is tricked into signing a contract for twenty years before he hears of his good luck, with the idea that he will pay a big sum to cancel the agreement. But the new heir to millions, finding he has been fooled, decides not to gratify the crooks but to stay on as a waiter and so he lives, for a time, a strenuous double life as a monied man about town at night and a very bad waiter by day. It ought to have made a good film with Chevalier in that rôle of many opportunities, but it does not come off. Chevalier has coarsened. He does not have to exhibit his charm or his chic or his inimitable flair for the serio-comic love song. Instead, he is engaged in a very tiresome and unbecoming drunken scene and in bandy-legged balancing of trays. And the two leading ladies are lamentable. One, a vamp, who would not tempt a man from Devil Island, and the other, a heroine who means nothing at all and is only evident by the heroine in the final close up when Chevalier, for no reason on earth or in the film, embraces her. Daren't he trust himself, or his public, if he appears opposite an attractive leading lady? Ronald Colman is not eclipsed by Loretta Young nor Jack Buchanan by Jeanette MacDonald.

I HAVE not left myself much space for discussion of the big spectacular films which strike me as an interesting revival. In them the screen shows its ability to do what the stage cannot do; it makes visible and realisable strange places and other ages, the customs of foreign countries, realistically—in fact actually—as no other medium can. *The Birth of a Nation*, Griffith's great film, made screen history at the time it was created. To modern eyes it has crudities and technical failings, but there are some magnificently handled and exciting scenes in it. It gains nothing from the sound accompaniment which has been tacked on to it.

Trader Horn was actually filmed in Africa and the natural scenery, including shark infested rivers and wild beast infested forests, is magnificent. It is full of thrills for those who are not too squeamish.

Cimarron is American history told in Edna Ferber's romantical manner and gives scope for effective costumes and scenes and the splendid handling of crowds. The characters, necessarily, take a secondary place and do not make the personal appeal of those in the same author's *Show Boat*.

END

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For the removal of hair from arms and legs its downy nature and profusion and the large area to be treated make the use of the electric needle out of the question. Some women object to the wax which is applied warm and, when cool, is stripped off taking the hair with it, because they find the process difficult and slightly painful. A number of women I know who attend regularly to this detail of the personal toilet have, in the past, resorted to the daily use of pumice stone with soap lather in their baths to keep the hair rubbed away. This method has obvious disadvantages and, in the case of a very sensitive skin,

(*Continued on page* 134)

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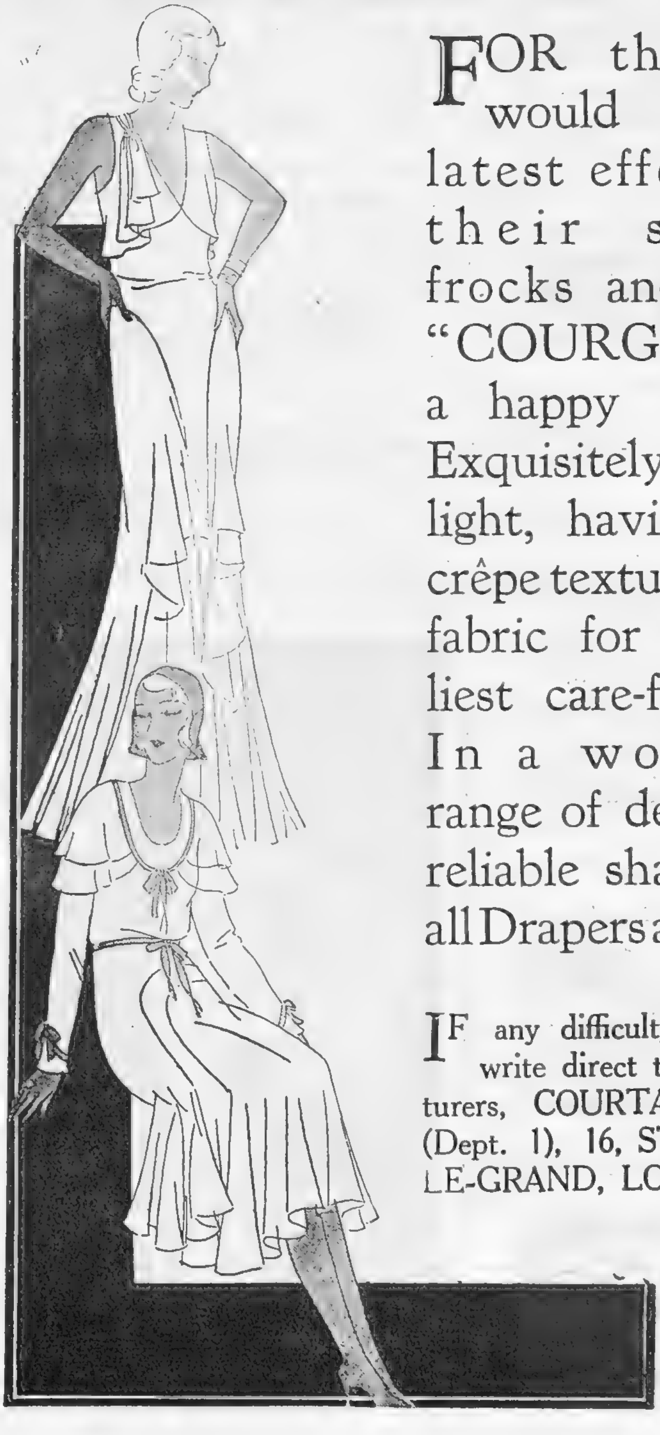

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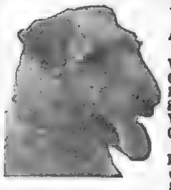

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Smooth *and* Hairless Arms and Legs

(*Continued from page* 133)

is practically impossible, because the amount of friction necessary irritates and even scratches the epidermis, making it increasingly tender.

This method has been superseded by the invention, by a chemist, of a little smooth stone which quite easily and smoothly rubs away the hair without harming or irritating the skin; in fact it has a tendency to refine the pores of the skin and is guaranteed free from all acids and corrosives which could be injurious.

It is put up in attractive little gilt cases and takes the form of a smooth, pink disc, similar in appearance to some of the compressed nail polishing stones. It has none of the disadvantages of depilatories—such as unpleasant odour or messiness—and is extremely easy to use as well as being perfectly effective. It is prepared in different sizes, one appropriate for use on the upper lip, cheeks or chin, and another especially for legs and arms. It provides, therefore, a valuable solution to a problem of great importance to women whose natural fastidiousness and elegance is offended by the presence of the least trace of hair on limbs which summer fashions and pastimes reveal.

THE inventor worked for years and brought all his knowledge and experience as a chemist to bear on the perfecting of this apparently simple little adjunct to the toilet, until he was satisfied that he had evolved a safe and scientific method of removing hair without injuring even the most sensitive skin. He claims that it erases hair as easily as an india-rubber removes pencil marks from paper.

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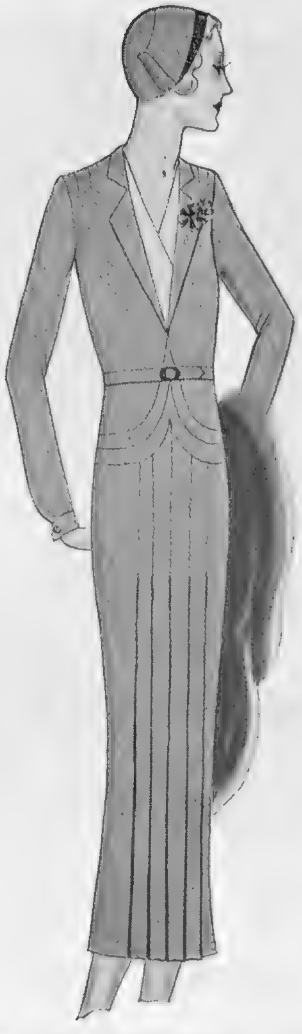
Conchita Montenegro, the Spanish dancer and film star



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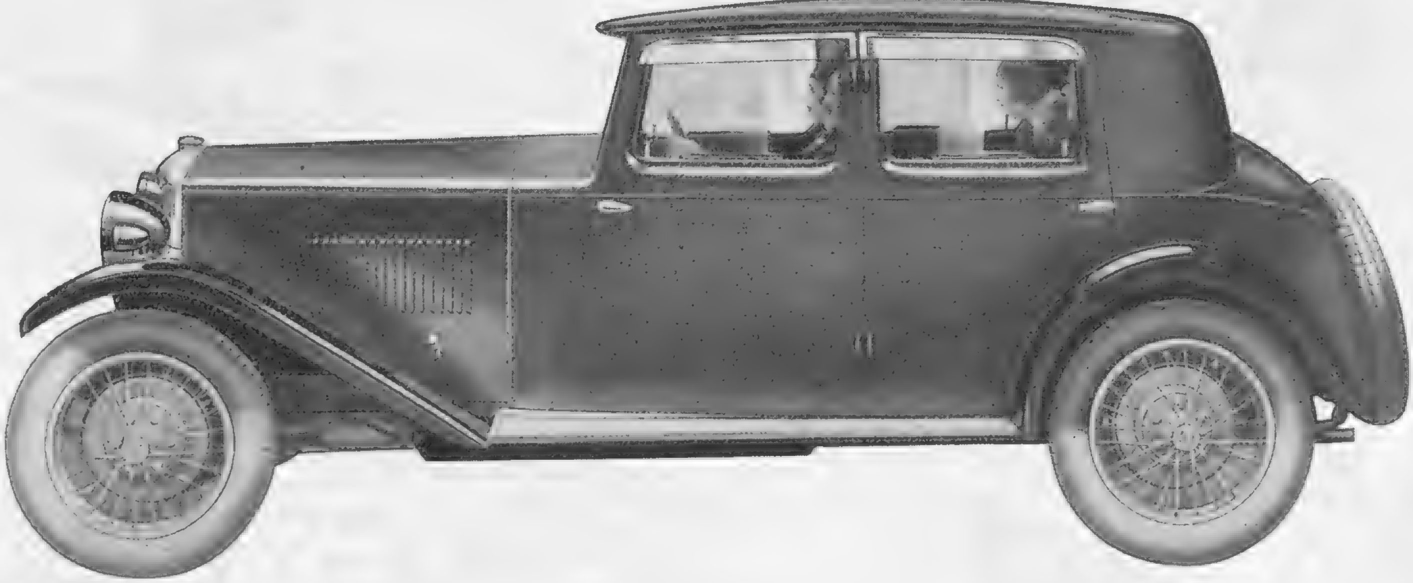

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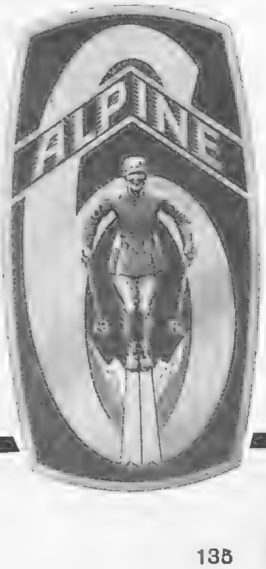

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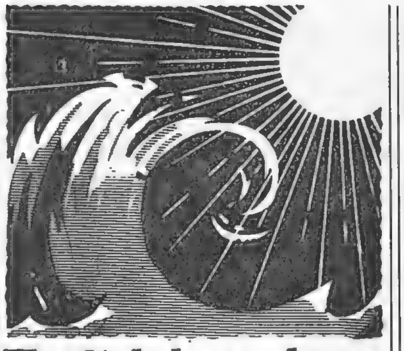

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The Centre of Health & Sunshine.

BOURNEMOUTH

The End of Jessie Whittle

(*Continued from page* 37)

it ready for a blow. It opened and moved towards her shoulder, hesitated and clenched again. She stirred slightly and I guessed that she, the sly vixen, was peeping through her fingers at him.

"No," he said again. "Do not cry."

"I am lonely," she said, "and I'm afraid."

"There is comfort for all," he said, and his hand touched her shoulder. And there it stayed. And in a little time her tears ceased.

"It is you," she said at last, "who has comforted me."

"No. That comes from above."

She stood up. In the glow of the fire she looked like some lovely pagan creature come down from the hills and woods.

"I believe all you say," she said. "You are the most wonderful person I ever met. But how can a sinner like me hope for grace?" She had caught his phrases and could turn them even in so short a time to her own unscrupulous use. "It can only come from you. And I love you."

The sudden, deliberate statement, coming so swiftly and unexpectedly on her mock phrasing of his own customary jargon, was like the crack of a whip on a frosty morning. It even startled me. It seemed momentarily to stun Brikson. She saw her advantage, and swept in towards victory.

"I love you," she said. "I love you." And her arms were around his neck and her sweet-scented hair all about his shoulders. "And you must love me. It isn't wrong to love. It isn't. It isn't. I'd work for you—you don't know how hard I can work. And look after you. In all your loneliness I'd be there. I'd come with you, anywhere, anywhere. Love me. Love me."

For fully half a minute they clung together, and all her loveliness was pressed close to him, enveloping, intoxicating him. Then roughly he thrust her aside.

"No," he said hoarsely. "No."

She attempted to renew that embrace, but he held her off.

"You love me," she said. "I know it. It's in your face, it's in your eyes."

"Go away," he cried. "Go away."

And she went. It showed her amazing cunning and her cleverness to go. The long hours of the night would further her cause far more effectively than any repetition of her pleadings. He had held her in his arms, and memory of that would never leave him. And all night long he would ache for her presence.

She was gone on the instant. He, poor anguished fellow, stood there swaying before his camp-fire. I could hear his heavy, rapid breathing. Then he dropped on his knees. He prayed. I heard his prayer. I remember to this day the very words of it. And yet, somehow, it seems to me sacrilege to repeat it. "In the hour of temptation, O Lord God of Hosts, deliver me." It became a refrain, echoing through the agonised outpourings of a stricken man. It was something to hear, I can tell you. It was terrible and noble and pitiful. I waited for the sky to open and the hosts of Heaven to appear. But nothing visible came to his aid, only the rising night-wind moaning down the shore and the sad, incessant murmur of the sea.

The following night I was to witness the beginning of the end of this strange drama.

At the first sign of her approach Brikson emerged from his rough tent. No doubt his work—for on every one of these evenings he had held his public meetings—helped to give the impression of utter weariness that made his pale face even paler, but I reckoned I knew the chief cause. And Jess came like a bride to him. She had put on her gaudy gyppo clothes, worn only on ceremonial occasions. By the way she walked, so sprightly and gracefully, you could see her confidence. She had him now.

"Well?" she said lightly. This was the moment for coquetry. Passion had played its part for the time. (*Continued on page* 138)

Superfluous hair

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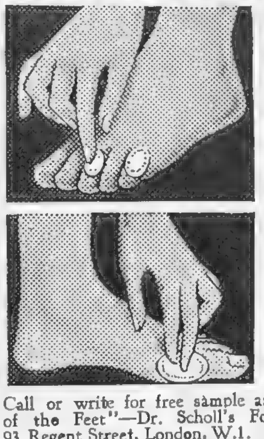

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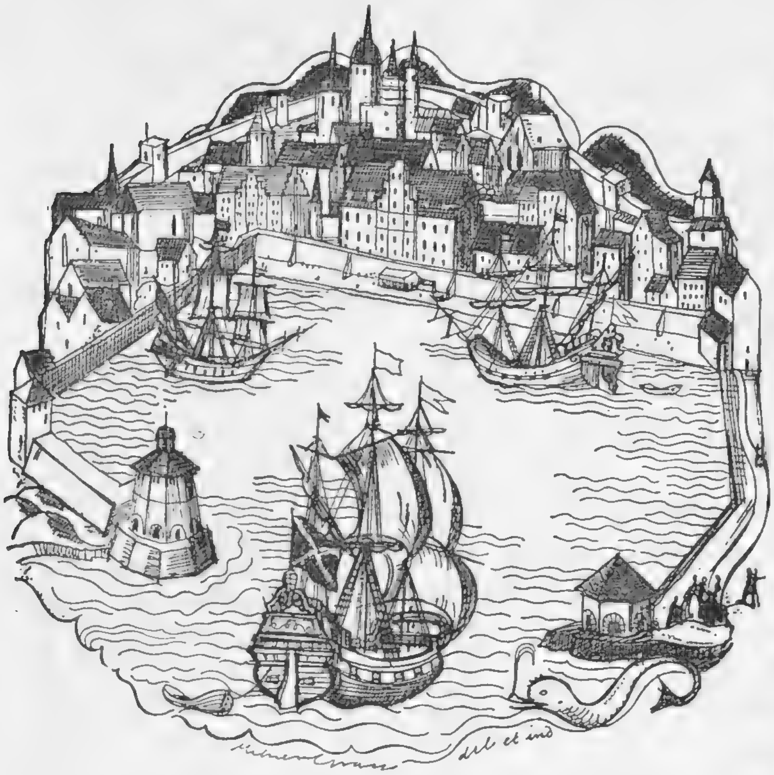


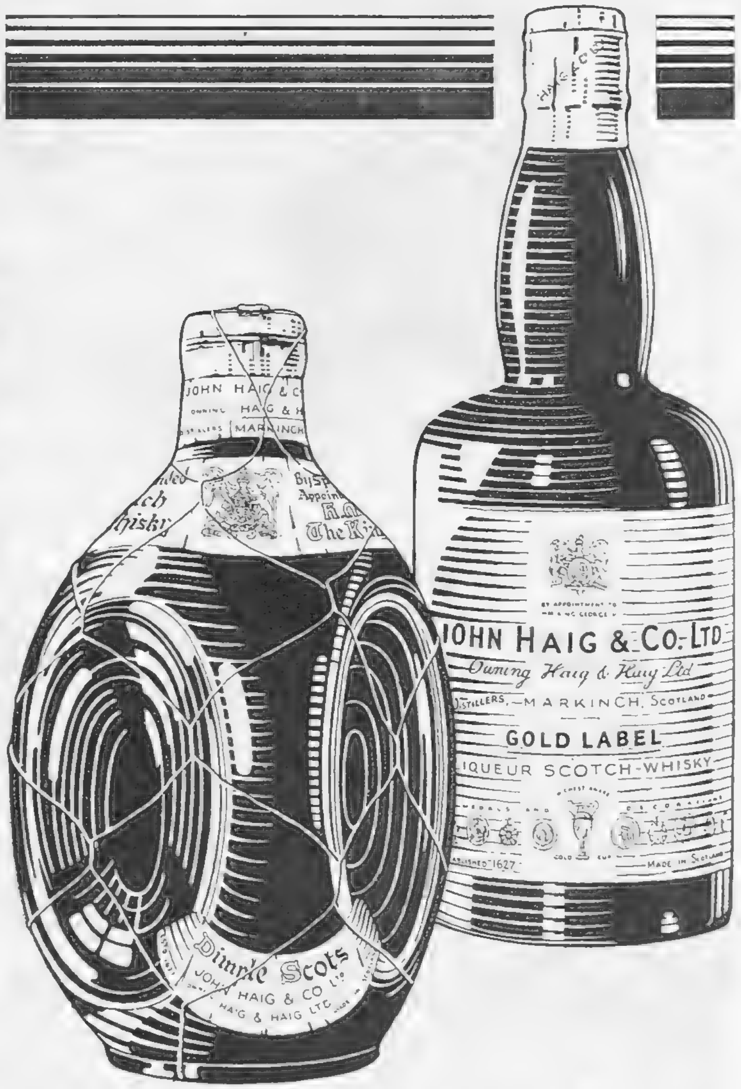
Until you step off your steamer at Visby, in the island of Gothland, you will not believe that such a place is possible. The winding cobbled streets, the overhanging medieval houses, the gaunt, high-towered churches, the massive battlemented wall encircling the city, might all have stepped straight out of a child's picture book.

It is not until you have wandered through the East Gate to the wonderful hotel and bathing beach of Snäckgärdsbaden that Visby comes to life. There it is behind you, in the sun, as real as stones and mortar can make it; its thirty-seven medieval towers, its eleven ruined churches, its great, battered ramparts—even its famous battlefield and the graves of the slain. You could swear that nothing had moved since 1361. And only two days ago, you were in London!

*Free illustrated booklets upon Visby and any other part of Sweden that interests you may be had upon request to the Swedish Travel Bureau, 19*B *Coventry Street, London,* W.1*; The British and Northern Shipping Agency, 5 Lloyd's Avenue,* E.C.3*; or leading travel agencies.*

SWEDEN

"Why be vague? Ask for Haig"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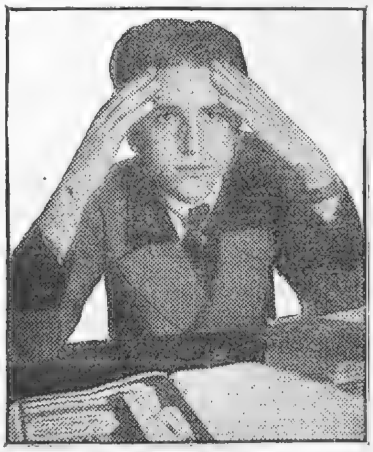

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JOHN LANE **The Bodley Head**

"Well?" she said, "does my true love know his own heart yet?"

"Yes," said Brikson, and my own heart gave a thump at this admission.

"And does my true love love me as I love him?"

"Yes," said Brikson, and I caught my breath.

She moved gently towards him. I could see the gleam of triumph in her eyes. He held out his hands, and she took them. It was all peace and gentleness between them. The battle was over and done. I could have run away with shame and misery for him, but my excitement was as great as my dismay.

"All last night," said Brikson, "I communed with God."

"Yes," she said. "Yes," a little testily. What need this talk, this bluff of the spirit when the flesh had won?

"And God spoke to me." He smiled. It was the same serene and sweet smile that he had bent on me that night I had first gone to him, and which had seen the beginning of this fatal scheming. "I was told what I must do. I am allowed to love you. I can say to you: 'I love you.' There is no sin in that now. You are so beautiful and kind, and I have been alone so long."

"So long," she murmured, and drew closer to him.

"But the time has not yet come," he said.

"What's that?" There was the sudden swift note of doubt in her voice.

"Because you have sinned in the past, atonement must be made. A way will be given. And thereafter for us there will be peace and the blessing that passeth all understanding."

She stared at him.

"You are a man, aren't you?" she said.

He smiled again.

"For the time of my earthly existence, yes."

"And you stand there and talk like that?"

"But, yes." He was plainly puzzled.

"It's more than flesh and blood can stand," she cried.

"Jessie," he cried. "Jessie."

"You're made of stone," she cried. "You're not a man at all. You're a cold stone thing."

"I love you," he said.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" The gust of her fury and disappointment shook her. Her bitter gyppo blood was boiling. I thought she was about to strike him. And he, only knowing his own pure heart and with no knowledge of women and the wicked ways of them, could only gaze bewildered and amazed.

"Very well, then," she said. "Very well, on your own head be it."

And she ran from him.

He stood looking after her.

"A time will come," he said. "Our dear Father will find a way."

BUT his Lordship found a way. The failure of the plan, at what seemed to be the very moment of success infuriated him to an extent I'd never before seen.

He spread the tale around. Jessie Whittle, the gyppo girl, had gone to the prophet for comfort and for her pains received assault. You know what a small village community is, where everyone knows his neighbour's business better than himself? He let it be known in a dozen ways that it was his desire to see the prophet stoned. It became the rumour of the four-ale bar and the counter. And the bold tongue of Brikson, if it had brought him a few converts, after the first few meetings, had struck too shrewdly into guilty minds to bring its possessor wide sympathy.

There was free beer in several houses that last night of all. The beer and his Lordship's wish went together. There are many ways in which a great man can establish his desire without unduly committing himself. And the village turned out to see the fun.

I went to Brikson. Not even loyalty to my master could stop me now.

"You must go," I said. "Now. If you hold your meeting to-night, God knows what'll happen to you."

"God's will be done," he said. What could you do with a fellow like that?

We all went down to the square. I went with Snape, and Rudge accompanied us. He had found work in Charlton and was glad to be quit of Penhayes. But there were others there who had not been before. Colley of Whitworth, and Shifter Maule, the poacher. Joe Beer, who'd done time in Dorchester for a maiming. Brandon, the horsecoper from Thrush, and a score of others of the same bad strain. They were grouped together in the very centre of the crowd and almost under the rostrum. It was easy to see the thing was pre-arranged. And when Brikson appeared there was at once an uneasy shuffling in the crowd.

It was halfway through the exhortations that followed the prayers that the baiting began. Whatever you thought of Brikson's views, this at least was blasphemy. Shifter Maule began it and while he shouted a loathsome ribaldry, Colley nudged him and pointed. I followed the direction of the gesture, and there astride the chestnut filly was his Lordship on the fringe of the meeting, and grinning in that wicked way of his. And Brikson looked up and across the upturned faces beneath him he saw his enemy and he understood. Here was the Master and here were his hounds and Brikson himself the cornered fox.

It must have been a very terrible moment for him. The rostrum was placed against the wall of the old Customs House, and back to the wall stood Brikson and before and around him, pressing closer, the laughing rabble.

"I sent a message to you," cried his Lordship, and at his voice every head turned and the tumult stopped. "I told you to quit the district. How dare you disobey me"!

"The beast," whispered Rudge in my ear. "The beast.

(*Continued on page 142*)

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

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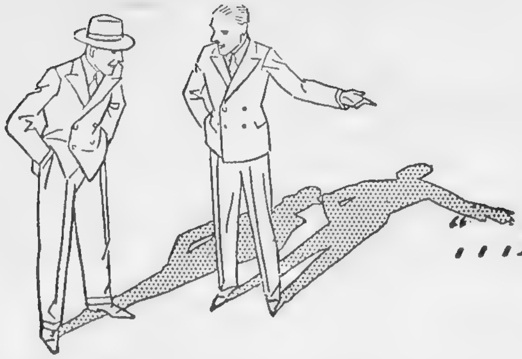
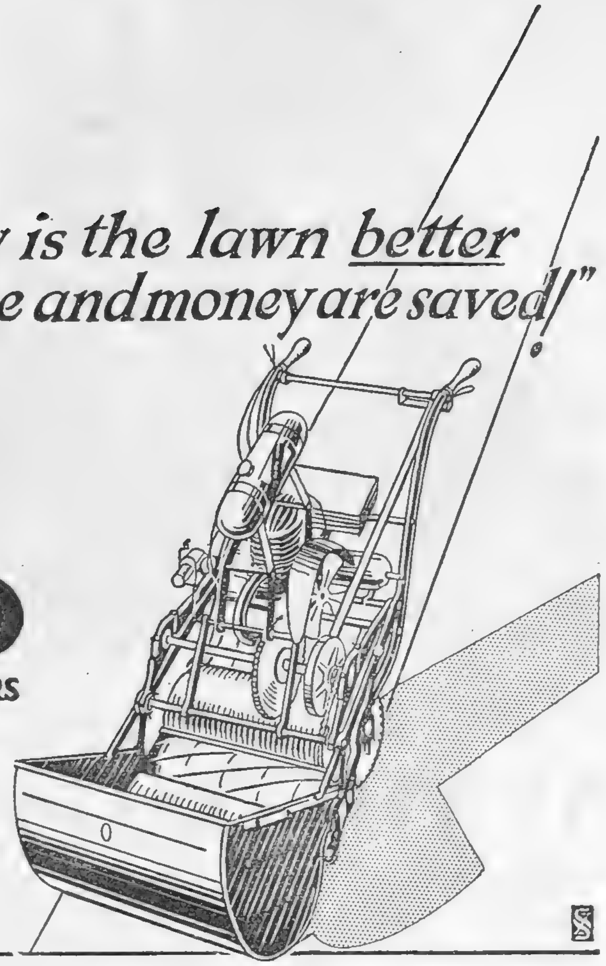
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.





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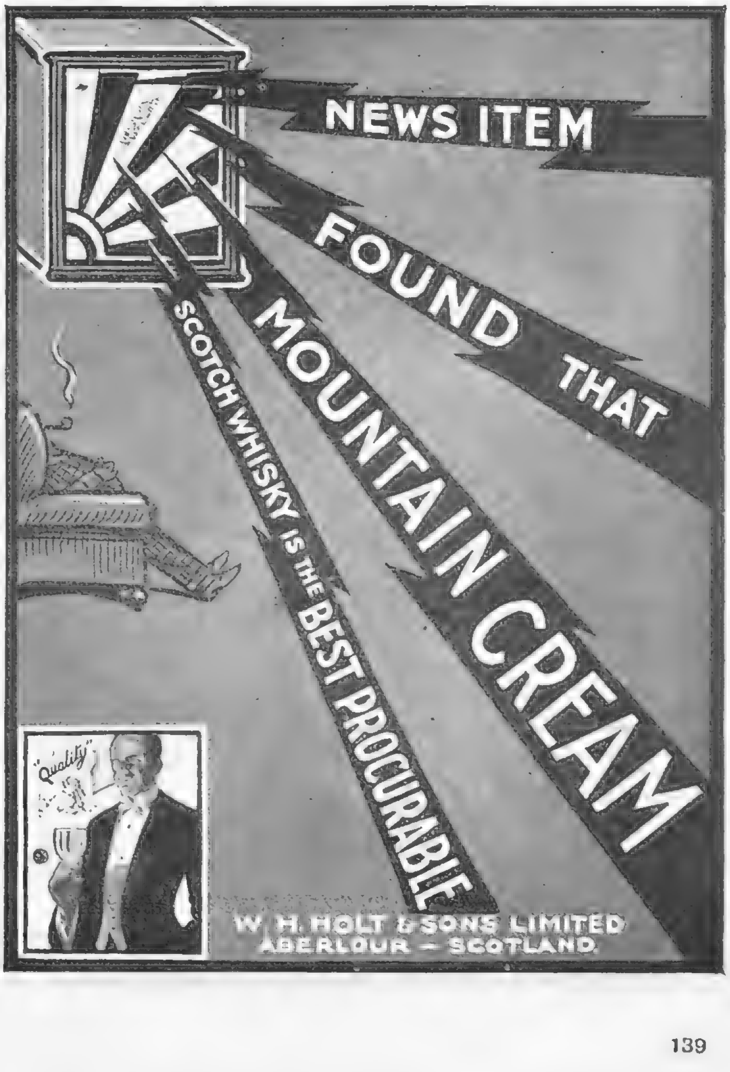
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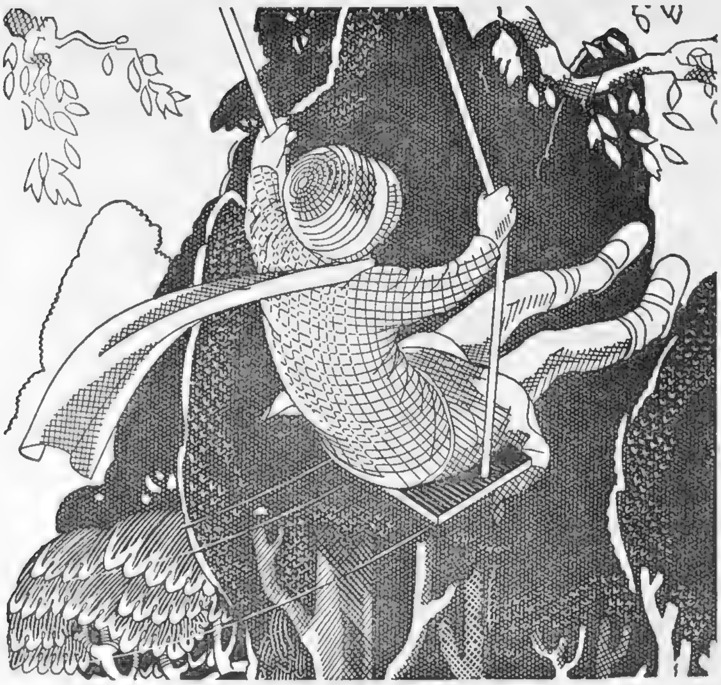

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I'm off to find the police." And off he went.

"Good lad," said old Snape. "Good lad. This is an ugly business."

"What have you got to say?" said his Lordship.

Someone threw a rotten apple and it struck the wall beside the prophet's head. Then from a dozen directions came a perfect rain of missiles. I think there was most every kind of vegetable in that volley, but a blackguard or two had picked a stone. Brikson tottered, recovered himself, and stood braced against his wall. My word, but it was martyrdom, like the ones I'd read about. "Shame!" cried somebody, and another, "Give him a taste of it, boys."

And the blood was running down Brikson's face, but his eyes were turned skywards and his hands clasped meekly before him.

"Another volley boys," shouted Brandon.

"By God," said Snape, "they'll kill him."

"One!" cried Brandon, and up went his arm and twenty arms with him.

"Two!" cried Brandon, and I saw in twenty hands twenty stones.

"Three," cried Brandon.

I'll swear a dozen stones found their mark. But not on Brikson. She had sprung upon the rostrum and with her soft woman's body, made a shield for him. She sprang before him and her long hair, her twining arms, her lovely body, was between him and those devils. She cried aloud at the pain of the blows, and then, "By God," shouted his Lordship, "Away with you." And he drove his horse into the crowd as the police whistles sounded. The crowd scattered. They heard the whistles and they ran. And almost before the sergeant and his two officers could come up with us, the square was deserted save for Brikson and Snape, his Lordship, I, and her.

"What the devil," said his Lordship, for Jessie Whittle lay in Brikson's arms as he knelt beside her.

And his Lordship looked down from the height of his horse and saw what his pride and wickedness had done. I can't describe her face, because it doesn't bear repeating. But all of us there knew she'd carry the scars till death and that all her loveliness was gone for ever. He flung himself off his horse, and "Jess," he said, "Oh! Jess."

She stirred in Brikson's arms.

"Charlie-o," she said.

"Yes," said his Lordship. "It's me—Oh! Jess."

"Go away," she said. And she put her hand up to Brikson's face, broken and bleeding like her own.

"Will this do, my dear love?" she said. "It was all I had to give 'ee. You said He'd find a way. And will my sins be forgiven me, and will you stay with me a little while?"

And Brikson folded her in his arms in a proper lover's way.

"Stay with you," he said, "stay with you? Why, you and I together now, for always and always."

And at that his Lordship swung himself up again, and without another look at these two made off.

They left within the week. I saw them go. Penniless, scarred, homeless and bound for Lord knows where. But he had his pilgrimage to make and his fiery cross to carry through the land. I watched them out of sight, walking down St. Mary's Road, by the heaths which had been her home. They walked hand in hand like children.

But when I returned to Penhayes, "The little filly's sold this day," said Snape. So that I knew that was the end of the matter and it was not to be discussed ever again. Nor has it been these fifty years, till now.

END

Where *shall* we Go?

A Summer Holiday in Sweden

By Agnes Flair

View from the Grand Hotel, Saltsjöbaden, in the Stockholm Archipelago

Towers and gables of ancient buildings loom among the thick foliage. A picture of Visby, the ancient walled Hansa town of the Baltic

HOLIDAY time again; and again the same old question! And, if we are not careful, the same month or so at the same old place for yet another summer.

Now don't do that! The world is too large and life too short for us to duplicate holidays. There are as good countries left on the map as there have ever been labelled on your bag. And Sweden is one of them!

I want to warn you; you may feel a little chilly when Sweden is mentioned. But you will be as warm as toast before my tale has been fully told! For there never was anything more stupid than the popular belief that Sweden is a cold country.

Last summer I was far away up in Lapland, 100 miles above the Arctic Circle, wondering how I could bear to wear any clothes at all, so fierce was the sun. That will show you how cold Sweden is in summer! And, of course, as you probably know, Sweden gets a good deal more than its fair share of sunshine throughout the summer months. In the north the sun is exceedingly active—it shines all day and all night! Even as far south as Stockholm there are 20 hours of light a day—in fact, the street lamps are never lit in summer!

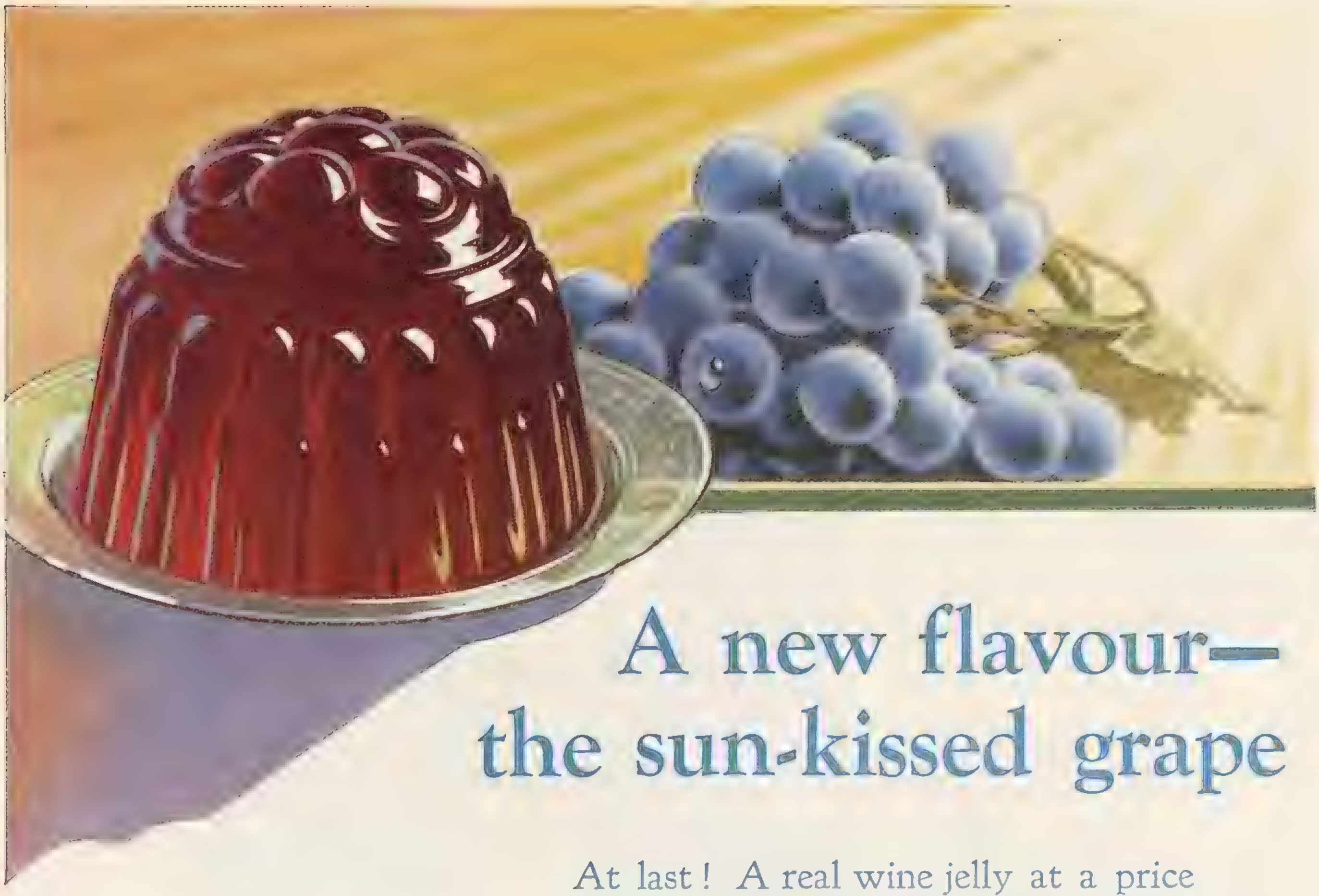
Then there's the vital question of cleanliness. Not all Europe, as you know, is guiltless in this matter; but the Swedes—well, shall I say that they are very much like ourselves. And more, we cannot reasonably expect.

There are few countries so near England which have maintained their individuality so thoroughly as Sweden; yet, in every part of the land, one can speak English without looking foolish. They will understand you, and they will answer you in your own tongue. Wise people, the Swedes—not only do they teach, but they *learn* English in their schools!

Every Wednesday and Saturday a liner leaves Tilbury for Gothenburg on the west coast of Sweden. It takes 34 hours. (If you do not care for sea passages, Sweden may be reached in about the same time and for about the same cost by the Continent, via Hamburg or Berlin.) From Gothenburg it is possible to reach Stockholm in six hours by express electric train. But I do not advise you to be in such a hurry. I would recommend, instead, the leisurely but perfectly beautiful three-day passage by the Göta Canal. The water is clear, the air is brisk. Soon you are steaming across Sweden's largest lake. Next comes forest—the canal is so narrow that the branches brush the deck. One day you will moor in the moat of an old castle.

I have not the space to tell you of all Sweden, but you will enjoy your holiday if it is for two weeks or two months. And its cost—but you wouldn't believe me! Just ask your travel bureau and see!

The Town Hall in the picturesque town of Vadstena, on Lake Vättern



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Pineapple Flan

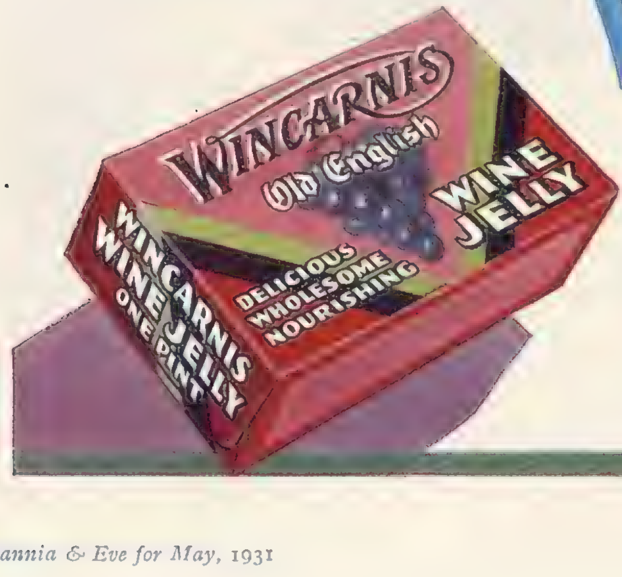
Take ½ packet Wincarnis Jelly, ½ lb. short pastry, 1 tin pineapple slices, 1 oz. crystallised cherries, small carton cream.

[illegible] tin with pastry; to prevent it rising in centre, stand a smaller tin on top, filled with flour, while baking in hot oven for 20 minutes. Dissolve jelly in [illegible] water [illegible] pint. When [illegible] old and beginning to thicken, arrange slices of pineapple in the flan case and pour on enough jelly to cover them. When set decorate with cherries and whipped cream.

Wincarnis Border Mould

Take 1 Wincarnis Jelly. Any cold milk pudding (rice, tapioca or sago), 4d. carton cream or custard, ½ oz. sugar.

Dissolve jelly and pour into an oiled border mould. When set turn out carefully. Fill centre with the cold pudding, mixed with cream or custard and sweetened to taste. If no cold milk pudding, wash 3 ozs. rice, sprinkle into plenty of boiling water and boil for 15 mins. Strain and when cold treat as above.



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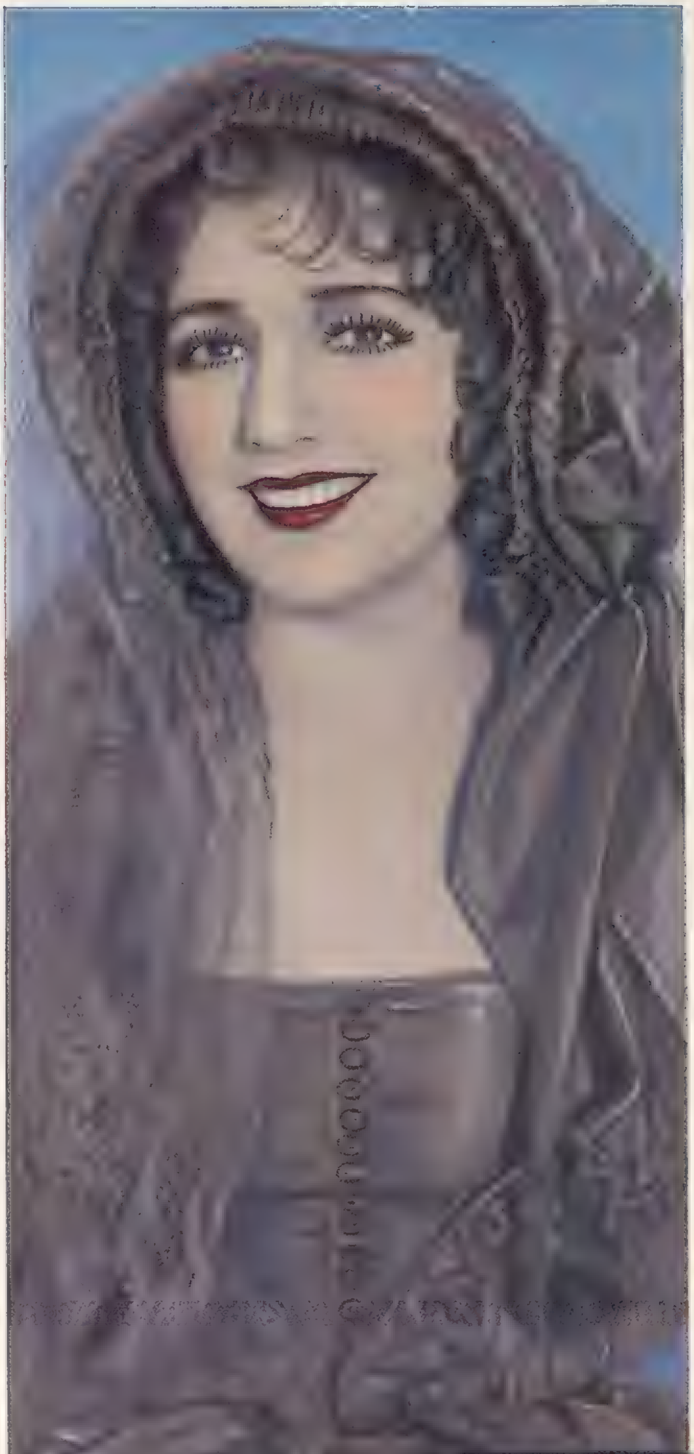

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CIRCULATION

> *MEANS of improving a Poor Circulation which contribute to General Good Health and Well-being*

IT has been said, a trifle cynically, that the English climate helped to win the war, for people who could survive that would survive anything! But it is not enough, according to our present standards, merely to survive and endure; we want to live, and to live with that zest which is the concomitant of perfect health, and that, in its turn, depends largely on good circulation. A great many people "feel the cold" intensely, and are, therefore, never at their physical best during the admittedly trying chillier months. Although these are happily over, our English summer with its sudden changes can often try us almost as sorely.

It is not only undesirable, but useless, to try to keep warm by "coddling" or huddling over a fire in an unventilated room, and subsequent reactions may be dangerous. On the other hand, drastic stoicism and neglect of the amenities for comfortable warmth are merely foolhardy on the part of chilly subjects. Rooms should be kept warm, but some fresh air *must* be admitted day and night. Warm but light bedclothes, and even a hot bottle, are preferable to discomfort and insomnia occasioned by cold. It is by no means desirable for people who do not get warm easily and quickly to take cold baths. Exercise, diet and proper clothing are the most important factors in establishing the normal, healthy circulation which makes the human body immune to chilly exterior conditions.

To begin with the last mentioned, it is unnecessary—and, indeed, injudicious—to wear a great deal of heavy clothing. Warm, light clothes admitting ventilation and allowing free movement are best. Any prejudice against wearing wool next the skin should be overcome. Gossamer-like garments, extremely light and virtually as soft as silk, of angora or angora and silk mixture, are nowadays procurable at all the big stores and outfitters. It is important to keep the legs warm, especially above the knee, and dry, warm feet are essential. Women whose adherence to fashion makes them determined to wear silk stockings would be well advised, if they suffer from the cold, to avail themselves of the thin, flesh-coloured under-stockings now obtainable.

As to exercise, it is an excellent plan never to ride when you can walk. Walking is one of the best exercises for stimulating the circulation and increasing the intake of oxygen, and it costs nothing. If you cannot bring yourself to take walking exercise in any other way, buy a dog! Riding and golf are both excellent, and any available leisure and expenditure should be allotted to one or other, or both.

IT is most desirable to start the day warm. It is a good plan after a hot—but not too hot—bath in the morning to devote five minutes to rubbing the body all over briskly with a rough towel or luffa. The movements thus involved are exercises in themselves, and the texture of the skin will be greatly improved by systematic adherence to this rule.

Chilly people should increase the calorific content of their diet in cold weather. Foods containing fats and sugars are rich in carbohydrates, which engender heat. Real oatmeal, cream and sugar, plenty of butter, sweets, jam and suet, ought to be on the menu, and in some cases a course of cod-liver oil and malt proves useful.

Chilblains are among the most unpleasant manifestations of poor circulation. The fact that they are now curable by alkaline injection seems to prove that the *condition* of the blood is at least partly responsible for what we summarise as bad circulation, and this is confirmed by the fact that the elimination of toxins from the blood often improves the circulation. Patients have been found to suffer less from the cold after the removal of the appendix. It is, therefore, logical to take precautions against the blood stream being infected from any such source or from teeth or tonsils.

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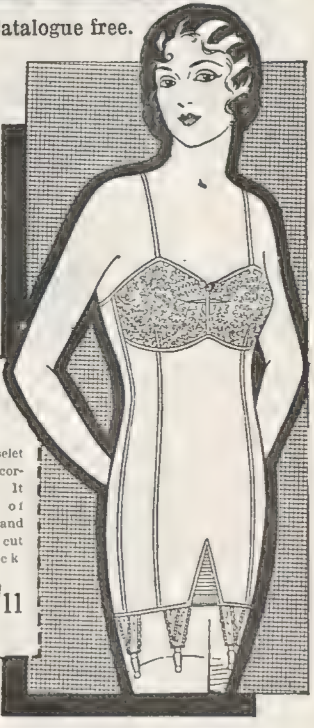

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The Children's SALON

(*Continued from page 98*)

Doris Seth-Smith.—The general effect is charming, but it doesn't bear analysing too closely and the theme is a trifle overweighted. Some careful editing is necessary.

S. Curtis.—The burlesque is confused by too many details to come off successfully and is altogether too complicated, in spite of some amusing features. Try to simplify it.

Heather Strudwick.—One of the best things sent in by you recently. The last line of verse three and the second of the last need further attention, but with a little careful editing here this should prove very good indeed. A better title is necessary.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—The opinions expressed by the characters in the latter half are a little naïve but the paper as a whole is particularly well handled and is a most promising effort. Keep your pen busy.

Patricia Hall.—A good idea, but not sufficiently developed. In that brief sentence which so arouses the interest at the end you leave off at what might be an excellent starting point for a short story. See what you can do with it.

Margaret Stacey.—The first two verses are much better than the last two, but with a very little alteration these could be brought into line. You will then have a charming little poem of its type.

Joan Hibbit.—The last sentence rather defeats the effect produced by the rest, most capable in its analysis and always interesting. These reflections, so truthfully recorded, are a bit conflicting, it is true, but further practice will quickly give you the skill to arrange matter of this type so that the effect is more consistent.

Helen M. Lillie.—Better reasons for Suzanne's attitude towards Roget must be given, at present there is nothing indicated to substantiate her dislike for him This is an important point. Otherwise an interesting little drama, if a bit weak at the end.

Marjorie Waters.—A colloquial phrase such as "it is not nice" should be avoided in such lines as these. They bring the whole thing suddenly to earth and destroy the effect, which elsewhere in this poem is quite good and occasionally even impressive.

F. M. Danckwerts.—Both poems are technically sound, but in "Winter Over the Border" I feel the metre does not quite fit the subject. "The Truant" is very much better in this respect and is interesting if not completely satisfactory. One feels that this is not the end—in fact I looked overleaf for another verse! . . .

Arnold Parkin.—This is a very much better yarn than the earlier one you submitted. The detail is better handled throughout, and the plot less fantastic. Read the best thrillers you can get hold of, so that you do not waste time or opportunities modelling your work on inferior stuff. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is one author you could usefully study. So many thanks for your very kind contribution to the Cot Fund.

W. H. G. Reed.—The rhymes are admirably hit off but the fun fails a little towards the end. A good climax is essential for this sort of thing. Very promising.

Margaret R. Watson.—A realistic touch or two would greatly improve this charming little study. Interest, remember, is always stimulated by contrasts.

Irene Walker.—"Little" would be better than "humble" in the second verse; the third is the best and runs very well indeed. The first is a bit weak, lines four and five being a little extravagant for these days.

Hilda Barrow.—The first five lines of verse two and the last verse are very pretty; the beginning is not up to their standard, but could easily be improved. As a whole charmingly felt.

Alice Janes.—The latter half is very good indeed, work at the beginning, again, and bring it into line. Avoid the present opening and start right away with the experiences of Mary Anne.

Marjorie Haggas.—"Sheath" is not a good metaphor in the place where it falls. Avoid using the same word too often in such a short poem. Our language is so rich in synonyms there is little necessity for repetitions. Your ear is sensitive and the rhythm runs very prettily.

Lesley Brooks.—Very neat indeed, the end particularly so. You evidently have a flair for this sort of thing. Send in again soon.

Jessie Wilkes.—Delighted to find you rejoining. I hope you will compete as regularly as Gladys does. The dialogue is good throughout, natural and amusing, but a little climax is necessary.

Kathleen V. Halsall.—Some very nice work in the line, pleasant quality in the tone, and the design well planned. There is a slip in spelling in the first line, and the lettering is a bit inconsistent in drawing.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—A very pleasing conception of a room, but its interesting details are insisted upon at the expense of the human interest, which is the chief point in the lines chosen for illustration. Some charming passages of colour, but the adult figure is very stiff.

Mary A. Jones.—A lively and jolly sketch. Arms and hands have a rather Dutch-doll quality, but the whole effect is so good one is ready to overlook this peculiarity.

Netta Pollok.—A very competent piece of design. A lighter sky would have increased the open-air effect aimed for, but this is a pleasantly appropriate scheme even if the garments of the figure suggest an August rather than an April temperature.

Dorothy M. Yoxall.—Good action in both figures; the horizon line should have been higher or lower than the centre of the picture to give added distinction to the composition, and some idea of how you propose to deal with the necessary lettering should have been indicated. Very pleasant colour.

Margaret Smith.—It would have been better to have shown the complete scheme as referred to in the note. Still, this is an unusual and interesting bit of design. The treatment of the head is particularly good.

Dahlia Anson.—The title needs to occupy a more prominent position, and it is unduly cramped for its importance. A figure more in keeping with the semi-oriental surroundings would have been better, but this is otherwise cleverly designed and attractive in the right manner.

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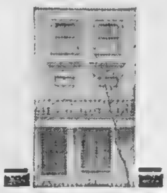

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Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post May 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse in which the last words of the lines are as follows: came, name, feast, least, cared, shared, send, end.

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post May 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short story.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 15

Results of 100th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best "Portrait of a Gentleman" in a stanza of twelve lines.

Awarded to May Belben.

Hon. Mention: Marie L. Johnson, E. Sefi, H. M. Hancock, Blanche Jones, Gertrude Pitt, H. Broadberry Seaman, M. Scott Morris, Ruth Dobson, A. M. Waters, M. Priestley Redmayne, A. D. Reynolds, M. Higgins, "Sirrah," "Charles Constant," D. U. Hamby, "M. M.," S. Christine Straker, Dorothy E. Wright.

The winning entry:—

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

Courteous, sincere,
With unaffected manner
Honest in purpose,
True in word and deed;
With a kind heart—
But not too kind,
And shrewd good sense
That helps and braces.
A man with the fine art
Of a clean mind;
Undaunted courage,
And a cultured voice.

(MRS.) MAY BELBEN.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best three short prose quotations from the classics descriptive of (*a*) Anger, (*b*) Good Living, (*c*) Speed.

Awarded to M. Scott Morris.

Hon. Mention: S. C. Straker, May W. Harrison, A. M. Waters, May Belben, "Una."

The winning entry:—

ANGER:

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion breaks through an unreflecting mind.—*Dhammapada.*

GOOD LIVING:

I would have you be . . . like a fire well kindled, which catches at everything you throw in, and turns it into flame and brightness.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

SPEED:

To "Put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. . . ." Puck.—*Shakespeare.*

MURIELLE SCOTT MORRIS.

Results of 101st Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: H. Broadberry Seaman, Nancy Pollok, Marjorie Elton Young, Ena D. Reynolds, "N. M. G.," May W. Harrison, Ruth Dobson, D. Seth-Smith, B. Paul, "Emma," Joan Follwell, C. Snelling, H. J. Bound, "J. A. B.," Hilda M. Westrop, "S. C. S.," "H. D.," D. U. Hamby, M. A. Jacob, Lettie Cole, "Hannah May," May Belben, "Dado," Vera Manners, E. Heaver, F. Peel, Irene Doxford, A. D. Reynolds, E. Sefi, "Maac."

The winning entry:—

PROSERPINA.

Long ere the time appointed, O Loveliest, you awake
The wistful, dreaming heart of your mother, the Earth
You have forgotten your shadowy realm, to make
The world a mirror of beauty, an echo of mirth.
Far from the plains of Enna the bird of your joy takes flight,
To sing in the sombre fields of this northern land;
Your coloured rainbow arches for our delight,
And spills a treasure of blossom into our hand.
Alas for grace, too soon, too lavishly given!
A voice of wrath is one with the wind and the rain;
It cries from the underworld to the wintry heaven—
You are snatched, you are held to the heart of darkness again.
Were you born of a fond desire? Did you only pass
Through Imagination's meadow and woodland? No—
You have written in gold and sapphire over the grass
And dropped your sheet of petals where late was snow.

"UNA."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best very short story.

Awarded to H. Broadberry Seaman.

Hon. Mention: Gordon H. Morris, H. Carter Hollings, C. Snelling, B. Paul, May W. Harrison, M. Higgins, A. D. Reynolds, G. M. Hudson, May Belben.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—May 29

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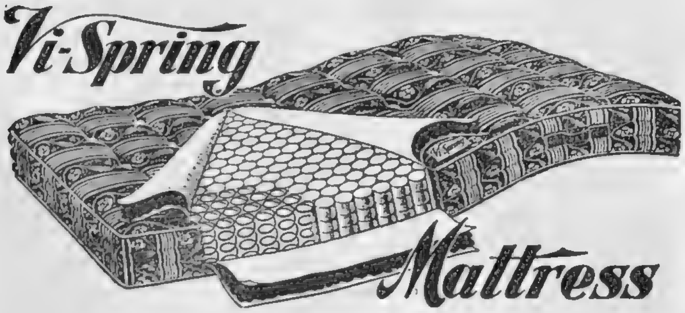

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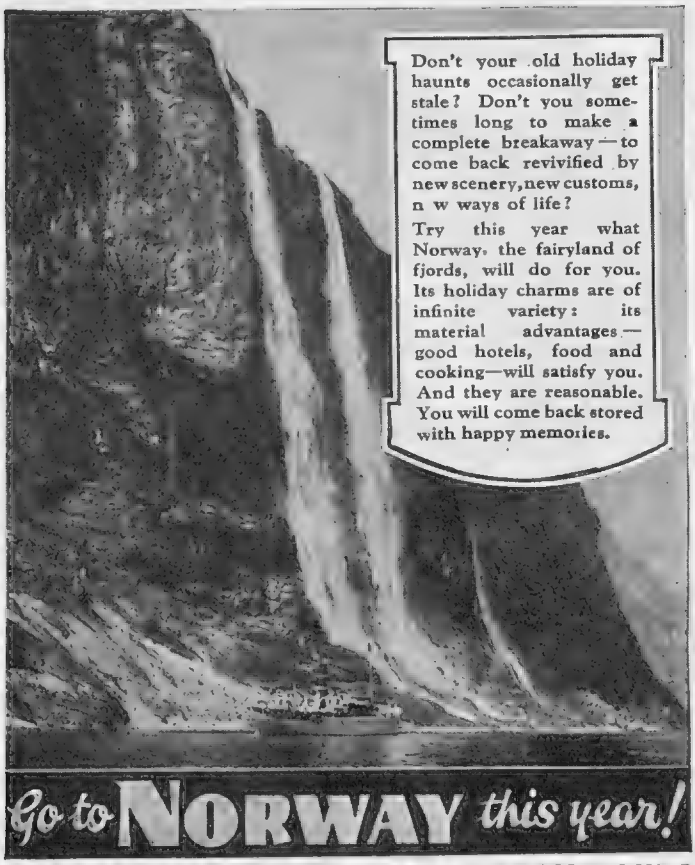

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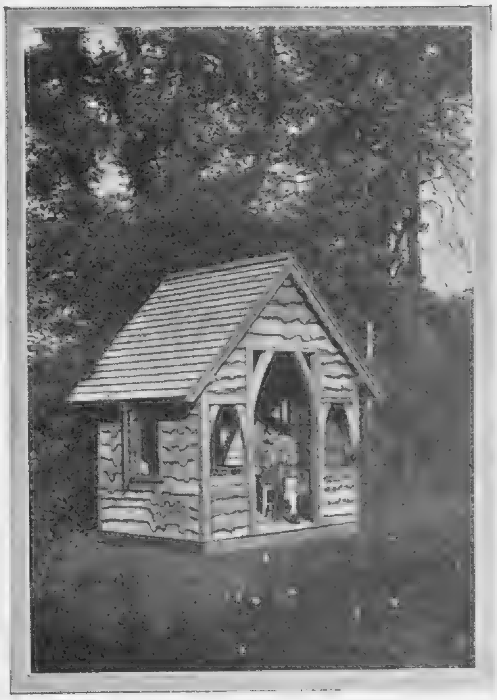

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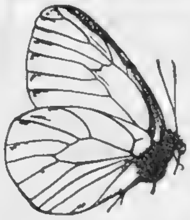

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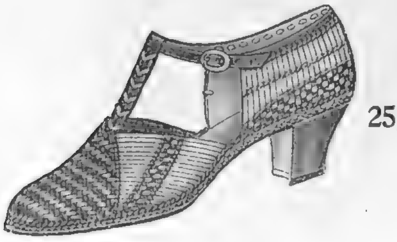

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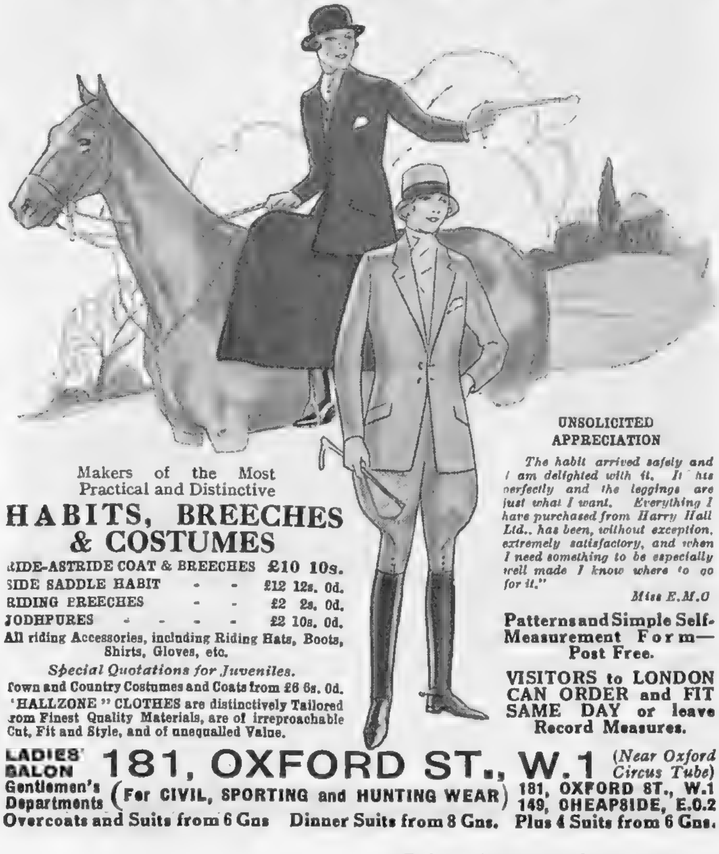

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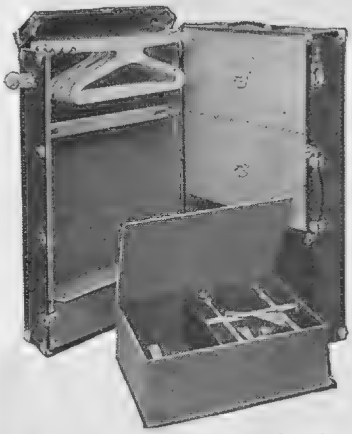

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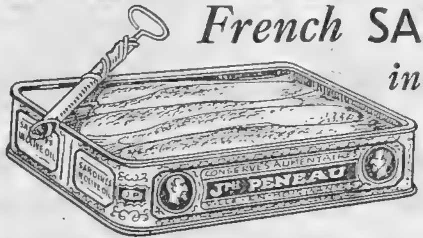

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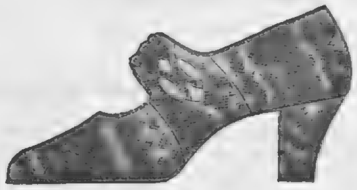

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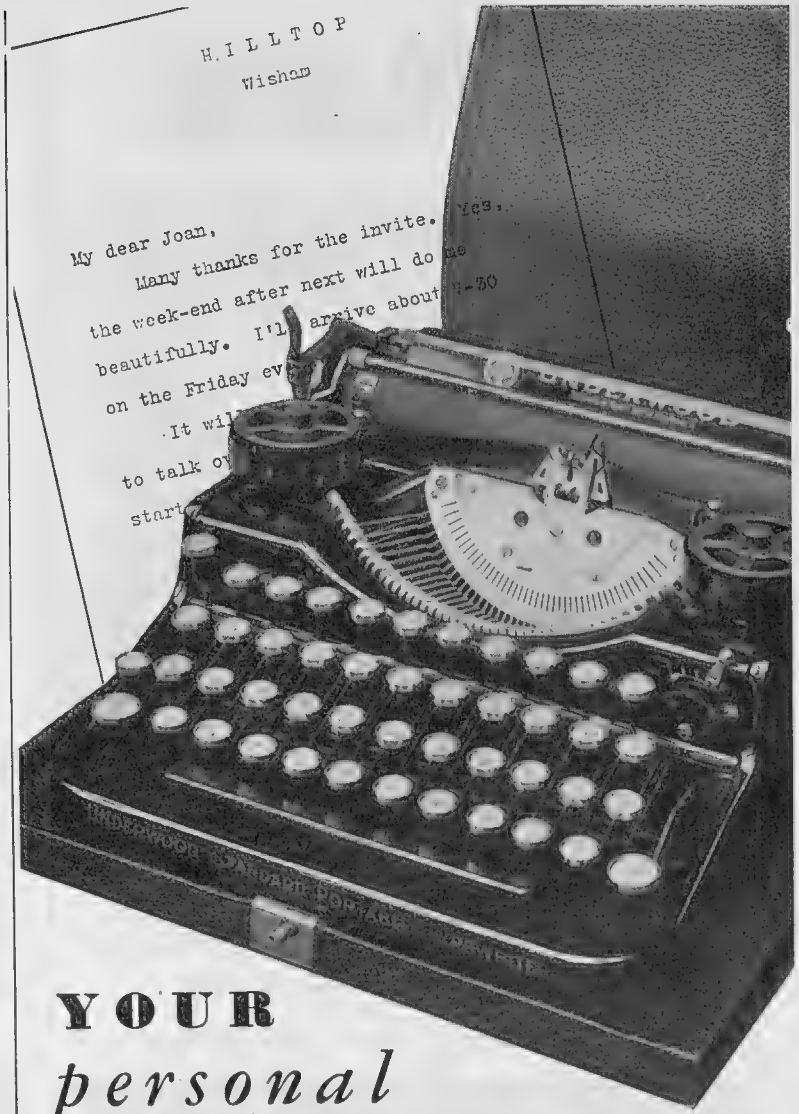

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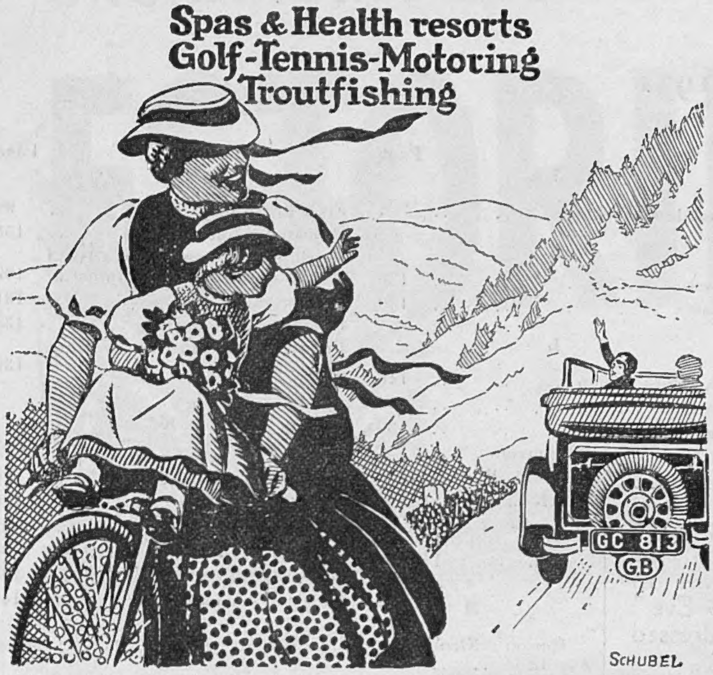

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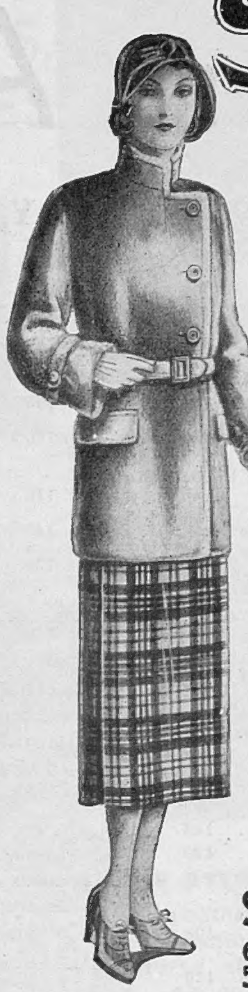

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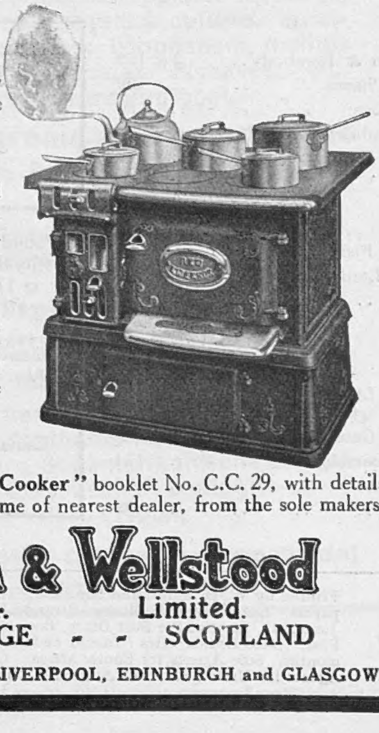

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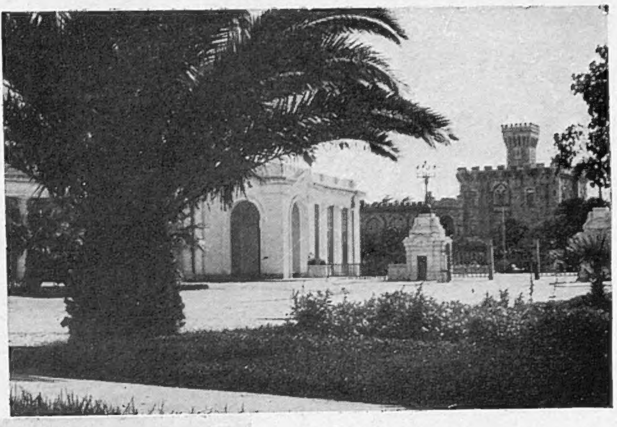

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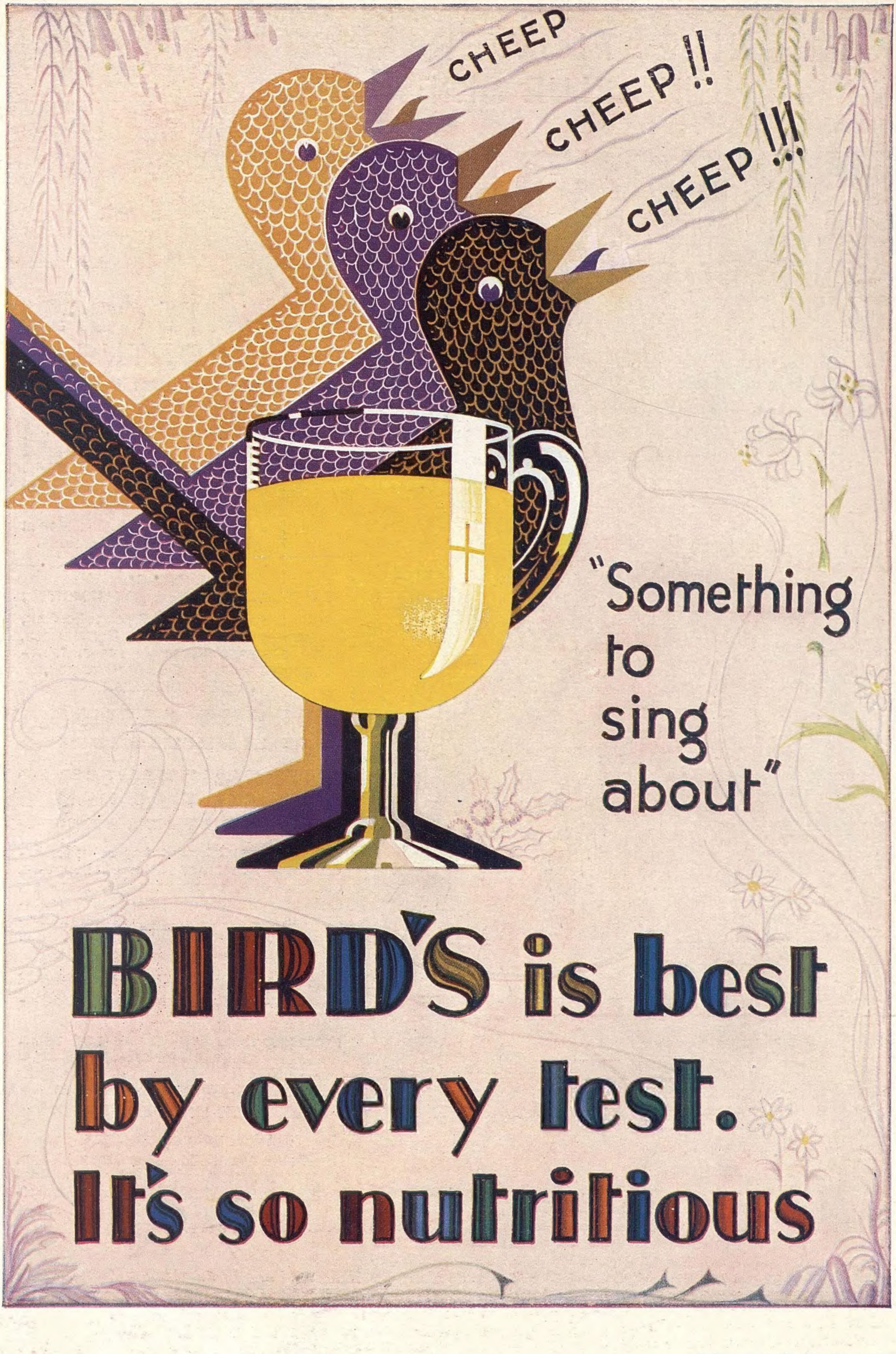
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